

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

JUNE, 1878.

EASTER ON THE RIVIERA.



ON THE RIVIERA.

A THOUSAND miles in six-and-thirty hours and the blue Mediterranean and sunshine in exchange for London fog and soot! The temptation was irresistible to the Chancery barrister, weary of stuffy courts and sunless chambers; it fascinated the Eton assistant-master, brain-misty with boys' multifarious blunderings; and the very next morning after courts and schools were closed for Easter vacation the pair were seated in the early continental mail from Victoria Station, bound for Mentone. Paris is not reached till half-past six P. M., and

the Marseilles express leaves the Gare de Lyons at a quarter after seven; but the *douaniers* are merciful to us, and our *cocher* brisk; so we just catch the train, happily forgetful, in the excitement of the start, that the prosaic but generally necessary ceremony of dinner has somehow got crowded out of the day's programme, and that a night and a long morning lie between us and the flesh-pots of Marseilles.

Day is just breaking when we draw up at Lyons, and the passengers uncurl themselves and tumble sleepily out of

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their carriages to scarify their throats with scalding chocolate or coffee. In vain the manager of the refreshment-room blandly reiterates the assurance—a perfectly true one—that nobody need hurry. Three minutes of painful deglutition at the cost of a franc a head (what a Tom Tiddler's Ground one of those large French station-restaurants must be!), and the carriages are full again, and our ulsters, cloaks, plaids and wraps of all sorts begin to open and disclose fellow-passengers to one another. This morning the predominant element is military—a cluster of smooth-faced youths, gay in red and blue uniforms, on their way from some military school to pass six months in barracks at Toulon. Speeding due south alongside the brown Rhone, we are perceptibly and visibly passing by rapid stages into a warmer climate. First, mulberry-plantations, the nurseries of the Lyons silk-trade; then olives—starveling specimens the northernmost ones, but gradually increasing in size and number as the Mediterranean is approached; and soon, when Marseilles has been reached and passed, the orange, the pomegranate and the aloe.

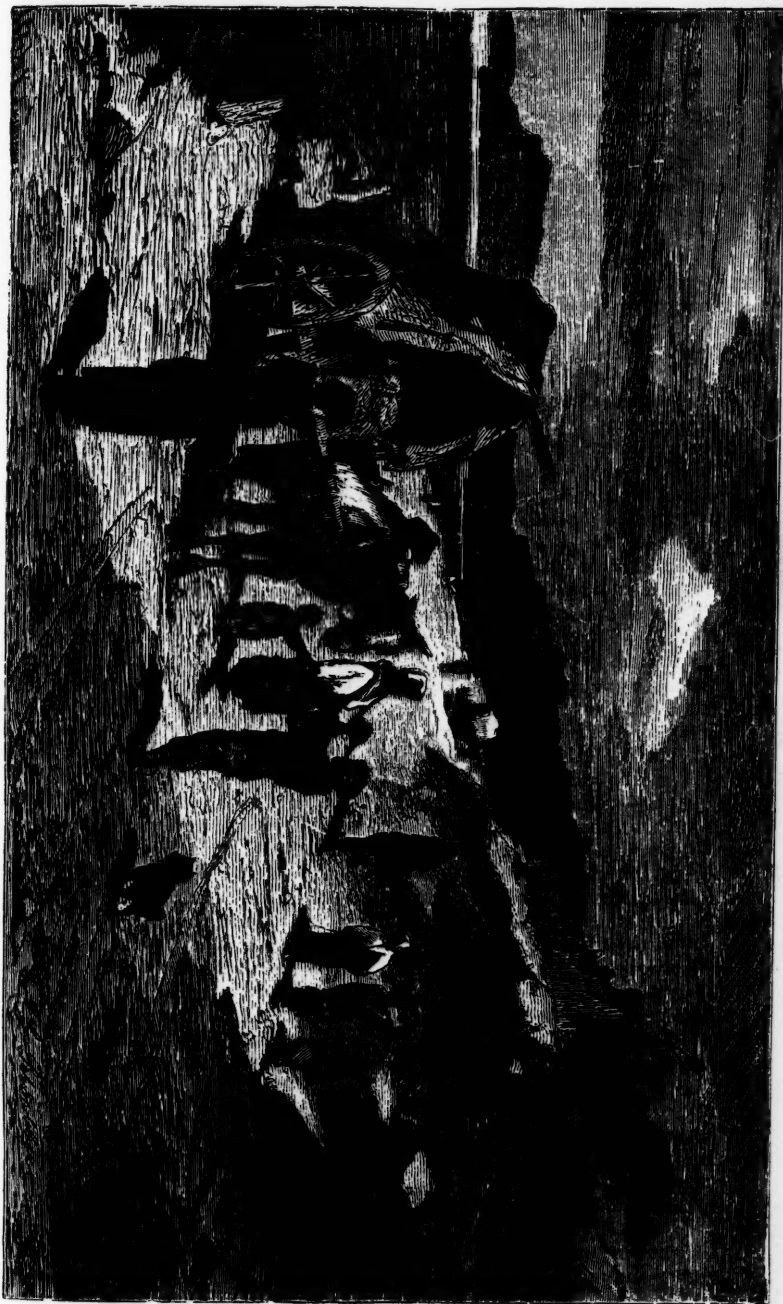
Lazily, all a long afternoon, the train dawdles eastward, now skirting the placid sea and playing hide-and-seek with it through a bewildering series of little tunnels—now making a short cut across a peninsula and giving the bent farm-laborers an excuse for the elevating recreation of a stare. Only a two minutes' halt at Fréjus, but it well deserves at least a day to itself. In the days when the masonry of that graceful amphitheatre hard by the station was new, Forum Julii was a port that had received those five hundred galleys which Augustus took at Actium, and as little dreamed of being silted up into an obscure inland town as of having its name shrivelled into Fréjus. But your modern traveller is a Gallio in Old-World matters of this kind, and steams on with a light heart to a more congenial halting-place a score of miles farther on, where there are no associations older than Lord Brougham, who may fairly be said to have invented Cannes. Less than half a century ago

the place was an insignificant fishing-village, and now a costly crowd of trim-gardened villas in every style of inappropriate architecture, Gothic, Doric and Castellated, jostle one another jealously, backed up by a satellite town of hotels and *pensions* and doctors. Bright and pretty it looks in the light of the westering sun, and a tempting resting-place indeed after a long, dusty journey in the train. So, obviously, thinks that plethoric little plutocrat travelling with his young wife in the solitary state of a reserved *coupé* under the dominion of a sallow-faced courier. But his pleadings are in vain: the courier has arranged otherwise, and is sole master of the plans, the purse and—the language; so his employer humbly falls back upon petitioning to be allowed a glass of fruit-syrup (which the courier graciously orders and pays for) from the orange-woman on the platform, and is helped back into his *coupé* to doze away another hour or two of exquisitely beautiful scenery in the comfortable assurance that he is "doing" the Riviera.

There is a good deal of interesting sightseeing to be had in and about Cannes. The oddly-shaped umbrella-pines just on the outskirts of the villadom are a novelty to most people. Within easy reach lie Grasse, most aptly named of villages, where all that's odorous in scents and all that's luscious in *fruits glacés* are manufactured, and Vallauris, where the descendants of a line of potters said to have lasted unbroken from the days of Roman rule turn out bowls and pots and vases of a rough earthenware, simple but excellent both in form and coloring, and indeed everything that could be wished but for an excess of porousness. Then, again, it is but a short sail—or even row—to the island of Ste. Marguérite, where you may realize the scene of Marshal Bazaine's sensational escape from prison and verify the truth of Thackeray's eulogistic ballad by lunching on *bouillabaisse*. Cannes certainly is—at least for everybody except the strangely-constituted beings to whom shops, toilettes, theatres and bustle are the *summum bonum*—a far pleas-



SCENE ON THE SHORE.



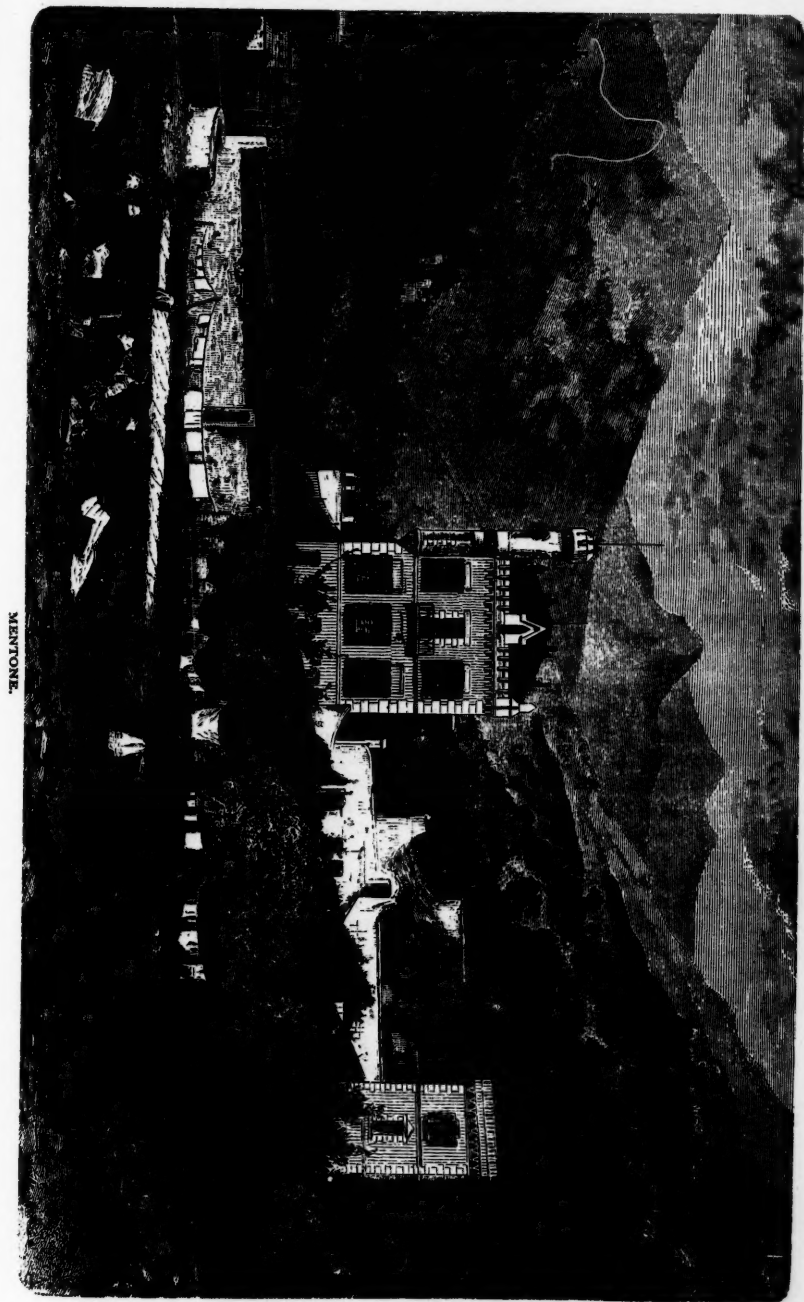
anter resting-place than its big neighbor Nice; which latter, too, lying exposed as it does at the foot of a trough in the mountains through which the piercingly cold mistral comes sweeping down from the north-west, is a delusion and a snare to the invalids who come in hopes of finding a mild winter there. Nor is this all. Of late years Nice has suffered from the addition of a very undesirable element to its population—that of the gamblers attending the casino at Monte Carlo, who find in a big town like Nice ample and handy head-quarters, and bring in their train a camp-following of not merely indifferent but offensive characters. People of this class so throng the afternoon and evening trains on the short section of line between Nice and Monte Carlo—the notorious gaming-house moiety of the prince of Monaco's liliputian dominion—as to make the transit positively disagreeable to the ordinary traveller. From the time a party of these *habitués* of the roulette-table enter a carriage till the train stops at their destination their tongues keep up a ceaseless clatter in the jargon of the game. Every one of them seems to remember, with quite marvellous accuracy, all the winning numbers and all the runs upon the red and black of the previous evening. There are jokes too, and laughter in plenty, but—perhaps it is that some are all the time secretly smarting over losses—there is a smack of malice in the fun and an uncomfortable hollowness in the laughter. One is glad when they are gone and one has a few minutes of quiet to gather together the miscellaneous paraphernalia of travel before arriving at Mentone.

Provided only that one's lodging is assured, it is a distinct advantage to reach a journey's end after nightfall. There is a delicious curiosity generated by the shrouding darkness, a weirdness about the silent roads and shapes of trees and buildings, a pleasant excitement as to what to-morrow will disclose, a restful consciousness that the present physical instinct for repose may be indulged not only without loss, but with the certainty of a fresher and more appreciative sus-

ceptibility to first impressions in the morning. And in the mean time what an extra zest, after six-and-thirty hours of continuous travelling, in the hearty welcome of hospitality! We can hardly, in the dark, make out the outline of the villa, but the bright-green door, the tile-floored entrance-passage and the slippery stone staircase italicize it unmistakably, while the comfortable curtains and Turkey carpets, the *Nineteenth Century* and *Nation* on the table, the pictures and china on the walls and an indefinable air of coziness in every room, attest quite as plainly an English-speaking home. Of course the new-comers from London have a store of "Skinner's Best Bird's-eye" (a thing quite unpurchasable at Mentone) in their pouches, and equally of course the whereabouts and doings of a host of common friends have to be communicated, and the affairs of the day, certain to gravitate into the interminable Eastern Question, must be discussed; so it is considerably east of midnight before the pipe-ashes are finally shaken out and all is quiet inside the sheltering mosquito-curtains.

Oh the surprise and delight of the scene revealed on throwing open the lattices in the morning!—from the horizon to one's very feet the sunbeams drawing a dazzling golden line athwart the water-way; to the right the rippling wavelets breaking white against the olive-crested point of Cap Martino; in the left foreground the picturesquely huddled buildings of the town running out to the old Genoese fort, and behind them a jagged mountain-screen of Alps, past which the eye can just catch the sunlit walls of Bordighera. Proverb-mongers may prate what they will: I decline to believe that familiarity can breed aught but increased love and admiration for such a spectacle as this.

Quickly out into the garden. Look! the trees all round the house are golden with oranges and lemons; the walks are strewn with the red and yellow fruit, that of almost every tree having a quite distinguishable flavor of its own; a gigantic aloe, right opposite the front door, is thrusting across the drive a lusty sword-



MENTONE.

arm that seems determined soon to block the way; blushing rose and ungainly cactus in juxtaposition, suggestive of Beauty and the Beast; and on the slopes behind terraced vines and figs and patriarchal olive trees—a feast for our eyes in the present, and for the housewife a treasure of unsophisticated marmalade and sun-dried figs and oil in the not distant future.

There will be ample time before *déjeuner* to stroll out to the headland of Cap Martino; and one need not seek a better standpoint from which to get a general panoramic idea of Mentone and its surroundings. The curve of the shore is broken abruptly into two bays by a narrow hump, topped by the remains of a castle (now converted into a cemetery) and crowded with the buildings of the old town, while west and east along the coast stretch the hotels and pensions and villas of these latter days. Half a mile inland rises an isolated knoll crowned by a Capuchin monastery, and to the north, north-west and east the background is closed in by a semicircle of mountains, spurs of the Maritime Alps range, fending off every wind except those from the west and south. The east bay is the more sheltered, so there the wintering invalids abound; and equally of course the robust ones, residents and transients alike, prefer the west bay, where, too, they get ampler space, more trees, something of a public garden and a daily band into the bargain.

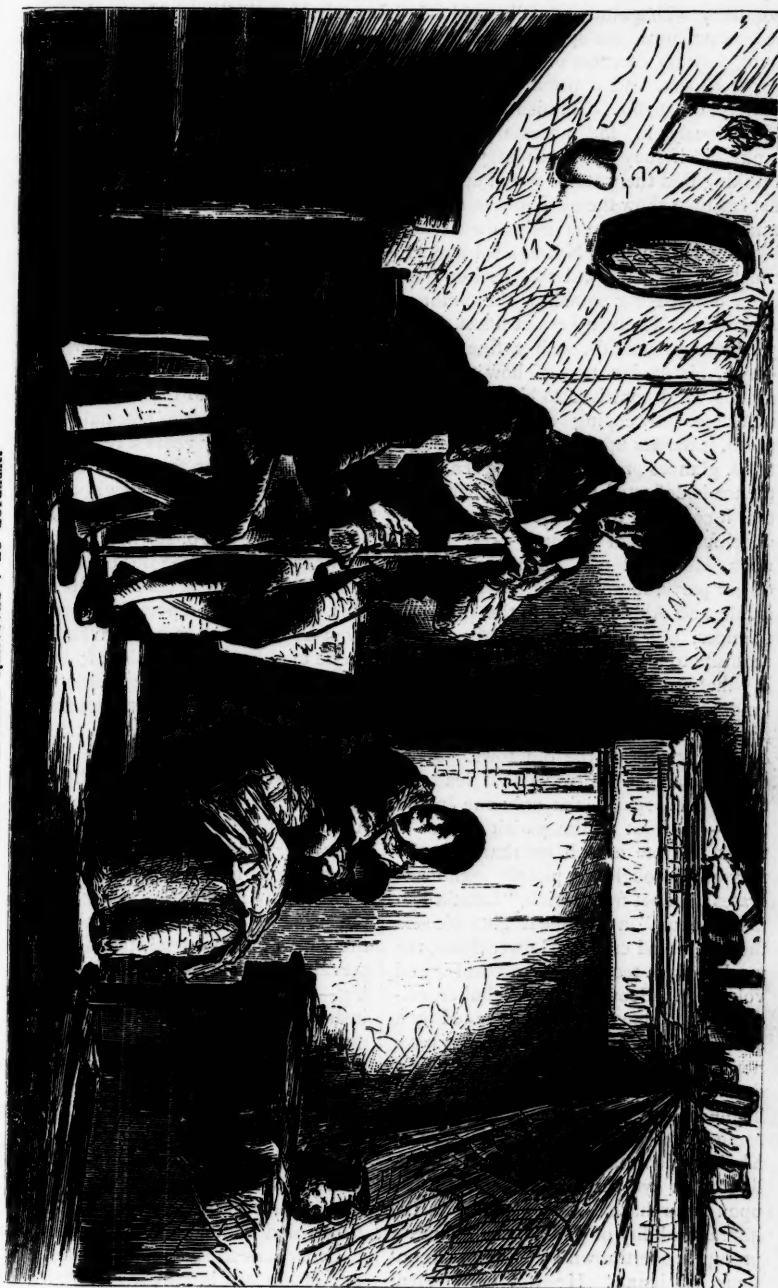
The sea of the Riviera has been stigmatized as fishless, but the accusation must be accepted, if at all, *cum multis granis*. The watcher perched up aloft there in the cross-trees of a sort of bear-pole overhanging the transparent sea is directing the nets of his comrades in the boats below to a glancing shoal of anchovies that, not reddened by pickling, but in their natural gudgeon-like whiteness, will satisfy, or even glut, the market this afternoon; and several other palatable species of the finny tribe—fresh sardines, soles, *loups de mer*, *bianchetti* (a delicate and diminutive white-bait), and in short all that go to make up bouillabaisse—are sufficiently plentiful.

The supply of particular kinds, though, is so variable that anchovies will be three sous the kilogramme one day and two francs another.

Is it the southern sun or the indescribable suggestion of *dolce far niente*, that seems to pervade everything and everybody here, that is the cause? Only a few hours ago I was scanning those sharply-outlined peaks, Le Berceau and the rest, with an Alpine Clubbist's eagerness to assail them all, and already, as we sit after *déjeuner* with coffee and cigars under a shady carouba in the garden, it seems more pleasant to rest content with looking at them. An English visitor has dropped in with the benevolent object of inducing our host—who is understood to be in incubation over a monograph on Mentonese antiquities—to take some promising young native as an assistant, and is urging his protégé's claims with an amusing confusion of metaphors: "He is a very mine of information about the local archæology, my dear sir. Tap him anywhere, and I'll warrant him to flow. Where you find a real spark of native talent like this, it's a positive duty to water it. And it's indeed a privilege to have all the strata of society rallying round you in your useful task." And so on, till the party attacked surrenders at discretion and escapes from the subject by proposing a visit to Dr. Bennet's garden.

On a steep southward-fronting slope to the east of the town, and close upon the Italian frontier (across which it is a temptingly easy stroll to buy and smuggle a pocketful of those long black acrid, straw-cored cigars in which some smokers find a perverse delight), Dr. Henry Bennet, an English physician resident at Mentone, has formed, evidently with much devotion of time and thought and loving patience, a very notable garden. Up till one o'clock every day it lies freely open to everybody, hospitably challenging a visit by the inscription "*Salvete amici*" carved over its entrance. Here, on a staircase of terrace-walls rising one above another up the hill, a collection of strange fleshy plants that Kew might well envy flourishes in the open air, in

INTERIOR OF A PEASANT'S COTTAGE IN BRIGA.





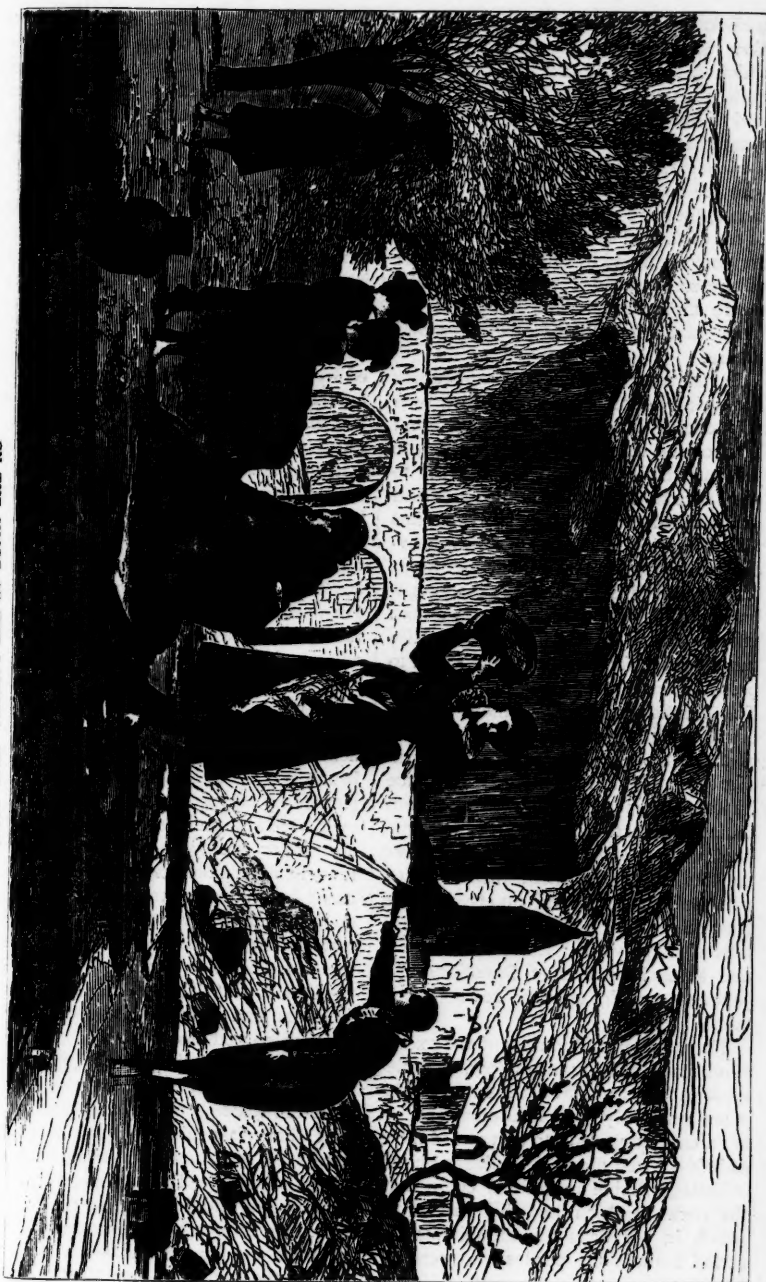
company with palms, camellias, blood-red ranunculus, the spiny-leaved solanum, delicate creepers of a pink tissue-paper aspect, and a peculiar dull-pink variety of stocks. Goldfish sail about bumptiously in the necessary water-tanks, as if they would cheat you into thinking that the water is stored up there expressly to show them off, and in a cunningly-sheltered corner swings a siesta-bidding hammock. Not against sun so much as against wind this shelter has been devised, for somehow the chilling mistral intrudes even here at times. The gardener propounds, with a fine confidence, his explanation of how this nefarious wind contrives to blow upon his treasures. Sweeping down from the north, it dashes upon the Esterel Mountains, glances off them into the sea, and thence is deflected or refracted back, so that it comes in round the corner, in the deceitful guise of a south-west wind, upon Mentone! An Oxford professor of our party, more skilled maybe in Aristotle and Aldrich than in the physical sciences, is so overcome by the effort requisite to take in this bewildering theory that we have to leave him to seek innocent refreshment in a suburban *vaccherie* while we ramble home through the devious streets of the old town. Near the spectacular stairways that lead up to the open space—the only one in the town—in front of the parish church a tablet let into a wall overhanging the narrow thoroughfare piously commemorates the spot from which, "Lutetia Romam redux," a pontifical Pius blessed the assembled crowd. Lower down, the market-place teems with vegetables and volubility. Beans, peas, artichokes, celery and potatoes are recommended by a score of shrill voices, or you may have newly-pressed figs or grapes, or half a dozen kinds of cheese and macaroni. The barrister's eye chances to rest upon some queer-shaped loaves displayed at a bakery-door hard by, and in the twinkling of an eye the lady-bakeress insists upon a purchase. A feeble plea of the impracticability of getting them home is promptly overthrown by "Comme, monsieur est jeune! He will carry them

bravely himself;" and Hortensius finds there is nothing for it but to accept the compliment to his youth and lug an armful of bread along the staring promenade.

From early morning till sundown there is always abundance of life in the streets and alleys of Mentone. The genial sunny climate has naturally induced habits of outdoor life. The average native Mentonese gets all the society he wants in the streets (where everybody is on the familiar footing of nicknames with everybody else), and probably keeps up a very limited and frugal establishment at home; and needs every centime of a scanty income to do that. Anyhow, he certainly is not given to hospitality. You may have been for years a resident and *propriétaire*, and on the friendliest terms with all your Mentonese neighbors, but, though habitually kindly, they will never ask you to take bite or sup in their houses. A dinner-party of numerous courses, preceded by five-o'clock tea and Albert biscuits, is veraciously reported to have been given a few years ago at a private house in one of the outlying villages; but the hosts were new-comers from somewhere near Paris, and no doubt in their village they lacked the economical alternative of street society.

The servant-system that obtains at Mentone is in several respects peculiar. A new domestic comes, in the first instance, for eight days on trial, after which the hiring is a monthly one, but terminable at any moment by either party on the terms of the master or mistress, in the case of a dismissal, paying—or the servant, on voluntarily leaving, forfeiting—eight days' wages. This power of instantaneous leaving, whatever the inconvenience caused, must be a potent weapon in, say, a cook's hands. And it is just this fiery-tempered but prosaically necessary class of servants who alone have an evil reputation for dishonesty at Mentone, where the domestics, though inclined to be lazy, are for the most part honest, and house-doors stand open and unguarded without theft ensuing. The cook, here as elsewhere, has a passion for perquisites, and is unweanable from illicit

ON THE SHORE OF THE LAVENZA, NEAR BRIGA.



traffickings with the butcher and *charcutier*. She persuades herself that the lard which she resells to them amounts to a quite unappreciable trifle on the kilo, and if she is found out will tranquilly assure her mistress that she "considered it not *comme il faut*" to serve all the fat with the beef. As for certificates of character, they are about as trustworthy as a batch of formal testimonials. The best servants are found in Briga, a picturesque village some distance inland in the hills, where mountain air and simple living have made hardy industry a second nature.

But the number of foreign *propriétaires* occupying houses and lands of their own at Mentone is very small. The great body of the temporary residents for the season (which extends from October to April) are housed in the many large and prosperous-looking hotels and pensions which, bearing the names of wellnigh every country under heaven, line the shores of both the bays and occupy the neighboring knolls and slopes. No less than thirteen hundred and thirty-six families came from different parts of the world to pass the winter of 1876-77 at Mentone. The English-speaking element was, as usual, the strongest, consisting as it did of three hundred and seventy-four families from Great Britain, fifty from the United States and two or three from Canada. Next came the French visitors, with two hundred and forty-five families, and after them the Germans with one hundred and ninety and the Russians with one hundred. Representatives of every other European country, and several families of Brazilians and Japanese, made up the cosmopolitan tale.

The number and variety of the excursions that may be made on foot, on mule-back and by carriage from Mentone make it pre-eminently good head-quarters. It is an easy day's walk to visit one or more of half a dozen mountain-villages almost indistinguishable in general color from the rocks to which they cling, and from which in old days the inhabitants descried betimes the pirates who were apt to pay them unwelcome visits. Rocca-

bruna is a fairly typical sample of these villages, and the stroll up through olive-woods (where, according to the amount of light upon the leaves and the nature of the background to them, they vary bewilderingly in predominant tone between green and blue and gray), with occasional bits of green sward decked with narcissus, till through groves of lemon you suddenly emerge upon the houses pendent on the precipitous crag, is as charming a way of spending a long afternoon as need be desired. The professor, scorning to waste shoe-leather and economize francs, began the ascent on a mule steered by a woman holding on to the beast's tail; but, whether it was that the motion was uncomfortable, or that its incompatibility with pedestrians' pace engendered a feeling of solitariness, or that the proceeding struck him as a trifle ludicrous, it was not long before the professorial lips mildly whispered, "*Ho avuto assai: vuole descendere*" (the professorial Italian for "I've had enough, and want to get down"), and our friend exchanged the saddle for a convenient wayside wall, whereon he sat and discoursed to us upon many things till time and the hour had worn out so much of the afternoon that we had scarcely daylight enough left to achieve the object of our walk. Rocca-bruna is a close-packed nest of houses, pierced by narrow, tortuous lanes arched over here and there, sorely perplexing to a stranger enemy no doubt, and superlatively defensible, crowned and dominated by an ancient moated castle, from the battlements of which one might throw a stone down on to any one of the weatherworn, bamboo-looking tile roofs of the little town. The church is relatively spacious, and hung with the gaudy red damask so common in Italy. Through the doorways of their dark cellar-like houses the housewives are visible, engaged in roasting coffee, chopping wood and what not, while a good many of the men seem to be content to sit and lounge about smoking. They are not greedy of high wages, and prefer being masters of their own time to being servants of other people's money. Themselves perched above the route of any thoroughfare,

MONKS PLAYING AT BOWLS.



they look down upon no less than four lines of road passing between their eyrie and the sea. Topmost, the famous Corniche road from Mentone to Nice winds along the mountain-sides; below it runs the road to Monaco; below that, again, the steep gradients of the old Roman way; and lowest of all the level railroad-track.

A shorter walk, suitable for the fag-end of a rainy day, when the sand-path will be firm, and all the way up there will be a grand view of jagged crests standing out dark and clear-cut from wreathing clouds, leads to the top of an isolated conical hill on which stands the

monastery Dell' Annunciato. The walls of the little chapel of the Capuchin brothers are thickly hung with ex-voto and *vau-fait* pictures, rudely-drawn but highly-colored and sensational representations of manifold accidents—shipwrecks, firework-explosions, crushings under diligence wheels and falling olive trees, and so on—from which the offerers gratefully acknowledge themselves to have been saved alive by the special interposition of Our Lady; while other still more realistic votaries have brought here memorial relics of their disasters—crutches, rope-ends and gun-stocks—to dangle



CASTLE OF MONACO.

perennially from the rafters. The way-side "stations" on the approach-path would be the seemlier for a charitable coating of the paint that the votaries daub so liberally upon the records of their own sufferings. Meanwhile, placidly unconscious, one hopes, of these incongruities, the monks pace up and down the pleasant promenades of their level yard. Vines cover the slopes of their sunny hill, and contribute, maybe, to the monasterial purse like the famous produce of the Chartreuse. At present the brethren are merely conversing in pairs, with gesticulations appropriate to the old men in *Faust*; but there is a

smooth stretch of ground under the trees that is suggestive of a snug game of bowls now and then, when no troublesome visitors are about.

Then, again, it is only a five-miles' journey, by road or rail, to Monaco, to which diminutive principality, indeed, both Mentone and Roccabruna belonged till about thirty years ago, when, goaded beyond endurance by a petty tyranny which obliged every subject to deal only with the butcher, baker and olive-presser holding the prince's monopolies, they rebelled and joined themselves on to what then was Savoy, and has since, by purchase, become France.



Monaco is assuredly a thing (it is really too small for the big word principal-ity) to be visited and remembered. Upon a diminutive peninsula of rock rising sheer out of the sea the narrow-streeted little capital hangs on to as much of space as was left after the pirate-princes of the house of Grimaldi had taken what they wanted for their castle, gardens and parade-ground. The castle—or rather palace—a really fine bit of Italian Renaissance-work, is a thorough show-place, and apparently exists for the benefit of a corps of sleek personages in livery, each of whom does a strictly limited portion of the lionizing and expects a separate fee. One shows the state apartments, distressingly stately and gilded, with canopied beds, ornamental chairs and shiny floors, quite unassociable with any idea of actual use and habitancy; another descants upon Caravaggio's frescoes in the gallery of the court; and a third picks up the visitor at the staircase foot and acts showman to the garden. Escaping at last, an easy descent—first across the palace *place*, where, as likely as not, the only living beings in sight will be a couple of the superfine-blue-cloth-dressed warriors of the principedom listlessly pelting one another with the gravel, and then through streets honored by the consular escutcheons of a surprising number of useful and important states of the Hayti and Ecuador class—

leads down to a narrow slip of land, the harbor, connects Monaco with its all-important suburb and complement, the promontory of Monte Carlo. "*Facilis ascensus Avernus.*" An excellent

HARBOR OF MONACO.



wide road leads up to the plateau, where, surrounded by lovely gardens and looking out upon such a panorama of mountain, wood and water as hardly another spot even on the Riviera can show, the gaming-saloons of the late M. Charles Blanc (he died a few months ago, worth, it is said, some ninety millions of francs) stand invitingly open to the stranger public. Yes, here is indeed in all seriousness a veritable "Cercle des Étrangers." No subject of the prince is allowed to set foot within its doors: such is the paternal care of His Highness the prince sovereign for the pockets of his people, who moreover, thirty-four hundred souls in all, enjoy the unique felicity of paying absolutely no taxes at all, the demands upon the public revenue being complaisantly met by the Monte Carlo authorities out of the moneys daily left in their cashier's hands by visitors. The theory of the gaming-house being a private club is kept up by a regulation (not very strictly insisted upon) requiring every visitor, before entering the saloons, to obtain, in exchange for his (or her) visiting-card, a ticket of membership for the day. That formality complied with, the whole building, with its rouge-et-noir and roulette tables, its concert- and reading-rooms, is at your service; and if you have been prudent enough to come provided with a return ticket (ensuring your retreat to Mentone, Nice or wherever you may be staying), a hearty antecedent meal (ensuring you against starvation till you are at home again), and no more cash about your person than you could afford to lose in the course of an evening's whist without annoyance, a single day at Monte Carlo will probably do you no very lasting harm. Indeed, if a gambler goes farther and fares worse to the extent of staking and losing his all at the tables, the "administration," keenly alive to the policy of avoiding scandal, will be generous enough to dole out to him the price of a railway-ticket to—almost anywhere—provided he takes himself off out of the principality without fuss or outcry. A short time ago, though, they were finely caught at their own game. One afternoon, when the play was at its fiercest,

a stranger was seen to rush out of the saloons with despair apparent in his excited strides, wild-staring eyes and ruffled hair, and to hurry out of sight into one of the secluded corners of the adjacent gardens. Soon the not unfamiliar bang! bang! of a revolver rang through the air: one of the attendants ran in the direction of the sound, found the stranger stretched motionless, the smoking revolver in his hand, upon a path, and at once, with much presence of mind and obedience to the standing orders of the administration, stuffed the pockets of the fallen with bank-notes enough to convince the most prejudiced anti-Blancite that the catastrophe could not have been the result of ruin at the tables, and then sped off to give the alarm. A few minutes and a cloud of would-be witnesses were on the spot; but, lo and behold! there was nothing for them to witness. The stranger and the notes had vanished.

Seriously, though, this flaunting Monte Carlo establishment is a curse to the whole neighborhood. Not only does it lead directly to a yearly tale of suicides and find infatuated victims in chance visitors from all countries under heaven, but it fills all the neighboring towns with swarms of profligates, and tempts such people as local station-masters, petty tradesmen, and even domestic servants, to embezzlement, bankruptcy and theft. The inhabitants of the principality itself being, as I have said, strictly debarred from entering the *Cercle*, the chief sufferers are the residents in the French departments surrounding it; and these have lately presented a vigorous memorial to the senators and deputies of France praying them to take steps to abate the nuisance. They argue, not unreasonably, that France has the right, as well as the might, to do so. Even if Monaco, with its right princely and (on paper) imposing array of courtly functionaries and its army of seventy men, is to be accounted an independent state (though in truth the telegraph, post-office, railway and customs services are all entirely under French control), still the maxim "*Sic utere tuo, ut alienum non lædas*," must apply to it, and its neighbors cannot be

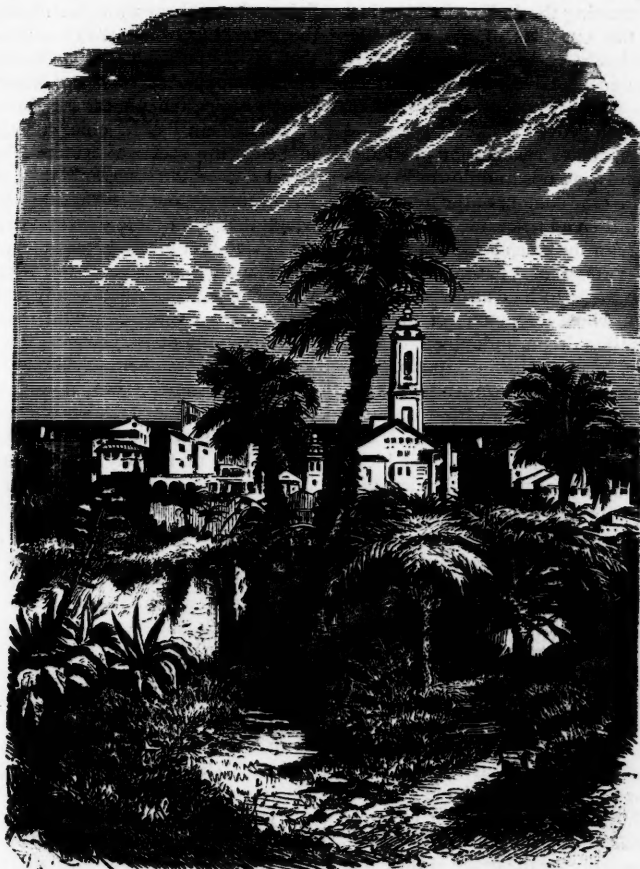
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bound to submit to such a pest as Monte Carlo is to them, merely that His Highness of Monaco may live in luxury at Paris as the pensionary of a gaming-house director. It is to be hoped that the death of M. Blanc will soon be followed by the extinction of the establish-

ment so disastrously associated with his name.

But enough of this disagreeable subject. Let us shake off from our feet the dust of Monte Carlo, and follow the Riviera eastward from Mentone.

It is a perfect morning, as indeed morn-



BORDIGHERA.

ings commonly are hereabouts. Our open carriage is early at the villa-gate, and proves good-humoredly accommodating in the disposal of our very miscellaneous belongings — oranges, chocolate-cakes, rolls, newspapers, Baedekers, a bottle of Bordeaux, sunshades, overcoats and the

professor's *cache-nez*. But where is our host? At last he emerges, laughing, from the house, to tell us how, while he was sitting alone in the breakfast-room finishing his coffee, a well-to-do but penurious old lady of the neighborhood, finding the house and room doors open, had coolly

walked in upon him, and, pinning him down with some cock-and-bull story about her son, had reduced him to purchasing his escape by giving her a five-franc piece, which she had condescendingly pocketed with an intimation that she would return in a fortnight to finish her story and borrow something more.

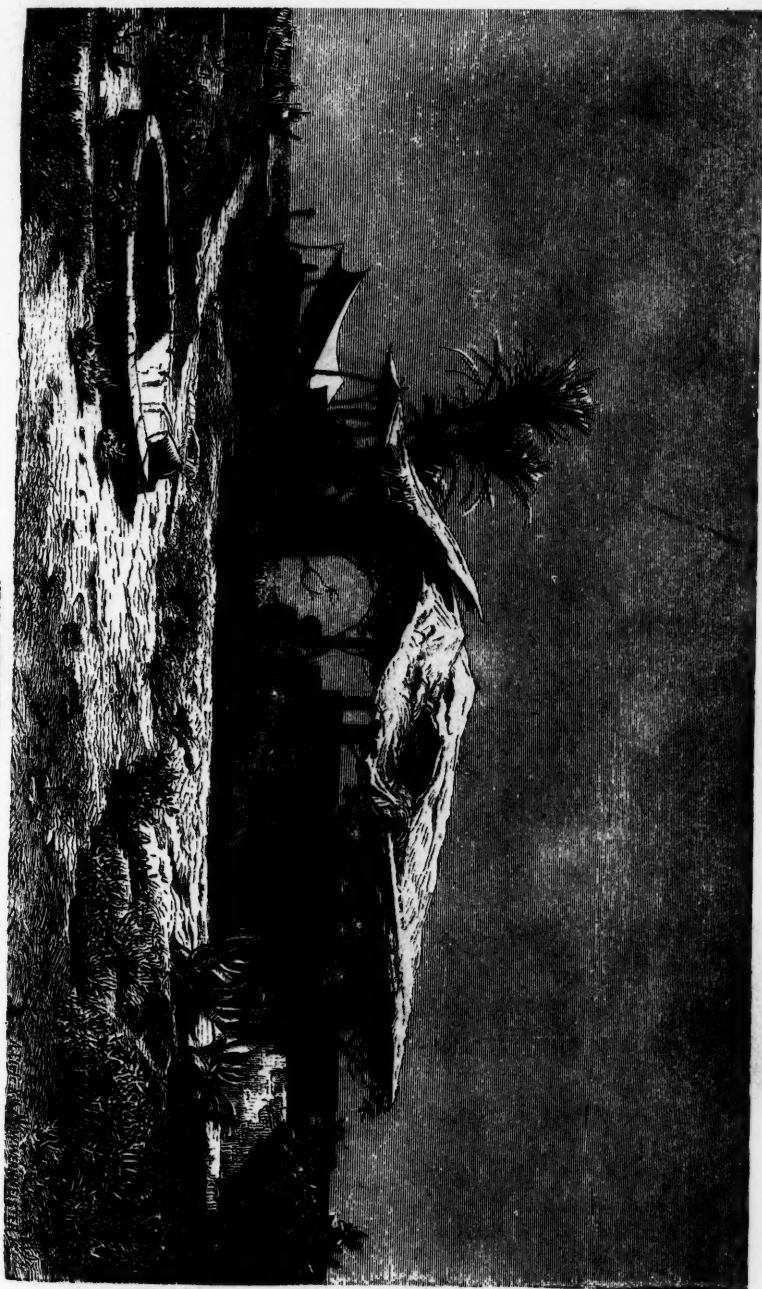
After crossing the Italian frontier just beyond the outskirts of the town the road gradually ascends, sheltered here by magnificent olives, between which one gets delicious peeps downward of bright lemon-groves backed by lustrous sea. Then comes a succession of sudden zigzag bends and ups and downs in plenty, following the contour of the mountain-sides, and then a brisk rattle down a long slope ends in the steep streets of the picturesque fortress of Ventimiglia. Here it is *de rigueur* to halt and visit an old church in whose crypt one of the supporting pillars is an undoubted Roman milestone, bearing the inscription, "ANTONINUS PIUS IMPERATOR AUGUSTUS CURAVIT, DXC." And the veriest Gallio in the matter of such relics will feel well repaid for having given in to this bit of sightseeing by the memorable view of a row of snow-capped giants of the Maritime Alps that is commanded from a little square hard by the church.

Our *cocher* is in no particular hurry; so, before making a fresh start, we stroll through the narrow (and, if truth be told, not too savory) streets on the prowl for something characteristic to buy. We scorn the professor's prosaic purchase of a three-franc comforter, and invest in some specimens of roughly-glazed red pottery—tiny pipkins at a sou apiece, that, whatever they may have been intended for, will serve aptly for cigar-ash trays—and oil-cruets of the coarsest glass, but noteworthy for the grace of their long slender necks and curved spouts.

Ventimiglia passed, the road drops sharply almost to the sea-level, and stretches across an unctuous expanse of water-meadows to the promontory on which Bordighera basks sleepily in the sun. Here is the Paradise of palms, combining, as it does, the two conditions—"its feet in the water and its head

in the sun"—under which the palm best flourishes. In the gardens of the French consulate and other villas fine specimens have been gathered together in showy profusion; but all about the outskirts of the town they are cultivated on strictly commercial principles, the young shoots being covered up and hidden from the light to keep them white, as required in the market for which they are destined, that of the purveyors of palms for the Palm-Sunday observances of Rome. To most visitors, though, the neighborhood of Bordighera has its chief associations in being the scene of Ruffini's famous novel *Doctor Antonio*, and they will be trying to pick out the wayside house in which that Admirable Crichton of a doctor healed and loved as they drive along the shaded road beyond the town, and will perhaps feel rather annoyed by the obtrusive self-assertion with which the big white villa of M. Garnier (the architect of the new opera-house at Paris), with its gossamer tower, dominates the view; which indeed, as we open out La Colla nestling on the mountain-side and Ospidaletto on the bay below, is surpassingly beautiful. It is not much farther to San Remo. The wealth of fleshy plants and mesembrianthemum with its pink and yellow flowers that fill the gardens of the Hôtel de Londres bears eloquent testimony to a geniality of climate which recommends this spot above all others to many of the health-seeking visitors to the Riviera. The lover of the picturesque will perhaps find his chief attraction in the close-huddled buildings of the old town, which covers the steep sides of an isolated hill crowned by the invariable castle. High up in the air the narrow alleys are bridged at short intervals by slender arches of brickwork, the meaning and use of which become apparent when one learns that the place is from time to time disturbed by earthquake-shocks, which this clamping together of the houses gives them the best chance of weathering. As to the products of San Remo, the present writer's most vivid recollection is of a variety of smells unequalled even by Cologne; but it must also be recorded to its honor that here,

NEAR BORDIGHERA.







VIEW NEAR SAN REMO.

at last, the professor chanced upon and purchased the ideal Hat that he had sought in vain for many a weary day—a soft, broad-brimmed, conical prodigy, the like of which, gentle reader, I venture to assert you will not see until you have the good fortune to come across our professor. The local red wine, too—by name Dolciacqua—may fairly claim a good mark for San Remo.

It is not a little entertaining and instructive to occupy the seat beside the driver on a Riviera excursion. If he is a Frenchman, he will, as likely as not, have served in the disastrous campaign of 1870, and will have plenty to say about the selfishness of the Second Empire and the abuses in army organization that were revealed in the war and have since been corrected. "Ah, *now*," he will tell you, "every one is a soldier: no substitutes are allowed. *C'est juste*. The young subalterns now-a-days have to look after their work, and have no servants. As for Germany—Well, every Frenchman *has something in his head*." And then he will go off into anecdotes and scraps of information suggested by passing objects, and gossip about local customs—as, for instance, that at Mentone it is forbidden to plant timber-trees—

the eucalyptus, for example, within two and a half mètres, and oranges within two mètres, of a neighbor's boundary—and practical hints as to where one may best buy the *dolce* tobacco of Italy for five-and-fifty centimes the packet.

It is perhaps one of the many "things not generally known" that the district of Mentone possesses quite a distinct Romance dialect of its own, in the investigation of which the philologically inclined may find a very interesting field

of study. The ground has recently been broken by two diligent and careful works by Mr. J. B. Andrews, an American gentleman resident at Mentone, who has for the first time reduced Mentonese to grammar and exhibited it in a printed vocabulary. But much yet remains to be done in settling the orthography and orthoepy of the dialect, and there is reason to believe that any one who is ambitious to be the founder of a literature may find a virgin opportunity in Mentonese. W. D. R.

### THE GREEN LEAVES WHISPER LOW.

THE wind-harp sings in the casement wide  
A fitful song that is sad and slow,  
While the summer sunset burns outside,  
And the green leaves whisper low.

A fair head leans on a lily hand,  
And clear eyes study the sky's red glow—  
The loveliest lady's in all the land—  
While the green leaves whisper low.

"O wind-harp, listen, and cease to grieve;  
O warm south wind, less wildly blow;  
For my lover rides through the golden eve,  
While the green leaves whisper low."

A step, a cry, and the dusky room  
A splendor swift seems to overflow:  
A glory lights the enchanted gloom,  
While the green leaves whisper low.

He brings the dawn in his happy eyes;  
Yet grieve, O wind-harp, sad and slow—  
Grieve, for the matchless moment flies,  
While the green leaves whisper low.

To-morrow, choked by the battle's breath,  
A new embrace shall her lover know—  
Not the kiss of love, but the kiss of death—  
While the green leaves whisper low.

CELIA THAXTER.

## "FOR PERCIVAL."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## A REVERIE IN ROOKLEIGH CHURCH.



PERCIVAL awoke the next morning, gazed at the window, and perceived that a bee was trying to find a hole in the invisible wall which parted it from the blue vault and liberty. He smiled as he watched it: "Poor thing! did it expect to

find any flowers here? I suppose it wants to be free; but if it did get out the blue itself would be its prison, only so big it wouldn't know it. Are we ever free, I wonder, or does liberty only mean that we have not yet run our heads against our prison-walls? Poor wretch! how it frets! I must turn it out—directly." ("Directly;" that is, "immediately." Why does this word at the end of a sentence always suggest a slight delay? "Directly" in this case meant that Percival would stretch himself lazily and meditate a few moments longer.)

I fancy Queen Sleep has a multitude of attendant sprites, who wait upon us during the night. She bids them take our burdens of weariness and trouble and let us have some rest. We load them very heavily, poor little things!—so heavily sometimes that they cannot support the back-breaking weight, and fragments of our every-day anxieties slip down and mingle in our dreams. But the elves do their best; only now and then they are mischievous, and say they will at any rate have an exchange of burdens, so they toss their queer little perplexities to us to hold, and we have very fantastic visions indeed. It may be that they get so dull toward morning

with the burden of our dulness that they do not notice when we open our eyes, and thus we gain a moment's respite. It happened so that morning, till a little elf, who had been released by an earlier riser, suddenly burst out laughing, hands on hips, gauze wings quivering and droll head on one side: "What *are* you standing there for? Why, that fellow is wide awake, and talking about bees and liberty these five minutes!"

"So he is," said the drowsy sprite; and flinging his load to Percival again, he darted off.

The young man sat up with a suddenly-troubled face, forgot the bee and remembered everything else. "It isn't possible!" he said.

Something of Aunt Harriet's feeling awoke within him when he considered the matter by the light of day. I do not know that he thought of the presents exactly, but it did seem to him that he and Sissy had gone too far to draw back. What would everybody say? Percival hated the thought of the gossip with which Fordborough would be flooded. And what would his grandfather say? With whom would he be angry? For angry he would undoubtedly be. Percival could take no comfort from the thought that he would probably escape the old man's wrath, for he felt that Sissy must be sheltered at any cost. He could not walk off in easy impunity and leave her to bear the blame, yet Sissy was not dependent on his grandfather, *and he was*: there was the sting.

His heart was aching too. Even if he had Prior's Hurst, what would it be to him without Sissy? There was a doubt, far down in his soul, whether she had not touched the truth when she said they were not fit for each other and should not be happy. Unhappiness was possible there, but he was ready to run the risk. For was happiness possible elsewhere? It did not seem so to Percival. He had set his heart on Sissy:

she had given herself to him, and it was only three weeks to their wedding-day. It was true that he had told her she was free, but if she accepted the freedom thus granted she was forsworn. How many times had she told him that she was his for ever!

What should he do? He pondered many lines of conduct, and at last came to the somewhat feeble conclusion that if the next morning brought him no news from Brackenhill, he would write to, or perhaps see, Aunt Harriet, but that for that one day he would drift. Percival had an uneasy, half-satirical consciousness that his grave meditations generally ended in a determination to drift—a result which might have been attained without any meditation at all. He breakfasted, fighting all the time against importunate thoughts not to be easily banished. He stood by the window, beating an impatient tune upon the panes. "By Jove, I can't stand it, and I won't!" said Percival. "I'll go somewhere for the day."

He walked to the nearest station, and happened to stand by a respectably-dressed artisan who was taking his ticket. "Third—Rookleigh," said the man.

"Where on earth is that?" said Percival to himself. "I'll go and see." He varied the class. "One first—Rookleigh," he said, and followed the workman to the Rookleigh train.

It was interesting—at least with an effort he could fancy it was interesting—to speculate what kind of place his destination might be. "Sounds rural," he reflected. "Ought to be plenty of trees, and rooks in them. Market? Perhaps. Inhabitants—say about eight hundred and fifty-three: the three has a business-like sound about it. Occupation? Agriculture and straw-plaiting. Church newly restored, no doubt, and the deluded parishioners think that is a reason for going to look at it."

Rookleigh, when he reached it, proved to be a good-sized, sleepy country town, which seemed to have trickled down the side of a gentle hill and crystallized on its way. At the bottom of the slope loitered the most placid of streams, with

gardens and orchards on both sides. Most of the river-side houses were red, solid and respectable. Percival soon decided that the place was inappropriately named, as there was not a rook to be seen or heard. Its principal productions appeared to be poplars and pigeons. The result of his observations was that two householders out of three grew poplars, and three out of four kept pigeons. The tall trees quivering and the white birds flying against a background of unclouded blue had a quaint, peaceful effect. There was much houseleek growing on the steep red roofs, and a decrepit black dog lay dozing in the middle of the principal street. Percival strolled about the town and looked at shop-windows till the time came when he could go to the Red Lion for some luncheon. They gave him pigeon-pie, at which he was not surprised; in fact, he did not see how they could give him anything else, poplars being uneatable. He made his meal last as long as he could, and then studied the portraits of two or three country squires on their favorite hunters, for he had discovered that Rookleigh was a place from which it was not easy to escape. Failing a train at 1.5, which would have interfered with the pigeon-pie and left him with the afternoon on his hands, he could not get away till 6.45. "A very good time too," he said philosophically. "I shall get back to dinner with an appetite."

The resources of Rookleigh could not be said to be exhausted while the church, which was a little higher up the hill, remained unvisited. A small boy undertook to fetch the clerk, who kept the key, and while he was gone Percival sat on a large square tomb and wondered why its occupant or occupant's friends had chosen such a memorial. "There seems to be a wish that each person's death should cause a sort of little wart on the earth's surface," he reflected. "From the Pyramids to those low green hillocks I suppose it is all the same thing. Luckily, we can't all have what we want, and Time interferes with the plans of those who do, or the face of creation would be speckled with our miserable little grave-

stones. I'd rather be put away altogether when my time comes, and have the ground smooth over me; or if my name must be recorded somewhere, it might be on a bit of pavement."

The clerk appeared, more out of breath than seemed proper in such a quiet place as Rookleigh. Percival followed him into the church, which was spacious and dim and had something of faded, worm-eaten stateliness about it. The old man made a few remarks, but had not the unpleasant fluency of vergers in much-frequented places. The boy who had been Percival's messenger amused himself with a little stone-throwing in the churchyard, and the clerk, after a few glances over his shoulder, stole softly through the open door to pounce upon the guilty child.

Percival smiled and went up to the chancel. It was wide and not encumbered with pews, and he paused in the open space, noticing the effect of a slanting ray of light. All at once he said to himself, "This is just where I should stand if I were going to be married." And in fancy he tried to people the empty chancel with the guests who should have gathered for his wedding in three weeks' time. It was a dreary pastime in a dreary place. And when he would have pictured Sissy standing by his side, to be bound to him for ever, he could not recall her face and form with anything like their wonted clearness. No effort would avail. Indeed, after a prolonged endeavor it almost seemed as if he could call up nothing but two frightened eyes, which gazed at him out of the still atmosphere of Rookleigh church.

He shivered, and, hearing the old man's step behind him, broke the silence with the first question which came to his lips: "Do you have many weddings here?"

"Not many. Not but what it's a fine church for 'em. Plenty of room, you see, sir."

Thorne nodded. "What makes your pavement so uneven?" he asked.

The other looked down: "Why, it's old Mr. Shadwell: he's just under you, sir. It's his vault. He was rector here five-and-fifty years ago. He was a great

scholar, they say, and had five sons, all parsons like himself."

"All scholars too? And all buried here? You must mind what you are about, or the ghosts of the reverend family will be astonished some day by a wedding-party suddenly descending among them," said Percival as he turned away.

The old man pocketed his fee. "We'll be sure and have it mended before you come to be married here, sir," he called after his visitor, who passed out into the sunny glare.

Where next? A boat on that languid stream? Unhappily, people did not row on Rookleigh River, or would not let their boats if they did. Percival had to content himself with a walk along the bank.

Coming back, he halted, struck with a house on the opposite shore. It was a large, rather handsome red house, old, yet the perfection of neatness and repair—perhaps even a little too neat, like a fashionable middle-aged woman, who is never careless. Its garden lay spread, one uniform sunny slope, to the river's edge, and ended, not in possible inequalities of bank, but in a neat low wall. Even now, when June would soon dawn in its glory on the happy world, the house and garden suggested autumn to Percival, and he stopped to wonder why. He thought it might be partly the long straight path which ran down the centre of the slope, and which was of old gravel subdued in tint, and with a row of espalier apple trees on either side. Perhaps, too, many apple trees in a garden do suggest autumn as soon as their blossom is fallen. There is an idea of laying fruit away, of garnering a serviceable harvest. Espaliers, too, are not so much trees as just that amount of tree which will give the necessary apples for pies and puddings, as if one should say to Nature, "We do not like your heedless, unrestrained ways, and will see no more of them than we can help." On one side of the house was trained a tree, but not for any ripe delight of August peaches, though it took the sunniest wall. A pear. Percival had an unreasoning conviction that the pears would be hard—probably requiring to be



baked or stewed. Nor was there any wealth of climbing roses in the garden, but he could see chrysanthemums dotted at intervals down the long walk with neat precision, and he was sure that before they blossomed the place would glow with the earlier splendor of dahlias. Also, there were too many evergreens.

Down the central path came an old lady in slate-colored silk, carefully looking to right and left, and apparently removing an occasional snail or dead twig or injured leaf. Her dress glistened in the sunlight, and Percival watched her a while from between the hazel boughs before he became aware that there was some one else in the garden. A cross-path had its occupant, who came and went behind the laurels and aucubas with the unfailing regularity of a pendulum. The leafy screen was too thick for Percival to do more than see that some one passed on the other side; but each time, as she turned at the end to resume her walk, there was a glimpse of a soft gray gown, and once—surely once, for a moment—of a gray hat and golden hair. Again and again and again he caught the vanishing fold of her dress, but never again that momentary vision. Certainly there were too many evergreens. Why did she walk there? Swift though it was, the dreary regularity of pace told not of inclination, but of duty. Percival watched and grew impatient. "Why doesn't she come into the middle walk and help to pick up snails?" he said to himself. "Any one would who saw the poor old lady hunting about." The latter, who was vigorous and alert, and not so very old either, would not have been best pleased could she have heard his pity; and, what was worse, the wearer of the gray gown did not share it, for she left the old lady to deal with the snails single-handed.

Presently some people came along the footpath, and Percival, who did not choose to be caught watching, sauntered a little way to avoid them, laughing at himself for his interest in the mysterious lady as he went. "If I could have seen her I should not have given her a second thought," he said. He looked at his

watch, and was surprised to find that it was past six. He turned and retraced his steps, for he was walking away from Rookleigh, and as he went by the old red house he looked once more at the garden. Both the ladies had disappeared during his absence.

"Stupid!" said Percival. "If those people hadn't driven me away I should have seen her go. Now she will remain a mystery for ever."

The mystery did not long retain possession of his thoughts. As he journeyed homeward he recollected that at that hour the evening before he had parted from Sissy. There came a faint glow to his olive cheek as he remembered how she sprang to him and clung with her arms about his neck, and how he felt her tears and kisses on his face. His heart kindled at the memory, and then grew dull. "She was very sure of herself, or she had not dared," he thought.

It was past nine when he stood at his own door, having stopped to get some dinner on his way. He could eat in spite of all his perplexities. He was met by the announcement, "Two telegrams come for you, sir."

A telegram is not the alarming fact it used to be, but to be told of two awaiting him quickens the pulses of a man who seldom receives one. Thorne felt that something urgent had occurred. He walked quietly into his room, turned up the gas, saw the envelopes on the table, stretched out his hand to the nearer of the two, hesitated, took up the other and tore it open:

*"Godfrey Hammond, Brackenhill, Fordborough, to Percival Thorne, Esq.: All is over. You could not have been in time. Will meet first train at Fordborough tomorrow."*

He stood like a statue, but his brain reeled. "My God! She is dead!" he said at last. "I have killed her. And she wanted me, and I was not there!" If suffering could expiate sin, that moment's agony should have cleansed his whole life. He did not think, he did not attempt to think, what had happened at Brackenhill. Sissy was, in his eyes, as delicate as a butterfly or a flower. A

breath might kill her, and this telegram, with its "All is over," hardly seemed an unnatural ending to the passion and terror and hopeless renunciation of the night before. "All is over," she had said, and had torn herself from his arms. And what her sweet lips had uttered the hateful paper echoed—"All is over"—and lay there like incarnate Fate.

Percival lacked strength to open the other message. What could it tell him that he did not know? He felt as if the unavailing summons which was imprisoned there would stab him to the heart. Out of that envelope would rush Sissy's appeal to him, her last cry out of the black night of death, and no answer would be possible. He walked to and fro, casting troubled glances at it. His pleasant familiar room suddenly became a hideous torture-chamber, and a black pall had fallen over his life.

At last he opened the second message with fingers that quivered like aspen-leaves. The paper rustled in his hands as he unfolded it and read:

"*Mrs. Middleton, Brackenhill, to Percival Thorne, Esq.*: Your grandfather is dangerously ill. Come at once. Do not lose a moment."

He flung it down and faced the world, a man once more. It was not that he was heartless—that he did not care for the old squire who was gone. He felt the blow, but this was a grief which came out of the shadows into the light of common day. It was like waking from a death-like swoon to the anguish of a wound. A nightmare was transformed into a sorrow.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

##### OF A GOLDEN WEDDING.

As the 9.15 train slackened speed at Fordborough Station, Percival looked out and saw Godfrey Hammond standing on the platform. It was exactly what he had anticipated, and yet it gave him a little shock of surprise to see Godfrey just as usual, in a light gray suit such as he often wore at Brackenhill, trim, neat, alert, looking as if he had slept well and

breakfasted well, and watching the train with his glass stuck in his eye. Percival did not really expect to see any outward signs of grief. It was hardly probable that Hammond would appear with his clothes rent, lamenting aloud and casting dust upon his head, yet his unchanged aspect startled the young man. Have we not all been startled in the same way by the want of sympathy between outward things and our inward joys and sorrows? If our feelings change, do we not straightway want the universe made anew to our pattern?

Percival sprang out, and suddenly came within the range of Hammond's eye-glass. A smile of recognition dawned on the other's face. "Ah, here you are!" he said. Perhaps there was a little more firmness in his clasp as he shook hands with the young man. "That's well. I was considering what I should do if you didn't come. Only that bag? The carriage is waiting." The station-master came up, touched his hat and made a remark. "Thank you," said Hammond. "As well as can be expected. Very sudden—yes; and very terrible.—Are you ready, Percival?"

The brougham was outside. "We shall be by ourselves," said Godfrey, who generally preferred the dog-cart. A minute later they were rolling smoothly along the road which Percival had traversed in such haste so short a time before.

"I was out," said young Thorne abruptly. "I didn't get your messages till between nine and ten last night."

"I said you were out," Hammond replied. "It was quite as well. You could not possibly have been in time, and could not have done any good."

"How—when did it happen?"

"Yesterday morning, quite early. In fact, it was all over before the first telegram was sent. But when they awoke Mrs. Middleton with the news—in a very foolish and inconsiderate manner, I fear—she absolutely refused to believe it, and they tell me her first cry was, 'Send for Percival—Godfrey will want Percival!' She wrote the message to you herself, but long before the man could have reached

Fordborough with it she must have known it was utterly useless. In fact, after the first shock she rallied and regained her calmness and good sense in a most surprising way. She feels it terribly, but when I got there she was quite herself."

"But how was it?" said Percival. "When I left my grandfather on Wednesday night he seemed quite well."

"Ah, that's the sad part of it. It was an accident."

"An accident?"

"Poison," said Hammond—"an overdose of some opiate or other. No: don't look so scared. There was no possibility of foul play. It is as clear as daylight."

(What Godfrey Hammond said was perfectly true. There *was* no foul play, and the death was as mere an accident as if Mr. Thorne had killed himself by falling down stairs. It was not really more terrible that his hand should falter than that his foot should slip. But there is always something ghastly in the idea of poison, and Percival's heart seemed to stand still for a moment.)

"He was late on Wednesday night," said Hammond. "He wrote a letter to Hardwicke and sent it to the post. After that he sat for a considerable time alone in the drawing-room, for Sissy was not well, and Mrs. Middleton was with her. When he went up stairs Turner noticed that he was more inclined to talk than usual. He said more than once that he had had a good deal of anxiety and trouble of late, but that now he hoped all would be right. Just as he was lying down he remarked that he had written to Mr. Hardwicke, and should drive to Fordborough the next day to see him. Turner says that his answer was, 'Oh indeed, sir, then I suppose Mr. Hardwicke is home again?' and that Mr. Thorne sat up with a startled look on his face, and said, 'Good God! is Hardwicke out?' The man was surprised, and told him that he had heard that Mr. Hardwicke had gone abroad somewhere, but he did not know for certain. Mr. Thorne lay down, and told him he might go, but Turner—who has the next room, you know—says he does not believe his master slept at all. He could hear him

tossing uneasily in his bed, till, being tired, he dropped off to sleep himself. He was awakened after a time by Mr. Thorne calling him. 'I can't sleep,' he said, 'and I can't afford to lose my night's rest, for I have something I must do to-morrow.' He told Turner to bring his little medicine-chest, and unlocked it with the key which hung with two or three others on his watch-chain. Turner was not surprised, as he occasionally took something of the kind, though not very often. He waited to carry it away again, but Mr. Thorne looked up with the bottle in his hand, and said the candle was too bright and hurt his eyes, and that he could see better with only the lamp which burned by his bedside. Turner was going to put it out when your grandfather added, 'And that dressing-room window rattles again: go and see if you can stop it.' He thinks he might have been five minutes at the window. When he looked back from the dressing-room door Mr. Thorne was lying down, with his face turned away from the light. He was quite still, and Turner was afraid of disturbing him with the candle or his footsteps, so he did not go in, but went round by the passage to his own room, and softly closed the door between the two. When he went in at about eight the next morning Mr. Thorne lay in precisely the same attitude—dead."

"How do they know it was—" Percival began.

"Turner saw how much there was in the bottle, and drew his own conclusions. The idiot need not have rushed to announce them to Mrs. Middleton, though. Your grandfather had lately been taking something for those headaches of his, and the man's theory is that in a fit of absence he poured out the same quantity of this. I don't know, I'm sure: I'm not in the habit of taking poisons myself, and don't understand anything about them. I locked everything up, or the whole household would have had their fingers in the bottle."

"There will be an inquest?"

"To-morrow. But there is no possible doubt as to the result." Godfrey took his chin between his fingers and stroked it

meditatively as he spoke. "I shall miss the old squire," he said after a pause, with a weight of meaning in the simple words. "But, thank God! it must have been a painless death."

"I—suppose so," was Percival's reply. He was wondering, even while he acquiesced, whether there had been a moment, the merest lightning-flash of time, during which the old man had been conscious of his blunder. If so, there had been a moment of suffering keener than death itself. And even if not, where was he now? Did he know that his delay had ruined his favorite? Did he, even in a new life, feel a pang of impotent anguish at the thought of what might have been? "For he cares still," said Percival to himself. And his heart went forth in deep tenderness toward the old man. "If you could only know!" he thought.

"Duncan telegraphed to me on his own account," Hammond went on, "and sent the message at the same time as the one to you, only his was more accurate. I got it about an hour before the train left. I always told—I always said that old butler was no fool, except about wine."

"Sissy?" said Percival.

The other looked grave: "Sissy is not at Brackenhill. She was far from well, and we feared it would be too much for her—the inquest, and funeral, and all. Laura Falconer came over yesterday afternoon and insisted on taking the poor child away. We persuaded her to go, and when she found we really thought it was best, I think she was not altogether unwilling."

Percival knew, by his sense of relief, that he had dreaded a meeting with Sissy in that horrible house of death.

"Horace? is he back again?"

"Yes, and Mrs. James too. If there were any conceivable piece of mischief that she could have on hand, I should say she was plotting something. They have sent off telegrams with mysterious secrecy, and they hold solemn councils in every corner. But as I can't see what they can be after, I suppose it is only Mrs. James Thorne's agreeable manner."

"Most likely," said Percival.

"Young Henry Hardwicke came over yesterday with the letter. His father has gone to see about some French property which a client of his wants to sell. He was not certain about the distance to the place, nor how long he would be there, so he only gave Henry his address at a Parisian hotel. We have written and telegraphed there, and have despatched a message to him at his final destination as well as the young fellow and I could make it out, but I am not at all sure of it."

"He has not answered, then? An awkward time for him to be away."

"Yes, but he had an appointment with the squire for next week—I suppose to settle things for you and Sissy. Your grandfather says nothing in the note except that he is coming over, and particularly wants to see Hardwicke that day, and to look at his will."

Percival sat for a moment in silent thought. This was the will which had been made before he ever saw his grandfather, and which the old man had been so anxious to alter. What was in it? It would not leave him Brackenhill nor Prior's Hurst—not so much as an inch of land. But was it possible that there would be nothing whatever for him? The squire had not said that, and it did not seem probable that he would have altogether passed over one who had done nothing to offend him when he thought so much of his family, and the Thornes were so few. But Percival was constrained to own that it was possible. A couple of days earlier he had feared dependence: now he feared beggary.

"This will put off your marriage," said Hammond suddenly.

"Yes," said Percival, still absorbed in thought. But a moment later he turned and looked at Godfrey. "No, it won't," he said. "There is no marriage to be put off. Look here, Godfrey: the day may come that I shall ask you to remember when it was I told you this. Sissy and I parted for ever before my grandfather's death. Do you understand? Aunt Harriet can bear witness to that. It was on Wednesday night. We thought it was

best. If any one was to blame, it was I. It is all over, really and finally. At this present moment Sissy no doubt believes that I am the master of Brackenhill. Knowing what she knew, and being well aware that my grandfather had no time to change anything after his talk with me, she can hardly think otherwise. But the Fordborough gossips will say she threw me over because I was poor. You must contradict that."

Hammond looked fixedly at him. "Ah!" he said. "But will you be poor?"

"Horace will have Brackenhill."

"Horace hardly thinks so."

"He will. At least unless there is some flaw in the will, which is not likely, as Hardwicke made it. Even then I should not dispute his claim. You had better not say anything to him, perhaps, till the will is read; but I know how it must be."

"Well," said Hammond, "suppose Horace does have Brackenhill—and perhaps he has the best right: may I say so?"

"I say so."

"Your grandfather could still provide for you, so that you would not be poor in any terrible sense of the word. Perhaps you may even be in easier circumstances than Horace, who will have that great house to keep up."

"Had my grandfather lived another day he would have provided for me," Percival replied. "As it is, the will that Hardwicke will produce is an old one, made five or six years since, before I ever set foot in Brackenhill."

Hammond was startled. "You don't mean it! You'll come badly off in that, my poor fellow," he said. "What! had he never altered his will? It is incredible—at his age! What folly, or—"

"No," Percival interrupted. "Don't say a word against him. Suppose he should be able to hear us?" he said, with a half smile at the fancy—a smile which ended in a sigh. "I wish he could: I should like to tell him something."

They were turning in at the gate. The old woman who opened it caught sight of Percival, and courtesied reverentially, mistaking a meteor for the rising sun. The young man answered with an ab-

sent nod. "I only tell you this that you may stand up for Sissy," he said as they went up the drive.

"That I will if needful," his companion replied. "But I'm sorry to hear this. Perhaps, after all, there may be no opportunity for any gossip. Are you quite sure—"

"That it is all over? Yes," said Percival.

Aunt Harriet met him with a face which was pathetic by reason of its very calmness. Her eyes were swollen and tired, and the pretty pink color in her cheeks had all retreated into the little veins. Her lips quivered suddenly now and then, as if a barbed arrow-head had been left in her wound. She looked doubtfully at Percival for a moment, but there was no mistaking the sadness and sympathy in his eyes; and, as if drawn by an invincible impulse, she put up her face that he might stoop and kiss her.

"God help you, Aunt Harriet!" he said.

But even as he spoke she drew her hands away and turned aside: "Don't talk to me just yet, Percival."

Her heart was torn with conflicting feelings. The young man who stood before her, his dark eyes eloquent with his desire to comfort her in her sorrow, was Godfrey's Percival, his favorite—was dearer to Godfrey than all the world beside. She had felt as if her heart were breaking as she drew her hands out of his soft, lingering clasp, and yet as if it were treachery to leave them there. For what had he done with his smooth words but make his way into her brother's heart and rob Horace of his inheritance? And what had he done with his eloquent eyes and clasping hands but win Sissy Langton and break her heart? Sissy had said that it was not his fault—that he was good; but how could Mrs. Middleton believe him guiltless when she knew how the poor child had loved him? Sissy would never have been false to him: it was not possible. And yet, after all, he was Godfrey's boy, and there was nothing now that she could do for Godfrey except what she did for Percival.

She dropped into her arm-chair again



and hid her face in her hands. When she looked up he was still standing there, silenced yet pleading. Presently he knelt on one knee before her. "Aunt Harriet," he said, "he was very good to me. I wish I could tell him so, but I can't, so I must tell you. I've no one now, you see."

She laid her trembling hand upon his head. He had no one now. That was true, but he would have Brackenhill, and friends would come in crowds. He had health and wealth, and all his life before him; and he would prosper and be popular, and go on his triumphant way, and find a new love and marry her, while her poor dying Horace and her broken-hearted darling passed away like shadows from his path. That was the future as she saw it in her grief, though it turned another face to Percival.

"Don't think me unkind," she said to Godfrey's boy, "but you must go away for a little while. I can't quite bear it yet: I'm not very strong."

Going out, he encountered Horace in the passage, looking terribly ill and worn—a shadow with feverishly brilliant eyes. Percival held out his hand. The other just touched it with his fingers, but he did even that under protest as it were, and because Godfrey Hammond was standing by and an open quarrel would be unbecoming in that house of death.

"This is very terrible," said Percival.

Horace uttered a murmur of assent and escaped.

His cousin looked after him with pained eyes. Then he turned to Godfrey Hammond. "I sha'n't be long at Brackenhill when its master is known, shall I?" said he.

"Who knows?" was the reply. "If it be as you say, he will have no cause for ill-will."

"He'll only think I tried to supplant him and failed. A year ago we were friends, but that can never be again. At times I almost fancy some one must have poisoned his mind against me."

"Mrs. James, perhaps," said Hammond. He would have attributed anything to Mrs. James.

They went out on the terrace. Percival sat on the stone balustrade, folded

his arms and surveyed Brackenhill from end to end as he had surveyed it the evening he saw it first. Then his grandfather had reproached him for his indifferent declaration that he liked old houses, as if this were no more to him than any other. Now his heart was heavy within him because it was so much more, and he was so soon to be banished from it.

"When is the funeral to be?" he asked.

"Monday."

"Monday! Isn't that very soon? Why, it—it was only on Thursday morning!"

"It is unusually early," said Hammond. "But Mrs. Middleton especially wishes it to be on Monday." He touched a spot of lichen on the stone with his slim forefinger, and eyed it thoughtfully. "Did you ever notice, Thorne, how great women are on domestic dates? They always know your birthday, and when you had the measles, or the precise day on which you made some one an offer, or fell down stairs, or were confirmed, or vaccinated, or came of age. Haven't you noticed?"

"Well?" said Percival.

"Well," said Hammond, trying hard to speak as if he scoffed at the little sentiment, and doing it in the tenderest voice and with his head turned away, because, though he cared for few people, he cared much for the squire and Aunt Harriet—"well, it seems that next Monday will be the anniversary of Mr. Thorne's wedding-day, fifty years ago. So Mrs. Middleton has the fancy that it shall be the day of his funeral—a sort of golden wedding, eh?—when those two shall be side by side once more. Very absurd, you know: what difference can it make? Of course the whole thing must seem doubly ridiculous to you: you can't get up any sentiment about your grandmother, can you, Thorne? Why, if she stepped out of a romance, she *is* your grandmother, and there's an end of it. I remember old Mrs. Thorne very well. She used to go about the house wrapped up in a drab shawl, and she read prayers to the poor squire and the servants, and had the toothache a good deal. When I came over from school

one day and he tipped me a sovereign, she saw it and said, 'Half a crown would have been ample, Godfrey.' I buttoned my jacket over it and ran away as hard as I could go, but I can hear her very tone at this moment."

"Perhaps," said Percival, "she wasn't quite the same fifty years ago. Perhaps she isn't quite the same now."

"Perhaps not. And, at any rate, Mrs. Middleton doesn't see any absurdity in it. She was Miss Harvey's bridesmaid. Half a century ago, to the very day, the bells were ringing over there, and the children throwing flowers down on the path, and people making speeches and fools of themselves; and Mrs. Middleton was a pretty girl, as merry as any of them. And now— It's horrible! He's to go back there to be buried, and she— By Jove, he's the lucky one now!"

"But he wasn't married at Brackenhill?" said Percival.

"He was, though. General Harvey lived in the old red house near the rectory. You can't remember it: it was pulled down twelve or fifteen years ago. I wonder if there are any others alive who were at that wedding? What a ghastly meeting it would be if they could come together! eh? I wonder why she couldn't let it rest, instead of forcing one to think of all this nonsense? But, being a woman, of course she couldn't. So Monday it is to be, and Monday it shall be, if the undertaker and all the milliners die of overwork, and even if Mrs. James doesn't get her crape and bugles in time."

So saying, Godfrey Hammond moved off, but Percival lingered on the terrace thinking of that golden wedding.

Willie Falconer rode over in the afternoon to inquire how they all were and to bring a note from Laura. Sissy was not excited or hysterical, but gentle, silent and depressed. "She took no notice when I spoke of sending over to Brackenhill," Laura wrote. "I said, 'I suppose Mr. Percival Thorne must have arrived by this time,' and then she answered, 'Yes, most likely.'— 'Have you any message?' I asked. She only shook her head and laid her cheek on my hand. But

just now she has looked up and said, 'My love to Aunt Harriet.' I will write again to-morrow, and hope she may be more like herself. I am thankful to say she slept well last night."

Percival, who had begged the note from Mrs. Middleton, studied it as if he would compel it to yield every atom of its meaning. "She slept well." Poor Sissy! That Wednesday evening she had said, "I wonder if I shall sleep now?" He thanked God that that poor little boon was not denied her.

Young Falconer went off with a letter from Aunt Harriet. The poor old lady after writing it made up her mind to a painful effort and came down stairs. I think she feared some outbreak on Horace's part, and felt that her presence might control her favorite. She took her usual place when dinner-time came. There was a little difficulty among the rest of the party, and the two young men exchanged doubtful glances. Percival, who had given away Brackenhill, hesitated about resigning his right to his grandfather's chair. Neither so much wished to take the vacant place as he was unwilling to seem as if he thought his rival had the better claim.

"Godfrey Hammond, will you sit at the bottom of the table?" said Aunt Harriet in her gentle voice. "It will not seem so—so strange. You used to sit there sometimes, do you remember? A long time ago, when he was often out."

Percival dropped into a chair with a sigh of relief. He could yield the place, since it was not to Horace.

Hammond began to carve in his swift, methodical way. He had Mrs. James Thorne on his right, and Horace sat between his mother and Aunt Harriet. Percival was alone on the opposite side.

Mrs. James thought it her duty to be profoundly affected on this occasion. Her long-drawn and resounding sighs were heard from time to time, but she contrived to eat a very substantial dinner in the intervals. Hammond, even while he politely helped her, meditated profoundly on the restraints of habit and etiquette. They seemed to him extraordinarily pow-

erful. Mrs. James took out a handkerchief with a wide hem and wiped nothing out of her eyes with the greatest care. Hammond felt that if he had been a shade less civilized he must have got up and shaken her that moment.

Horace played languidly with his knife and fork, but could not eat. He broke the silence once with a question: "Has anything been heard of Hardwicke yet?"

"Nothing," said Hammond. "But I shall hear as soon as there is any news. Harry Hardwicke has promised to let me know at once."

"What is to be done if he doesn't come?"

"I haven't the least idea. He will come." Hammond's tone was that of one who checks a discussion, and the heavy silence settled down again.

When the little party broke up Percival went away on a melancholy errand. As he entered a shadowy room and closed the door behind him, the outer world of warmth and light grew strangely small and distant. Advancing with noiseless steps, he touched the heavy hangings of the bed. Life seemed nothing but a dream, and this calm, which ended all, the one reality. Standing by the dead man's side and gazing on his face, he recalled the last words that he had heard that pale mouth utter: "It shall all be made right—to-morrow." And before the morrow Death had come to set all things straight after his own fashion. The young man, with his strongly-beating pulses, looked down on the features which were placid and not unhappy in their fixed expression, but drawn and cold, and like a delicately modelled wax mask rather than a face of flesh. And as he looked he longed to be able to ask, "Is all made right with you, now to-morrow has come?" Yet even while he longed to ask he shuddered. O God! the horror if those blue lips should unclose and answer him! He could not take his eyes from the corpse, and a chill ran slowly through his veins. He felt as if a cold breath were blowing on him from the outer darkness that girdles the little space of sun and shade and cheerful firelight which we call our life.

With a strong effort he tore himself away and hurried down stairs. He was ashamed of his unreasoning horror, and felt that he would rather not face the others till he had recovered his calmness, so he turned into the library and flung himself into an arm-chair. He was sincerely ashamed, and yet he could not help it. That was not how he should have felt, not how he had expected to feel, while looking for the last time on the poor old squire who had been good to him. But as he sat in the gathering twilight the troubled thoughts and fancies which had swung beyond his control in that momentary terror slowly swayed back to rest, and he asked himself why he should have expected his feelings to be after one pattern more than another. Others have no doubt known the same surprise and perplexity.

Many writers have described to us the emotions of the soul in supreme moments; and such descriptions are very striking. They are no doubt the fruit of undistracted meditation, and are enriched with the abundant adjectives of leisure. But when the crisis comes in hurry and confusion we are apt to discover with astonishment that it has not conferred upon us the power of talking in blank verse.

Percival propped his forehead on his hand and pondered drearily. Suddenly into his downward-bent eyes there came a flash of recognition and startled remembrance. The household work had been somewhat neglected during the confusion of the last few days, and as no fire had been lighted no one had looked at the grate. In the fender lay a little heap of black ashes. Thorne knew what they were. Overhead lay the man who had so long been master there, dead and impotent, and here lay his will, as powerless as himself. The young man felt that the destruction of that paper had cost him more than he had anticipated. The broken fragments of tinder mocked him with the thought of what might have been. But did he repent? No—from the bottom of his heart, no! It was a deed to be done without counting the cost.

All passed off very smoothly at the inquest, as Hammond had foretold. Turner gave his evidence clearly and well: there was no need to call Mrs. Middle-

"GODFREY HAMMOND, WILL YOU SIT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE TABLE?"—Page 677.



ton, who had literally nothing to tell, and there was a general feeling of regret and respectful sympathy. In spite

of his pride and his perverse spirit of contradiction, Godfrey Thorne had gained a certain place in his neighbors' lik-

ing. He never achieved popularity, but he had ruled at Brackenhill so long that people took him for granted, and only grumbled at his freaks as they grumbled at the weather or anything else that was entirely beyond their control. And every one liked his sister.

She was wonderfully relieved when the dreaded hour was over, and began to move about the house with mournful activity and to take an interest in the arrangements which had hitherto been left altogether in Hammond's hands. Other cares divided her thoughts with these sombre preparations. On Sunday afternoon she came down stairs with her bonnet on, and looked for Percival. He was in the library, reading the *Saturday Review*. He looked up when the old lady put her hand on his shoulder. "Will you give me your arm?" she said: "I want to take a turn in the garden."

Pacing to and fro, with little steps, on the sunny side of the clipped yew-hedge, Aunt Harriet opened her heart to her companion. "Percival," she said, "I am so sorry about you and Sissy—so very sorry! I don't know what to say. I'm too old to meddle in your love-affairs"—the feeling with which she had first greeted the news recurred to her—"a generation too old at the very least. But—"

"I don't know that," said Percival. "When people talk of second childhood they usually mean something unpleasant, but they needn't. We young folks sometimes feel as if the middle-aged people were the furthest away and such as you were coming gently back to us. They have lost their illusions, you see, and are hard and embittered, while you—"

"Do you think illusions grow again for us?" said the old lady, looking up with a smile of tender scorn.

"No: if they are illusions there can be no resurrection of the dead for them. Only truths live. But there has been time with you for flowers to grow upon their graves."

Percival, burdened with the difficulties of his position, was not sorry thus to divert an embarrassing conversation into

idle meanderings round the subject of youth and old age. It is a subject concerning which we almost all have something to say, for we must be young indeed if we have no backward glances which love to dwell for a moment on the past.

But Aunt Harriet was not to be turned from her purpose. "I don't know much about any flowers growing now," she said. "And it isn't the right time to be thinking of a wedding, with our dead still in the house. But what can I do? For if you stand apart too long, you will never come together again. And Godfrey was so pleased that you two should marry! He wished it so. What can I do?"

Percival dropped his former manner in a moment, and came abruptly to the point, since what he would have avoided was inevitable. "What can I do?" he said gravely.

"Tell me what is wrong," Aunt Harriet pleaded. "May I judge what you can do? Afterward you can decide for yourself what you *will* do."

"It is impossible for me to tell you all," he replied. "Sissy and I differed about something. We didn't quarrel, you understand: we simply looked on the matter in question in a totally different light. I was grieved, but I did not see why we should not remain as we were and live down our misunderstanding. Sissy, however, asked me to release her from her promise. I did so—God knows with what reluctance. But since then the more I think of it the more I fear that Sissy was right."

Aunt Harriet took her hand from his arm.

"Ah? You think this unsatisfactory, and me cold?" said Percival. "You may understand me better some day. Or you may not."

"I couldn't understand you less."

"I can't help talking in riddles. Aunt Harriet, when any one you love is dying, and lingers very long in pain, you would give your life that he should live, and yet when death comes it is a relief, and you know that it is best. I can't bear to look forward to my life now. I used to look



forward to a happy future with Sissy. Now that future is dead, and has left me very lonely; but it is better that it should be so than that it should die slowly and painfully, as I fear it would have done."

"But why? why? For she loved you, and you loved her?"

Percival bent his head, and the solemn gesture was more than a thousand words. "Are you sure she loved me?" he said after a pause. "I think not. She fancied she did, poor child! but she was afraid of me. I felt as if she stabbed me when she looked up at me with her frightened eyes. I did not mean to be hard on her: I meant to be very gentle, but even my gentleness was rough and stern to her, it seems. When she shrank away from me and begged for her freedom, what could I do but give it back to her? I would have given her my life, only it wouldn't have been much to the purpose."

"But are you sure—? It was so hasty!" faltered Aunt Harriet.

"Shall I tell you what makes me sure, now that the first shock has passed and I can understand it better?" said Percival gloomily. "When we were going to part, when I had yielded and she was free, she put her arms about my neck and kissed me. She wouldn't have let me hold her and kiss her unless she were very certain of her freedom—unless she knew that I could never win her back again. And she cried, my poor darling! I felt her tears. She wouldn't have been so grieved for my pain without being quite sure there was no help for it."

Aunt Harriet looked at the little pebbles at her feet. She was silenced, perplexed, distressed.

"Perhaps in a little while you may see that it is best as it is, in other ways," said Percival. "At any rate, could anything be so dreadful as that we should marry, and that I should find that I couldn't make her happy, and know that I had had the doubt in my heart even on our wedding-day? As I should have."

"I don't know what to think," said Aunt Harriet.

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"Wait," Percival replied—"wait till this sorrowful time has gone by a little. See if Sissy is not brighter and happier for her liberty—if she does not regain her strength and spirits."

"But Sissy was ill before her engagement to you. That can't be it."

"Wait and see," he continued. "If she does, you will know that my fear was the truth—that she mistook her feelings toward me, and did not love me."

"If she is happier. And if not?"

"What can I do?" he replied. "I have given her all I could; and it was very little use, I think. Here is Hammond coming."

Godfrey, with his eye-glass up, came peering round the wall of green. "Harry Hardwicke is here," he announced as he approached. "He has had a telegram from his father. He didn't get our second message, evidently—I doubted if it would find him—for he heard nothing till he got back to Paris, after a longer stay than he expected."

"When will he be back?"

"He comes by the last train to-night, so he will be here in good time to-morrow."

"Thank Heaven!" Mrs. Middleton exclaimed. "I was very anxious." She released Percival as she spoke, dismissed him with a sad little smile, and followed him with her eyes.

"Godfrey Hammond," she said, "I'm troubled about him."

"About Percival? Why?"

"About Percival and Sissy."

Hammond was studying a twig which he had broken as he came. "I know," he said, looking obliquely at her. "But wait till to-morrow."

"Till to-morrow?"

"We are all anxious enough for to-day," Godfrey replied. "Percival's marriage couldn't be an immediate question: *don't* take up an unnecessary trouble just when you are overweighed."

"It's you who have done everything and taken all the trouble," said the old lady, looking up at him. "What with the letters, and Robinson" (Robinson was the undertaker), "and the *Times*, and the servants' mourning, and that

dreadful inquest, I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't," said Hammond. "I didn't do it for the sake of thanks. I did it for the sake of Auld Lang Syne, eh?—for your sake and *his*, and because I'm a meddlesome fellow who thinks he could manage creation better than anybody else. We know each other of old, don't we?"

Mrs. Middleton wept silently, and held his hand.

"Better?" he said after a minute or two, laying his other hand so lightly on hers that the momentary touch was barely a caress.

"You are so good—so good!" Aunt Harriet whispered. "It would have been such a load on my mind—the mourning and all!"

"Oh, I made Mrs. James help me," said Hammond. "Her knowledge went a good way, with a little of my common sense."

They were walking toward the house. "Don't be hard on Horace," said Mrs. Middleton suddenly. "Oh, don't be hard on my poor boy, for it's very hard on him already."

"I'm not hard on him. But, to tell you the truth, Horace rather avoids me, so it isn't very easy to be cordial. I don't know why he should. Still, I don't forget that both the boys are in a difficult position."

"Both?"

"Both," Godfrey repeated firmly. "I hardly know how one could be just to their respective claims. But you must find out how to hold the balance fairly, for they both love you."

I do not think any of the party slept soundly that Sunday night. Percival did not. He lay seeking through the shadows for the first faint outline of the window which would show that the brief summer darkness was drawing to a close. And as he lay there he tried hard to realize what seemed so incredible to him, that less than a week had done it all. Six days earlier he had been busy with the preparations for his marriage. It was on the Tuesday that he had called on Godfrey Hammond and heard of the

Lisle failure. Nonsense! It was absurd. Why, it must be months since Lisle failed! And yet he knew he heard of it on Tuesday night. Then on Wednesday he came down to Brackenhill, and Addie Blake was in the train, and made a mystery of something or other—talked in Gunpowder-Plot fashion about some silly secret of hers which could not matter to any one. And he told his grandfather of his loss, and made up his mind that he was to carry the Old Man of the Sea on his shoulders from that time forward. Percival hated to recall this feeling. He knew that it was not altogether unjust, yet now it seemed a horrible thing to have had such a thought of the poor old squire, who had loved him and who was dead. That evening he saw Sissy, and they kissed each other and parted. Good Heavens! was it only four days since he said good-bye to Sissy? Or was it four years? Or four centuries? Thursday he was at Rookleigh. Where was Rookleigh? In some other planet surely. The sleepy little town, with its formal trees, its white birds, its cloudless blue sky, came before his mind in wonderful fullness of detail. It was most vivid, yet most unreal, as if a man should have passed just one day amid the familiar scenery of an old willow-patterned plate, should have walked over the queer little bridge we know so well, should have rested in the mansion beneath the heavily-fruited tree, and then came suddenly back to his English life again. So clear and so incredible was that day to Percival. And thinking of it, he fell into a light, uneasy sleep, and dreamed that it was his grandfather's wedding-day, and that the ceremony was to be performed in Rookleigh church. But all was anxiety and confusion, for the bride was not ready and the time was very short. Percival thought that he held Godfrey Hammond by the sleeve in the lych-gate, and tried to warn him that the Shadwells' vault was not safe. Godfrey, however, laughed, and said it was all right: he had put the squire down there to wait till the bride should arrive, and the best-man was standing on the entrance-stone to keep him from coming up till they

were ready. Percival might have been astonished at such a method of disposing of the bridegroom, but at that moment he remembered that it was his wedding-day too, and where was Sissy? And then followed a nightmare-hunt for her high and low. It was only ended by a sudden certainty—how acquired Percival could not tell—that Sissy was with the squire in the Shadwells' awful vault. He was not far from waking when he came to this point, and all the hideous horror of the thought flashed upon him. He could not see Sissy, he could not get

at her, and yet her frightened eyes drove him to despair. He started up in bed to find himself still at Brackenhill, with the cloudless sky glowing through his window, the June sun crowning the tree-tops with gold and the breezes softly whispering among the roses outside. The horrible fancy vanished. But surely it was not all a dream: something was going to happen. Who was to be married that morning? With a quick grasp at realities Percival remembered that this was the squire's golden wedding-day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### THE FOUR-IN-HAND, AND GLANCES AT THE LITERATURE OF COACHING.



A JOURNEY IN ENGLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

**B**EFORE the writers who love to linger upon the golden days of coaching can be thoroughly appreciated, it is primarily necessary that some attempt be made to enter into the spirit pervading that olden time. Unless this be done it will be utterly impossible to understand the enthusiasm of pathos with which the lament is uttered—

Where is the coach? where is the mail?  
The coachman, where is he?  
Where is the guard that used to blow  
His horn so cheerily?

To do this it will, fortunately, neither be necessary to speculate upon the Egyptian chariot-wheel in the New York Museum nor to deprecate the extravagance of King Solomon when he made a wedding-chariot "of the wood of Lebanon," the pillars of silver, the bottom of gold, the covering of purple, and, last and best, "the midst thereof being paved with love." It may be essential occasionally to take a retrospective glance toward antiquity in order to understand the beginnings of things, but our view

will be chiefly confined to that era in which the coaching of our own time had its immediate origin. "Nimrod" assures us that until within the last hundred years the world never saw a coachman. Now, although Homer, Sophocles, Virgil and other ancient poets sing of the victories of charioteers, we must give Nimrod as a practical coachman the preference, and concede that the true coachman is a modern production, unknown before the latter part of the eighteenth century. Our limits are thus more clearly defined and our subject brought within measurable bounds.

The early part of this period was the golden age of the road to which reference has been made, and the time to-

ward which veteran coachees look back with such fond regret. It is curious that the old necessities of travel should, as the means improved, develop a most fascinating form of amusement. It is as if some gentleman should undertake, after due preparation and instruction, to drive a steam-engine, say, from Philadelphia to California, standing by it through heat and cold, through snowdrifts and flooded tracts. We believe that some time ago an English gentleman actually did resort to this means of experiencing a new sensation, and that his report was highly favorable; but there are obstacles in the way of such pleasures being generally sought after. The parallel is here adduced merely to illustrate the begin-



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S COACH.

ning of coaching as a fine art and its cultivation as an estimable accomplishment. It began, as we shall see, in meeting the requirements of the traveling public of the day, became a combination of self-imposed duty and pleasure, and at length lapsed, with a few notable exceptions, into a fashionable and costly but manly form of amusement.

It is of course understood that country stages have not altogether disappeared. They can be seen on many existing routes, rolling along in a style not unworthy of the traditions of the whip, and at many a country *dépôt* waiting for "fares" to the neighboring village or town. Wherever we look, however, we can see little more than a reflection, at

times very dim, of that "light of other days" which streams across the memory of the veteran whip like a meteor across the vault of night. The vividness of its beams to his telescopic eye may lead him to magnify its glory, but in taking our glances at the literature of the road we must admit having narrowly escaped falling under its influence, and confessing our willingness to resign the puff and snort of the asthmatic engine and the comforts of a Wagner for the four dashing grays, the cheerily-winding horn and the wretchedness of an outside in winter on an old-time Tantivy. There is much that is exhilarating in the reminiscences of a coachman, and much that is depressing in his occasional regrets;

but everywhere and on all occasions he is manly. It is invigorating to hear him lament the "coddling" habits of this degenerate generation, which means a weak

READY FOR THE START: COLONEL W. JAY'S FOUR-IN-HAND.



preference for comfort to the pleasures of endurance; and there is something irresistibly attractive in the rosy hue which he throws over everything connected with



the time whose departure he mourns. He tells an anecdote and describes an accident with equal zest. The former lighted his life, and the latter scarcely darkened it; and as we listen he assumes the character of a survivor from a castaway ship, upon the wreck of which was built a utilitarian and unattractive craft.

What led to the mastery of coaching reached in the last century was the improvement in vehicles and in roads.



THE ROYAL STATE COACH.

In Britain trackways or ridgeways, as they are variously called, existed long prior to the Roman conquest. It is noteworthy that Cicero wished to have a British chariot for a pattern. After the Romans retired from the country the roads they had made were neglected, and down to the seventeenth century little was done toward maintaining an efficient means of internal communication throughout the kingdom. The good effected by the legislation of Henry VIII., Charles II. and others may be estimated from a single fact—viz. that in 1739 two men travelled from Glasgow to London on horseback and did not find a turnpike road until within one hundred and ten miles of London. In those days the pack-horse was the great means of carrying on the internal commerce of the country. The condition of the roads in Somersetshire in the early part of last century is shown by a statement made by Captain Malet, that when his great-grandfather ordered

a carriage from London he was obliged to send the builder the width of the ruts in his roads, so that the wheels might be made to correspond. Vanbrugh (who died in 1726) pictures in *A Journey to London* the miseries of travel in his day: "I wish we could get any good here. I'm sure we ha' got little upo' the road. Some mischief or other aw the day long. Slap! goes one thing; crack! goes another; my lady cries out for driving fast; the owd cattle are for going slow; Roger

whips; they stand still and kick; nothing but a sort of contradiction aw the journey long." And all this although "they have added two cart-horses to the four old geldings, because my lady will have it said she came to town in her coach-and-six!" What intolerable jolting must the poor lady have endured who a century earlier set out from Somersetshire to London in a springless carriage drawn

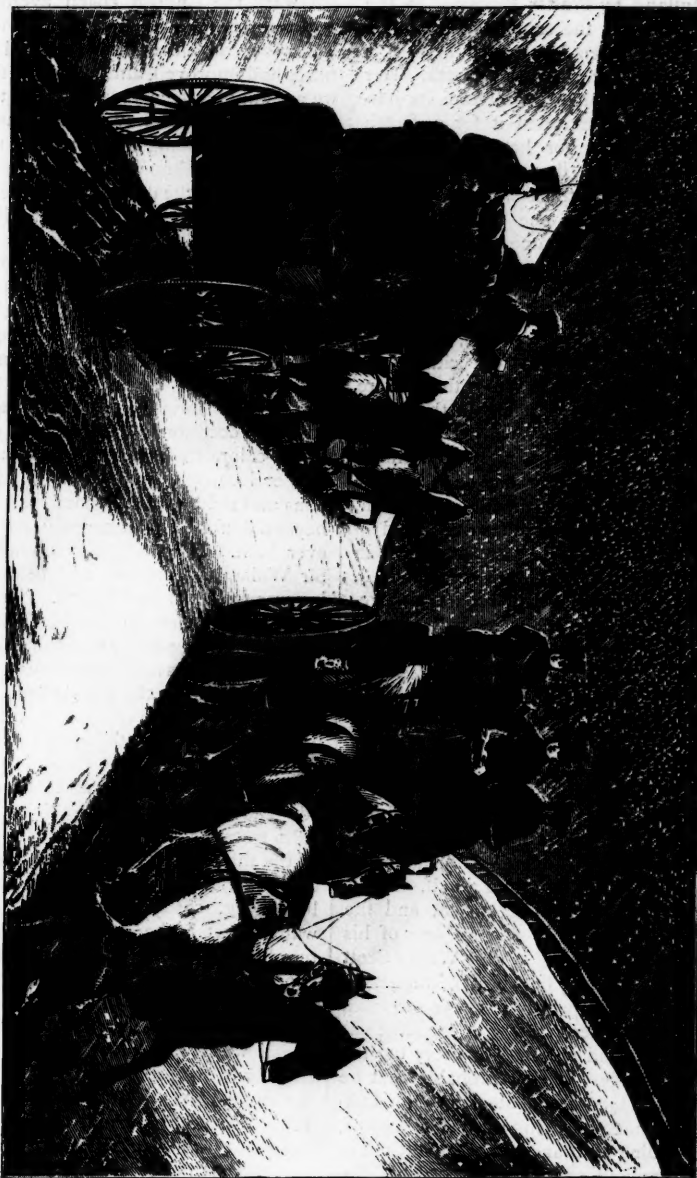
by oxen! In 1754 a more decided improvement began to show itself in the making of turnpike roads, and paved the way for the mail-coach system. That reform came slowly even after that date is, however, abundantly clear. A traveller in Lancashire in 1770 speaks of the "infernal road," and gives a piece of advice: "Let me most seriously caution all travellers who may accidentally propose to travel this terrible country to avoid it as they would the devil, for a thousand to one they break their necks or their limbs by overthrows or breakings-down." The ruts were four feet deep by actual measurement!

It is obvious that in and near cities a closer attention must have been given to the streets and roads than to those traversing the more distant parts of the country. This will account for the appearance in England of a great many carriages, some of them of wonderful construction and proportions, long be-

fore a journey to any distance from the metropolis could have been accomplish-

ed with any degree of comfort or safety to the traveller. Toward the end of the

THE MAILS MEETING: WINTER TRAVEL IN THE OLDER TIME.



fourteenth century King Richard II. was using a whirlicote or wheeled cot. From

that time onward frequent mention is made of wheeled vehicles, but it was

not until 1555 that a coach was made in England. It was built for the earl of Rutland by Walter Rippon. In the following year the same maker built a coach for Queen Mary, and in 1564 a state coach for Queen Elizabeth. Her Majesty suffered so much from its jolting that she discarded it for a Dutch coach imported for her use in 1560. Antwerp was at that time one of the great centres of the coach-building industry, and within the next fifty years German coaches came into extensive use in England. These or similar conveyances rapidly became the fashion, and their multitude was, if we judge by the legislation of the period, a dreadful nuisance to the court and citizens of London, although in 1637 there were only fifty hackney-coaches in the entire city. Pepys rode to Woolwich in one of these in 1662, and the 2d of December, 1668, is famous as the day on which the old gossip first rode in his own coach. The first hackney-coaches were used in 1605, and in 1694 they had increased in London to the number of seven hundred.

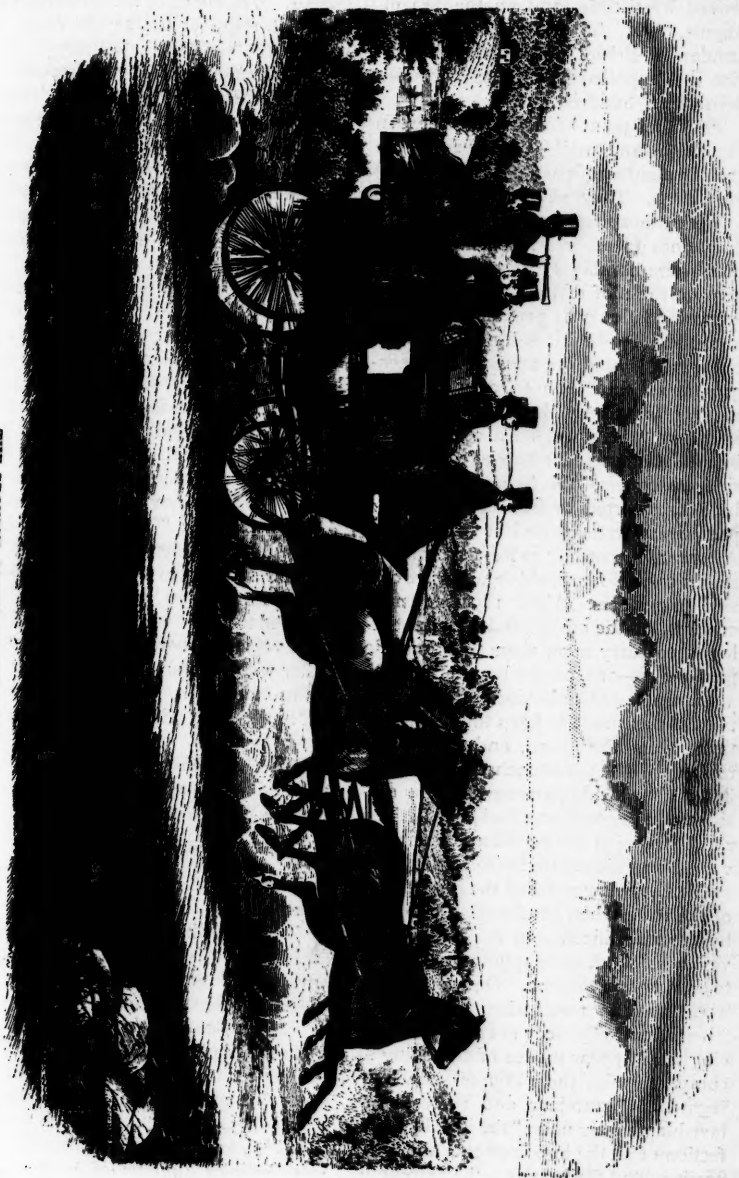
In the mean time, in 1640, the stage-coach was adopted. It was built to carry six or eight persons, and was hung upon leather straps. In 1662 six stages were running, and, although they were strenuously opposed, communication had in 1673 been opened up between Exeter and Chester and London. The Exeter coach took eight days to perform its journey, and when, in 1754, a "flying coach" was started from Manchester to London, it was advertised to make the journey in four days and a half. Fielding sneers at the stage-coach, and the dramatist Farquhar devotes one of his pieces to ridiculing it. Sir Walter Scott says that in 1755 the speed of the stage-coach was frequently but four miles an hour, and describes the machine as groaning and creaking at every tug the horses gave. It is improbable that he had seen the "new genteel two-end glass-coach machine, being upon steel springs, exceeding light and easy," advertised in the previous year to run between Edinburgh and London. That year, 1754, is memorable as the first in which we have

authentic evidence of the use of steel springs in stage-coaches. Thirty years afterward the English coach averaged about eight miles an hour, from which it may be concluded that in general the roads had improved, although even then we are only fourteen years past the time when the Lancashire traveller above mentioned was bumping into four-foot ruts. That coach-building was rapidly improving is shown by the description of the two most magnificent vehicles in Great Britain. These are the lord mayor of London's state coach and the royal state coach. The former was built in 1757, and weighs about three tons sixteen hundredweight. The latter was built for King George III. in 1762, at a cost of nearly forty thousand dollars, and weighs four tons. It is used by Queen Victoria when going in state, on which occasions it is drawn by eight cream-colored horses with red morocco leather harness decorated with blue ribbons and richly-gilded ornaments. It is beyond doubt the most gorgeous carriage ever built. The designs were made by Sir William Chambers, and the painting was executed by Cipriani. The size—twenty-four feet in length, eight feet three inches in width and twelve feet in height—accounts for its enormous weight. The paintings on the panels are all intended to symbolize the power and position of England, and the body is covered with gilt carvings. The lining is scarlet velvet, embossed, laced and embroidered. The roof is supported by eight carved palm trees, and on the top are the genii of the three sister kingdoms supporting the imperial crown. It is altogether a lumbering, costly vehicle, resplendent with almost barbaric splendor, but interesting to us at present as showing the condition of the art of the coach-builder when George III. was king.

Meantime, a revolution was impending which wrought a great change in the transfer service of England. Through the suggestions of Mr. John Palmer, M. P. for Bath, the postboys who had been entrusted with the mails were withdrawn, and the mail-coaches were substituted. The former were, as a rule, worthless servants who crept on horseback through

the country at three miles and a half per hour, and were seldom unwilling to be robbed. Mr. Palmer in fact distinctly charged them with being in league with

THE BRONSON COACH ON THE ROAD.



the highwaymen, who at that time were the dread of travellers. The stage-coaches, as we have seen, were far more speedy, and could be made infi-

nately more safe by the simplest preparations for defence. The logic of facts proved irresistible, and on the 8th of August, 1784, the first mail-coach left London for Bristol, and in 1835 the service was supplied by no less a number than seven hundred.

The chief point of difference between the stage- and mail-coach was in the greater number of passengers carried by the former. They bore the same relation to each other that in America the park-drag does to the road-coach. At first there were no places for outside passengers on the roof of the stage-coach, but accommodation was provided for them in the luggage-basket behind. This arrangement lasted for upward of a century, as we find from an advertisement of 1751 quoted by Malet, in which it is said that "there will be a convenience behind the coach for baggage and outside passengers," this being an immense basket supported by iron bars, in which passengers were carried at lower fares. Afterward, according to Reynardson, the stages carried four inside and twelve outside passengers. Until 1834 the mail-coaches, on the other hand, were not allowed to carry more than three outside passengers—one on the box and two on a seat immediately behind it. This regulation was made to keep them at a distance from the guard, and so prevent robbery. The mail-coach was thus limited to four inside passengers, three outside and the coachman and guard. The rate of travel at this period and afterward varied from nine to twelve miles per hour.

We have now reached the golden age of the road, when gentlemen, fascinated by the magnificence of the public conveyances in all their appointments, took to driving as a pastime. One can hardly wonder at this result when we find such a writer as De Quincey not only pronouncing against new modes of travelling as compared with the old mail-coach in regard to "grandeur and power," but lavishing praise upon "the absolute perfection of all the appointments about the carriage and the harness—their strength, their brilliant cleanliness, their beautiful simplicity, but, more than all, the royal

magnificence of the horses." This apex was gradually reached and as gradually passed. The coach of the sixteenth century, the stage of the seventeenth, the mail of the eighteenth, led step by step to the locomotive of the nineteenth, at the time when, as *Pickwick* says, "travelling was in a troubled state and the minds of coachmen were unsettled." Was there ever a time in which at least some people did not turn back regretfully to that which had passed? We think not. Obstructionists are found in every age to every movement, and it is one merit of the veteran coachee that he repines resignedly. If it be asked, For what? we answer, For many things. Accidents in the days of coaching, for instance, were far less severe than those of the railroad, and gave occasion for a jollity which actually made them attractive. Scott contrasts the mail with the fly-coach: Reynardson contrasts the railway with the mail. Thus the novelist in the *Heart of Midlothian* says: "The ancient vehicle used to settle quietly down like a ship scuttled and left to sink by the gradual influx of the waters, while the modern is smashed to pieces with the velocity of the same vessel hurled against breakers, or rather with the fury of a bomb bursting at the conclusion of its career through the air." Similarly, the literary coachman: "You got upset in a coach or in a chaise, and there you were: you get upset on a railway, and where are you?" There is, it is said by another,

A killing outright for an innocent spill;

and there may be some truth in the statement, although the author of *Roads and Railroads* thinks the balance of security decidedly in favor of the railroad. In any case, there can be little difference in being frozen to death or "snowed up" in a railway-car or a mail-coach. What gives the mail-coach disaster its humorous aspect is the way in which the survivors or narrators invariably describe it; and it is here that we catch some of the old-time spirit. The reader may consult *Roderick Random* on this point, and so learn how much fun may be extracted from a mishap.



Reynardson, evidently a genial old gentleman of strictly conservative prin-

ciples, was one of the gentlemen coachmen of half a century ago who only



COLONEL KANE'S COACH.

mounted the box occasionally. This explanation is made because there were

others who "worked" their own coaches in all weathers and seasons for pure love

of driving and the life on the road. Reynardson tells many stories and is brimful of inexpressible humor. He tells one to the effect that the real reason why horses go better at night is *because you have had your dinner*. The point of another is, that refractory horses may sometimes be started by building a straw fire under them, in which case they are likely to go off "as if the devil had kicked them endways." Nimrod tells of a coachman with a theological turn of mind who asked a clerical passenger to explain to him a little about the Trinity, for, said he, "I never meets three in a gig that I don't think of it." Captain Malet also tells a number of humorous anecdotes. But that the rail has its humor also every reader of Steph Smith is well aware.

What, then, is it that depresses our ancient coaching friend? He can be jolly in a railroad accident, if he should not happen to be burned up or smashed into a jelly, just as well as he could in a coach accident if he saved his neck. He can have humor and anecdotes by the rail as well as by the road. And yet he *will* croon mournfully to the air of "The Harp that Once"—

The horn that once upon the mail  
Its soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute against the wall,  
And tells of guards long dead.  
So sleeps the horn of former years:  
Its stirring sounds are o'er,  
And tollbar men and horsekeepers  
Now hear that sound no more.

And to make matters worse, it is hard for a listener to refrain from joining in the chorus. We can understand this better by looking back to the life of sixty years ago or more—its heartiness, freshness and vigor—and catching such glimpses of its actual incidents of travel as we can. In *Tom Brown at Rugby* there is the account of Tom's drive to school. He had ascertained that the "Tally-ho" was a tip-top goer, ten miles an hour, including stoppages, and so punctual that all the road set their clocks by her.

"They hear the ring and rattle of the four fast trotters and the town-made drag as it dashes up to the Peacock.—'Anything for us, Bob?' says the burly guard,

dropping down from behind and slapping him across the chest.—'Young gen- 'I'm'n, Rugby; three parcels, Leicester; hamper o' game, Rugby,' answers ostler.—'Tell young gent to look alive,' says guard, opening the hind boot and shooting in the parcels after examining them by the lamps. 'Here, shove the port-manteau up atop: I'll fasten him presently.—Now, then, sir, jump up behind.'—'Good-bye, father: my love at home.' A last shake of the hand. Up goes Tom, the guard catching his hat-box and holding on with one hand, while with the other he claps the horn to his mouth. Toot! toot! toot! The ostlers let go their heads, the four bays plunge at the collar, and away goes the 'Tally-ho' into the darkness, forty-five seconds from the time they pulled up."

This is perfect in its way, and gives a good idea of the start in the cold and dark of the early morning. The description of Tom's ride is equal in every particular. One has a very vivid view of the little shivering figure on the coach-top, his feet thoughtfully muffled up by the guard in the straw and the end of an oatsack over his knees. It is no wonder that it should occur to the author that boys of the present generation are tenderer than those of the past; and the source of his consolation is peculiarly English: "But it had its pleasures, the old dark ride. First there was the consciousness of silent endurance so dear to every Englishman—of standing out against something and not giving in. There was the music of the rattling harness and the ring of the horses' feet on the hard road; and the glare of the two bright lamps through the steaming hoarfrost over the leaders' ears into the darkness; and the cheery toot of the guard's horn to warn some drowsy pikeman or the ostler at the next change; and the looking forward to daylight; and last, but not least, the delight of returning sensation in your toes." We can see it all, the dawn and sunrise—"never seen in perfection but from a coach-roof;" the roadside inn with its bright fire and hospitably open door; the steaming horses, the ostlers, the barmaid and the glass of

purl; the second start; the meeting coaches and the drivers lifting the elbow in salutation while their teams are spinning along through the silvery mist at the rate of eleven miles an hour. Then comes "breakfast of steak, kidneys, rashers and poached eggs, buttered toast and muffins, coffee and tea"—ample reward for the traveller's fortitude and uncomplaining endurance.

Washington Irving gives an exquisite portrait of the old-school stage-coachman in his *Sketch Book*. Dickens also describes the leading, starting and driving of a stage-coach with his usual vividness and minuteness of detail. The occasion is the journey of Pickwick and his friends on the "Mugleton Telegraph" to spend Christmas with the Wardles at Dingley Dell. We pass over the start in order to give the novelist's portrait of a coachman:

"Another crack of the whip, and on they speed at a smart gallop; the horses tossing their heads and rattling the harness as if in exhilaration at the rapidity of the motion; while the coachman, holding whip and reins in one hand, takes off his hat with the other, and, resting it on his knees, pulls out his handkerchief and wipes his forehead, partly because he has a habit of doing it, and partly because it's as well to show the passengers how cool he is, and what an easy thing it is to drive four-in-hand when you have had as much practice as he has. Having done this very leisurely (otherwise the effect would be materially impaired), he replaces his handkerchief, pulls on his hat, adjusts his gloves, squares his elbows, cracks the whip again, and on they speed more merrily than before." We need not quote more from the description of that well-known "old-fashioned ride," and

refer our readers to it instead, asking them to follow its details closely—to summon up, if they can, an echo of the lively notes of the guard's key-bugle vibrating in the clear cold air and rousing the passengers and the cottagers on the roadside; to watch the coachman unbuckling his reins preparatory to changing horses; to mark the guard attending to the duties of his responsible position; to take notice of the "sprigs of holly with red berries which ornament the window" of the inn; and, above all, to watch the manner in



THE VAN RENSSELAER COACH.

which the passengers dispose of the short interval before "shawls are pulled up, coat-collars are readjusted, the pavement ceases, the houses disappear, and they are once again dashing along the open road with the fresh clear air blowing in their faces and gladdening their very hearts within them." It is difficult to account for or to explain, but we are assured that it is a fact that the misery of coaching is one of its attractions, and that therefore Hughes is perfectly right in what he says about endurance. This could be enjoyed by coachman and passenger alike, but otherwise the two were in different positions in so far as the appreciation of coaching is concerned. To all the pleasures of the road, as we have glanced at them, the coachman added the enjoyment derived by an artist from the possession of skill. How often are the words of the coachee quoted, that driving is a "pretty hart"! Keeping the

team together, making them do the most work with the least fatigue, occasionally steering clear of dangers when the slightest unsteadiness or unskilfulness would have resulted in a "spill," handling the whip with the marvellous dexterity required to cut the head off a sparrow sitting on the hedgerow or a fly from the off leader's ears,—these are all parts of the art and of a coachman's education. Besides the exercise of skill, the driver also glories in that sense of control which is one of the greatest charms of horsemanship of every kind, and never greater than to the coachman when sitting, ribbons in hand, behind a spanking team.

Possibly an idea more or less adequate may now be formed of the life and pastime that have so potent a charm for the veterans of the road, sufficient at least to explain why gentlemen mounted the box and bestowed such an expenditure of time and energy upon driving. Some drove the stages or mails whenever an opportunity presented itself: others started coaches of their own. Squires going on a journey assumed the reins as regularly as they mounted the coach. They took pains to get acquainted with proprietors and drivers, in order that no objection might be made to their indulgence in their favorite amusement. Collegians looked upon tooling the four-in-hand as a necessary accompaniment of the journey to and from the respective seats of learning to which they were attached; and, if all accounts be true, the steadiness and watchfulness of the regular coachee were not always sufficient safeguards to the passengers against the recklessness or carelessness of these undergraduate Jehus.

Probably one of the best illustrations of the tendency of a certain portion of the young squirearchy of England of fifty years ago toward horsey amusement is to be found in *Frank Fairleigh*. In the Honorable George Lawless, Mr. Smedley has presented us with an extreme case of hippomania. That young gentleman figures throughout as a tandem-driver of great skill and no little recklessness, and the description of himself and turnout may convey a hint or a warning ac-

cording to the reader's disposition and habits. He is shown "perched high in mid-air upon some mysterious species of dog-cart, bearing a striking resemblance to the box of a mail-coach which had contrived, by some private theory of development of its own, to dispense with the body, while it had enlarged its wheels to an almost incredible circumference." The reader of that tale may remember further the advice tendered by Lawless to the hero when the latter found himself so crippled in circumstances by the death of his father as to be compelled to resign his place as pupil at Dr. Mildman's and to betake himself to some business or profession by which to earn his own living. Lawless's "dodge" was for him to turn stage-coachman, by which course he might avoid all the disagreeables of earning a livelihood. "After citing numerous examples of gentlemen who had done so (amongst whom the name of a certain baronet stood forth in high pre-eminence), he wound up by desiring me to give the scheme my serious attention, and, if I agreed to it, to come and spend a month with him when he returned home at midsummer; by the end of which time he would engage to turn me out as finished a 'waggoner' as ever handled the ribbons." Novels in which the author treats of contemporary scenes and incidents may generally be accepted as giving a fair index to the life of the period. Such a character as Lawless, though possibly slightly exaggerated, does no great violence to the feelings of any one acquainted with life in England during the half century in which part of his career was run. Nor can such a character be found in the works of fiction of any other period, while coeval delineations of the same type are abundant.

It is hardly necessary to point out the difference between these representatives of the whip and those whose single love was the four-in-hand mail or stage. Long before the engine came to supplant the gallant team the latter gentlemen formed themselves into clubs for the cultivation of the accomplishment of which they were the exponents, and clubs accordingly existed in London while gentlemen

were still devoting themselves to the "real thing" on the regular coach-routes. The club members, in fact, were generally known on the road. The first, the Benson Driving Club, was formed in 1807, and appears to have become defunct about twenty-five years ago. The next was the Four-Horse Club, founded by Mr. Charles Buxton in 1808. It appears to have existed for about twelve or fifteen years. The roll of members

of these clubs includes Mr. Warde, Sir John Peyton, Lord Anson, the marquis of Worcester, Sir Bellingham Graham, Lord Seston, Sir Felix Agar, Sir John Rogers and many others. Nimrod gives a list of forty-six gentlemen *at work* in his time, fifty years ago. A third and short-lived club was formed by Lord Chesterfield in

1838 under the name of the Richmond Driving Club. In 1856, Mr. William Morrill founded the present Four-in-Hand Driving Club, among the original members of which were the duke of Beaufort, the marquis of Stafford and Earl Vane. A new club, called the Coaching Club, was founded in 1870, and flourished from the first. During this entire period, from 1807 to 1870, there was only one really critical time for coaching, and that was in 1862. We gather from a variety of sources the circumstances which in combination made it an epoch in the annals of the road. Reynardson, writing in 1875, says that there were then few remaining who had worked a coach by night and by day, through wind and rain, frost and snow, and who had really done the thing in rough and smooth. His own recollections carry him back to about 1825. Between these two dates the great railroad revolution had taken place. In the fall of 1830 the Liverpool and Manchester

Railway had been opened for traffic, and the lines of the great network of railways were being pushed out in every direction. The long coach-routes were gradually closed. The opposition was bravely maintained for a time, but the end was inevitable. In a very few years the enthusiastic driver whom Reynardson laments became a superfluity, and those who had lost none of their love of coaching turned to shorter routes, on which trav-



PRESIDENT JACKSON'S CARRIAGE.

ellers who preferred the road to the rail could indulge their preference without serious loss of time. The Brighton road was the last stronghold of the titled coachmen who drove without fee, and in 1862 the "Age," which had been driven in 1838 by Sir Vincent Cotton, was withdrawn. The Four-in-Hand Club was of course in existence, but the withdrawal of the last coach from regular service seemed ominous. For four years the "kettle of steam" had it all its own way. But in 1866 a strong effort was made to resuscitate coaching. The "Old Times" was put upon the Brighton road, and, alas! was sold at the end of the season. In 1867 two coaches were started, and in spite of slim patronage continued to run until 1869, when new life was infused into the undertaking, and the "Brighton coach" became the most popular conveyance leaving London. Within the next few years a number of stage-coaches appeared on different roads. In 1874 there were running the "Tunbridge



Wells," "Windsor," "Dorking," "Westerham," "Brighton," "Guildford," "St. Albans" and "High Wycombe," and in 1875 the number had increased to eleven. The revival spread over the whole country, and coaching in England continues rapidly to recover the lost lustre of its palmy days. If the cause should be

ican stage-coach does not extend to much more than ninety years. Prior to that date the conveyances were chiefly private carriages, or what would now be called hackney-coaches. The singular fact is recorded that so early as 1697, John Clapp, a New York Bowery innkeeper, had a hackney-coach for hire.

Until 1745 we hear nothing authentic of private carriages. The Rev. Mr. Burnaby, writing of New York in 1750, says that after the tea-drinking parties of the time the guests returned home in Italian chaises, a lady and a gentleman in each chaise. He adds that this was the fashionable carriage in most parts of America, excepting in Virginia, "where they chiefly make use of coaches, and these commonly drawn by six horses." Mention is made of a stage in Boston in 1661; and about the middle of the eighteenth century a line had been established between that city and New York, by which the journey



COLONEL WILLIAM JAY,  
PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK COACHING CLUB.

sought, it will probably be found to be that the business of the olden time has become the amusement of the present. This observation does not apply to the driver alone, since the amusement to him was the same then as now, but to the passenger who can afford the luxury of travelling by coach. Grant every advantage claimed for the steam-car, and it must, after all, be conceded that it offers nothing comparable with the exhilarating pleasure of a drive on a coach-top behind a good team.

We have been thus careful in following events in England because the English revival really led to that of America. The New York Coaching Club is sufficient evidence that the "pretty hart" exercises in America all the fascination felt in England. Our retrospect here must be brief. The history of the Amer-

ican stage-coach was completed in fourteen days. Stage-coaches were not, however, generally known until 1786, about which date there were only three carriage-builders in New York. Washington's coach was imported from England, and it is probable that most of the coaches of the time were brought from Europe. Mr. J. T. Watson has given us a full description of the first President's equipage: "It was cream-colored, globular in its shape and capacious within, ornamented in the French style, with cupids supporting festoons and wreaths of flowers emblematically arranged along the panel-work; the figures and flowers beautifully covered with fine glass, very white and dazzling to the eye of youth and simplicity in such matters. It was drawn sometimes by four, but in common by two, very elegant Virginia bays, with long

switch tails and splendid harness, and driven by a German tall and muscular, possessing an aquiline nose." Such vehicles and the improvements in the road-system had their effect upon American coach-building. In 1789 there were nine coach-factories and five livery-yards in New York, and eight of the former in Philadelphia. Within twenty-one years those

of New York had increased to twenty-eight. What chiefly militated against the home industry was the great cost of production. In 1790 the builders of Philadelphia charged eight hundred dollars for a coach, and for many years afterward it was found cheaper to import vehicles of that description. A relic of this period is now in the possession of Brewster



THE REGULATION COACH OF THE NEW YORK CLUB.\*

& Co. of Broome street, New York. It was built in 1801 by Leslie of London, and was brought to this country on the occasion of a matrimonial alliance between the families of Van Rensselaer and Vischer. The body is painted yellow, and on the panel are the arms of both families. The lining is green. The wheels are high, and the body, instead of being let down between them, is kept as far from the ground as possible. The driver's seat is also pushed up to the highest possible altitude. In the same year (1801) three stages sufficed for the wants of the travelling citizens of New York. Of these, one ran from Baker's Tavern, at the corner of Wall and New streets, to Greenwich. The others ran from the Bull's Head (where the Bowery Theatre now stands) to Harlem and Manhattanville respectively.

\* Built by Brewster & Co., New York. Taken from P. Lorillard's coach.

During the next quarter of a century the country was rapidly opened up, and there are those alive who remember making the journey by stage and boat from Boston to Montreal, and many others who recollect the arrival of the Boston coach in New York, and how it was greeted by the street gamins as it rattled down the Bowery. These post-coaches were built to carry fourteen passengers—nine on three inside seats, two on the driver's box, and three on a seat immediately behind the driver. The farther travel extended, the more the coach-builders grew and prospered. What the American-built coach of 1829 was may be seen from one built by the elder Brewster for President Jackson, and presented to him by a number of friends on his election. It is not unlike that already described, and has a worn appearance, as if it had gone through its share of travel. The body is hung by

leather straps from the springs, and behind is the sword-case—a necessary appendage in days when travel was liable to unpleasant interruption. We need not linger over the time preceding the introduction of the steam-engine. In 1833 there were two daily lines of stages running between New York and Albany, one daily mail between Philadelphia and New York, one daily mail between Boston and New York, one daily from New York to Westchester and Danbury (a route of sixty-six miles). Another ran from New York through New Jersey to Owego, Ithaca and Geneva (two hundred and fifty-one miles). All these started from Courtland street, New York, with the exception of that to Danbury, which left Bayard street and the Bowery. In 1856 both stages and steam-cars were running to Jamaica, Newark and many other places, and the opposition ended naturally in the withdrawal of the stages. What happened at New York and in its vicinity happened at many other places also, and in a very few years the steam-engine was paramount.

The American gentleman-coachman is a modern product. In 1860 there was only one four-in-hand in the Union. It was of English build, and belonged to Mr. T. Bigelow Lawrence of Boston, who drove it for some time in that city, took it abroad with him, and again drove it in Boston. On Mr. Lawrence's death it passed into the possession of Brewster & Co. It served the firm for some time as an advertisement, and then, attracting the attention of Mr. William Jay and Mr. Thomas Newbold, it was purchased by them in conjunction with Mr. Frederick Bronson and Mr. Nicholson Kane. It was used occasionally by each of the four owners, but was abandoned when they began to feel separate proprietorship desirable. Meantime, Wood Brothers had built a drag for Mr. Leonard Jerome in 1863, and about the same date Mr. August Belmont purchased a coach, the first one imported for a New York proprietor. Either in or about the same year the Marquis Lousada imported to Boston an English coach, which on his decease was bought by Mr. W.

F. Weld of the same city. Mr. Bronson and Colonel Delancey Kane purchased English coaches, and Mr. James Gordon Bennett imported one from Paris, which afterward passed into the possession of Mr. William P. Douglas. These purchases led directly to the formation of the Coaching Club. Several of the gentlemen named met abroad, and on the proposition of Mr. Jay steps were taken which led, in 1875, to the organization of the club. The first parade was held in 1876, when six coaches turned out. The object of the club is "to encourage four-in-hand driving in America." The original members were Messrs. James Gordon Bennett, Frederick Bronson, W. P. Douglas, Leonard Jerome, William Jay, Delancey Kane, Nicholson Kane, Thomas Newbold and A. Thorndike Rice. To these have since been added Messrs. August Belmont, August Belmont, Jr., Perry Belmont, Hugo O. Fritsch, George R. Fearing, Theodore A. Havemeyer, G. Griswold Haven, Frederick Neilson, Fairman Rogers, Francis R. Rives, G. Peabody Wetmore, Pierre Lorillard, Augustus Whiting and Augustus Schermerhorn—making, in all, twenty-three members. The chief points of the rules are: That no one shall be eligible for membership unless he can drive four horses, and either own a "drag"—*i. e.* a coach—or be part owner to the extent of one-fourth; that the president shall lead the semi-annual parades, held on the last Saturdays of May and October; and that the vice-president shall bring up the rear, or lead in the president's absence; that the club shall consist of not more than twenty-five members; and that the uniform shall consist of a dark-green cut-away coat with brass buttons and a yellow striped waistcoat. The buttons are marked "C. C." and bear the bars as a design. The semi-annual parades are the only occasions on which the club comes formally before the people, and the members are otherwise left to the dictates of their own inclination in indulging their love of the whip. The general style is English. Of the coaches belonging to the club, and enumerated

below, eleven are of English build. In this connection it may also be remarked that Colonel Kane drove a coach in England before the club was organized. The horses are robbed of their long "switches," and appear in the four-in-hand docked in the English fashion,

and the harness, the appointments generally, the style of driving and the whip, are all regulated by the orthodox imported standard.

The following is a list of the coaches belonging to the club, with their colors and makers:

OWNER.	BY WHOM BUILT.	COLORS.
Col. William Jay (President).....	Gower, Stratford, England....	Canary and red.
Mr. Perry Belmont.....	Peters & Sons, London.....	Lake and vermilion.
" Fredk. Bronson (Secretary)....	Peters & Sons, London.....	Blue and vermilion.
" Wm. P. Douglas.....	Million, Guet & Co., Paris....	Blue and canary.
" Fredk. Neilson.....	Brewster & Co., New York....	Bottle-green and vermilion.
Col. Delancey Kane (Vice-Pres)....	Holland & Holland, London....	Primrose.
Mr. T. A. Havemeyer.....	Brewster & Co., New York....	Blue and black.
" Pierre Lorillard.....	Brewster & Co., New York....	Green and chrome yellow.
" G. P. Wetmore.....	Holland & Holland, London....	Blue and vermilion.
" Augustus Whiting.....	Hooper & Co., London.....	Blue and red.
" Geo. G. Haven.....	Million, Guet & Co., Paris....	Brown and black.
" Fairman Rogers (Philada.)....	Barker & Co., London.....	Dark brown and red.
" F. R. Rives.....	Peters & Sons, London.....	Blue and red.
" Hugo O. Fritsch.....	Peters & Sons, London.....	Yellow and black.
" Leonard Jerome.....	Wood Bros., New York.....	Blue and vermilion.
" James Gordon Bennett.....	Holland & Holland, London....	Dark green.
" George R. Fearing.....	Brewster & Co., New York....	Blue and vermilion.
" Augustus Schermerhorn.....	Brewster & Co., New York....	Claret and vermilion.
" A. T. Rice, } " T. Newbold, } " N. Kane, }	..... — — —, London.....	Black and red.

There are sundry provisions in the rules for the election of members and officers and the conduct of business which are, though simple, much more complicated than the rules governing the Tandem Club of London. We give the latter as a curiosity in club legislation:

#### RULES.

1. The entrance-fee to the Tandem Club to be nothing, and the annual subscription is on no account to exceed the entrance.
2. That the club be limited to any number of eligible members.
3. That the committee consist of the president.
4. That the committee have power to do what it likes, and members have the same privilege.

5. That the first Monday in every month the club drive to some place to dine.



COLONEL DELANCEY KANE.

6. That on the days specified in Rule 5 each member is entitled to bring one friend—each friend, however, to pay for himself.

#### DRIVING RULES.

1. That no cart be permitted to pass another unless the latter be standing still or permission has been obtained.

2. That the general pace do not exceed ten miles an hour.

3. The order of starting to be arranged by the bar.

4. The starting-point to be the south arch of the Royal Artillery Barracks.

One fact may here be mentioned as indicating that the taste for coaching is spreading—viz. that two coaches by New York builders have recently been sent to California, where, according to the author of *The Two Americas*, the most scientific driving in the world is to be seen.

To return to the Coaching Club. Its steady and rapid increase in numbers augurs well for its continuance. The spirit animating its members may be estimated from the manner in which the recent trip from New York to Philadelphia was arranged. The route was divided into nine stages, and the "Tally-ho" was driven successively by Colonel Delancey Kane, F. R. Rives, P. Belmont, T. A. Havemeyer, G. P. Wetmore, H. O. Fritsch, F. Bronson, G. R. Fearing and Fairman Rogers, each driver occupying the box for about ten miles. The stopping-places were Newark, Rahway, Signboard (two miles north of New Brunswick), Six-mile Run, Princeton, Trenton, Hulmeville and Holmesburg;

and the entire distance of ninety and a quarter miles was accomplished at an average speed, including changes and a halt of forty minutes at Princeton, of about seven and a half miles an hour. In no other way could these gentlemen and their companions be enabled to contrast with equal vividness and force the travel of the past with that of the present day.

So far, Colonel Delancey Kane, with his well-known "Tally-ho" coach, is the only member who has done any real work on the road, and he has thus invested the club with a popular interest it would not otherwise have acquired. That his example may be followed by others is eminently desirable, especially as he has decided not to drive a public coach this season. His daily departure from, and arrival in, New York were among the sights of the city, and a day could hardly be spent more pleasantly than in making the trip to New Rochelle. If the gentlemen of the club require any stimulus to find a substitute for him, let them remember the sage reflections of the elder Weller when suffering from the attentions of designing females: "I feel I ain't safe anyveres but on the box, 'cos a coachman's a privileged individual; 'cos a coachman may do without suspicion wot other men may not; 'cos a coachman may be on the very amicablest terms with eighty mile o' females, and yet nobody think that he ever means to marry any vun among 'em. And wot other man can say the same, Sammy?"

JENNIE J. YOUNG.



## THE PROFESSOR OF DÖLLINGEN.

## I.

THE doctor's hand came down with such a bang that the dominoes before him leaped up in consternation, and the students at the next table, who were smoking and drinking over a noisy game of cards, turned to see what the matter was. The professor's shaggy eyebrows twitched nervously over the absent-minded gray eyes and round spectacles at this manifestation of the doctor's excitement.

"Yes," the doctor repeated, "an idea!"

"But, my friend," the professor began, slightly irritated, with a touch of superiority in his tone, "don't agitate yourself."

"I tell you," the doctor continued, heedless of the interruption, but with an angry glance at his unconscious neighbor—"I tell you it would be better for the world if pen, ink and paper were confined to an elect few. It is the misery of our age that every boarding-school chit and every old pedant"—another look—"consider themselves called upon to give the world the benefit of their minds—bah!—on one hand to fill the circulating libraries with trashy romances, the green fruit of soft young brains, and on the other hand to publish works which are but the accumulated result of years of reading, given to the world as original because the old idiot"—another look—"has forgotten where his mind ends and other men's minds begin. Ugh!" the doctor exclaimed in utter disgust.

"Nickelaus, now—" the professor again began impatiently.

"I swear," the doctor interrupted, "if I had any control of the literature of this world I would make it a law that every one proposing to write a book must come before some proper authority, and there and then show that he has at least one good, original idea in his work. Only one idea. I am reasonable, you see. No matter how simple and unpretending that idea might be, it would obtain permission for the book to be publish-

ed. This would save the world from the ocean of trite inanity, of trite wisdom, of trite gush, of trite everything in literature, that overflows it. I know, I know—you need not speak," the doctor cried in a passion—"I know it is a quixotic plan, and cannot be brought about."—"If it could, where would you be, my learned friend?" he thought, looking scornfully at the professor, whose face appeared curiously blurred behind the clouds of smoke that arose from his porcelain pipe. So thinking, with the scorn that could not be suppressed he buried his face in the tankard of beer before him to hide his emotions in congenial bitterness.

"Of course I agree with you," said the professor, taking his pipe out of his mouth and speaking with the impatience natural to a man who hates to be a listener.

"Oh no, you don't: you would be a jackass if you did; in fact, you would be biting off your own nose," thought Dr. Nickelaus.

"What I wonder at is, how we got on such an irritating subject," the other remarked gravely.

"We were talking of your book, *The Progress of Lucifer*," the doctor answered snappishly, with a malicious twinkle in his green eyes.

The professor drew himself up haughtily and frowned heavily at the doctor. "Strange!" he cried loftily, "strange! Had we been talking of some frivolous story, it would have seemed natural; but after speaking of a work that deals with the subtlest truths in Nature—a book that must form an epoch in literature, upon which I have bestowed the ripest thoughts of the ripest years!" he concluded, greatly excited.

"Perhaps the thoughts and years are overripe, decaying," the doctor muttered with much contempt.

"What did you say, sir?" the professor cried sharply and angrily. He had

the habit of absent-minded people, of only hearing what he chose to hear and what he should not hear. "Recall what you said, sir," he cried excitedly. Then, interrupting himself suddenly, he said with vast contempt, "But what do I care what you said? You are no gentleman: any man who makes use of such a remark is no gentleman." You see, the poor professor was only accustomed to argue on paper.

The doctor was caught, and in his confusion his face turned three shades deeper red than his usual color, which was that fine crimson to be expected in a choleric gentleman of sixty. He was a little, stunted man, with a large head thickly covered by a crop of short, tightly-curved light hair that contrasted most oddly with his red face, out of which two green eyes looked defiantly into the world through a pair of gold spectacles firmly lodged on the bridge of a broad nose, very sharp at the end—a nose with a slight upward tendency that gave the face a questioning appearance. As for the mouth, with its strongly-marked downward wrinkles at the corners, it was a great long slit like the lid of a box firmly pressed together: when the lid opened it revealed a superb set of teeth, white, strong and cruel.

The doctor was disgusted with himself—at his unnecessary stupidity; but instead of owning his impoliteness, he half rose in his chair and sniffed the air defiantly, with an injured expression in the drooping corners of his mouth.

"Sir, you have insulted me," he cried to his enraged companion.

"Sir," the professor cried in turn, and his usual peaceful eyes flashed strangely—"sir, you are a man of little mind, and you have insulted me. You hate success, but you cannot control it. I will leave the world to judge of *The Progress of Lucifer*; and as for your opinion, sir, I hold it in the greatest contempt."

However, Nature had never intended that the professor should cope with the doctor, though he was certainly twice as tall and twice as broad as the little man. Hatred and envy he was indifferent to as long as they did not touch his literary

works, of which each in turn was his world, his all. He had a certain innocent, childlike belief that he had no vanity, because he had no pleasure in what constitutes the world's vanity in general. You had, however, only to allude to *The Progress of Lucifer* to see the professor become a personified thunderstorm or a sunny calm, just as the case might be. He was a very learned man, with perhaps a trifle too much reverence for past wisdom and a want of toleration for new ideas. In certain circles sacrilegious young men did call him an old fogey and a pedant, but the wicked remarks never reached his ears. Thus, when some new book of his had to be reviewed faint-hearted critics took off their hats before the long words and ponderous sentences and weakly bade the top-heavy stranger "God speed" into a new world.

When the professor was not absent-minded—which he was, to be sure, most of the time—there was a pleasant light in his gray eyes that brightened the heavy features and swept away the dazed, far-off look like a fog before a summer's sun. But now he was trembling with wrath. With a look of assumed firmness, though his great gaunt hands shook, he laid hold of his faithful cotton umbrella and lifted the well-worn, tall hat that stood on the floor beside him, and with a voice choked by suppressed passion said as ceremoniously as he could under the circumstances, "After such language on your part I cannot again look upon you as a friend, Dr. Nickelaus," and marched majestically away, with his long pipe under his arm, leaving the little man dumb and amazed.

Just as he reached the door the professor paused. "Waiter!" he cried. As that light-footed functionary stood before him the professor pulled an old, timeworn purse from the depths of his breeches-pocket. "Waiter, here are five groschens to pay for two glasses of beer for that gentleman and two for myself. You may keep the other;" and so speaking, while the gratified waiter held the door open as if for the exit of a whole triumphal procession, the old man, in

the happy consciousness of being a generous enemy and heaping coals of fire on the doctor's head, walked out into the chilly autumn air, and the door of the little inn, with its contents of smoke and beer, was shut upon him, and the gratified waiter was already on his way seeking to earn other groschens. Well! well! so wags the world.

The professor and the doctor were not cronies: no, one crony does not give up the other so easily. They were simply two odd men, who, not being able to find their mates, had drifted into the habit of meeting each other at the tavern of an afternoon to smoke a pipe and drink a glass of beer over a game of dominoes. The professor was too much wrapt up in his own thoughts to be a very intimate friend for anybody, and the doctor had too bad an opinion of everybody to desire to be an intimate friend.

The doctor was a man with a ceaseless gnawing pain at his heart; and, worse, a secret pain, being an intensely ambitious man, with an ambition directed into a channel which was for ever closed to him. His profession he had chosen from necessity, but the dream of his life had been to become a great writer: it had remained a dream. He had a standard which was too high for his abilities, but less than that he scorned to grasp. So, from one extreme to the other, he remained an obscure physician in a small German university town, seeing men of less talent than himself become famous, looking with keen, angry eyes behind the scenes of their daily workings; recognizing the tinsel and makeshifts and unreality till his whole life seemed flooded with scorn and misanthropy.

"Waiter!" the doctor cried grimly, with his firm, white teeth set on edge—"Waiter, did that—that—person pay for me?" he asked, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the professor.

"He did, sir," the man replied.

"Then he made a mistake: I pay for both. You can keep what he gave you." So the doctor in his turn pulled out a scantily-filled purse and carefully counted four groschens into the astonished

waiter's hand. The doctor was a misanthrope, and gave only the exact sum, but the professor always had a groschen to spare, if only for the grateful look on a man's face.

So the doctor, to his own satisfaction, balanced his enemy's coals of fire, and having relieved his feelings took up his silver-headed cane and the round cap with a tremendous shiny visor, and strode out of doors, muttering to himself and bestowing all manner of maledictions on every object in the world, among which, after the manner of misanthropes, he was careful not to forget himself.

## II.

In the mean time the professor shambled along through the chilly air in the direction of his lodging, muttering to himself and gesticulating with his umbrella in a very angry fashion. His poor old heart beat with rage and grief to think how that—that—crocodile of a doctor had spoken of him, and, by implication, of his *Progress of Lucifer*, the work that was child and wife—nay, life—to him. Day and night, night and day, he had worked at it. Many a breaking dawn had discovered him at his writing-desk poring over musty manuscripts, trying with half-dazed brain to understand crabbed old characters, or plunged, to all appearance beyond rescue, in philosophical speculations of the most abstruse kind.

Now he shambled along till he reached the narrow street with the chronic lack of sunlight and the old, old houses, in one of which he dwelt. The professor lived over a confectioner's shop, which was, curiously enough, a sore and constant temptation to him, for he had a passion for sweets. The confectioner, a round-faced, fat man in a white apron and a paper cap, looked with great pride on his lodger overhead, whom he used to call "comrade" in select and intimate circles—not owing to the professor's sweet tooth, but because he, the confectioner, considered himself something of a literary character to the extent of mottoes for sugary nothings. The good man's friendship did not end here, but often and often he invited the professor into

the little back room as he passed, and treated him there to a tiny glass of maraschino and a fine piece of cake, then lingered about respectfully to catch whatever of wisdom must fall from the lips of so distinguished a man.

Now, however, so great was the professor's indignation that not cake nor maraschino could retard the heavy, wrathful steps with which he ascended the creaking stairs that led to his solitary room.

The professors of the university of the good town of Döllingen were not very royally salaried, but they had the infinite satisfaction of starving in the most excellent company. Our professor had a title twice as long as his purse, and he was content. You see, he liked to have his belongings at arm's length about him, so that he could reach some dusty tome of an early morning without getting out of bed, by just stretching one long, gaunt arm out of the bed-curtains to the bookshelves above his head. Inclination and necessity played into each other's hands in the old man's case, and he was satisfied.

It was a great, low-studded room, with two huge windows, whose diamond-shaped panes were favorite resorts for spiders and casual flies. In one corner, discreetly hidden by a green baize curtain, stood the bed, and in another the great wardrobe that the professor had inherited from his deceased mother. The walls were covered with books; books lay on the painted wooden floor and on every chair; they even encroached on the sacred precincts of the wardrobe; and as for the wash-stand, why the pitcher stood in familiar proximity to that learned book of Fabricius on the *Holy, Sagacious and Learned Devil*.

But everything in the familiar room was blurred to the old man's sight. In great agitation he threw himself into the leathern arm-chair at his work-table, and buried his face in his hands. Suddenly, moved by a curious, uncontrollable impulse, he thrust aside the heap of papers and references that littered the desk, and from whose every page Satan and Lucifer and the Devil peeped forth in the

heavy, irregular handwriting of the professor.

"Fool! fool!" he cried passionately, then laid his hands upon them again with a certain tenderness, as a fond father tries to shield the child of his heart whom some danger threatens.

But there was no peace in store for the poor professor. His head ached furiously and his hands and feet were icy cold. With a shiver he started up and paced the room with hurried, irregular strides.

"I—I have taken cold," he muttered to himself, chafing his gaunt hands, and so continued muttering to himself as he strode up and down the room.

"Damn him! damn him!" he at last cried feverishly, standing stock still and shaking his fist at an imaginary doctor. "But I defy him! I'll write a pamphlet against him: I'll—I'll unmask him, the envious wretch!" and over the professor's face there spread a triumphant smile. "I'll write a letter and say what I think of him as a doctor, and have it printed. I'll say he is decaying, over-ripe, gone to seed. Ha! ha! ha! Nothing underhand about that: he will recognize his enemy."

So in the gathering darkness he sat down at his desk, and with the first object that he could lay his hands on that seemed like a pencil he began to scratch away on the first piece of paper that lay before him. But his fingers failed him, and he sank back shivering and dizzy.

"I'll wait till to-morrow—to-morrow: he cannot escape me," he muttered. "And— Yes, yes, I had better go to bed. How the room swims about! Ugh! I am afraid I have taken a bad cold," the professor cried, and shivered in the chilly darkness, in which only the bed and wardrobe could be distinguished, looking grim and ghastly in their respective corners.

The professor dispensed with light at his simple toilet, for he was, above all things, a creature of habit; and in a moment more his harassed, aching old head was tossing about on the pillow, while his outward shell lay in artistic confusion about the floor.



## III.

The sun shone in at the professor's window the next morning, and in cheery fashion could be made to stop nowhere but at the green curtains of his bed, where it doubtless obtained admission through some forgotten hole—not an unusual thing in the belongings of the learned man—for in a second more the professor put his old head out to look at the unusual guest.

Simultaneously with the appearance of his head the knob of the door was turned with a steady hand; a rattle of dishes could be heard; then the click-clack of a pair of pattens; and the next instant there stood before the professor's unblushing gaze Hebe with a tray containing his breakfast of coffee and bread; Hebe with a mop under her arm; Hebe with a red face and an inflamed nose, looking domineeringly at her charge from the precincts of an enormous cap of a whitish material which fitted with uncompromising closeness about the round head and was tied under the huge chin, bristly with long gray hair, by two simple tape strings.

Hebe was accustomed to her vocation, for she was included in the bill, and so she clacked about in her wooden shoes in search of a chair. As they were all covered with books, she calmly emptied the Talmud, Velez de Guevara and that old book of Wynkin de Worde with a dozen or more biographies of the Devil, on the floor, to the mute horror of the professor; and at last on the rescued chair she placed the breakfast at his side, and then, leaning with one hand on her long-handled mop and with the other resting on her hip, she calmly watched the professor with the interest of a housewife who sees the family cat lap up a dish of milk.

"Ho!" Hebe at length exclaimed.

"What is it?" the professor asked, accustomed to this mode of address.

"Ho, but the city authority"—by which she meant a policeman—"left this an hour ago for the Herr Professor." With these words the handmaiden began a methodical examination of a dozen pockets, and at last from a very secret

recess of her petticoat produced an official-looking document sealed with the three great seals of the university of Döllingen, the whole a little the worse for the wear of Hebe's pocket; and this she handed to the astonished professor.

"Dear me! what can it be?" he exclaimed, turning it every which way.

"Perhaps if the Herr Professor were to open it—" Hebe volunteered, when the professor, looking up, suddenly felt that she was slightly familiar and a little near, and with a sharp "Take these dishes away now, Trink!"—for Hebe's earthly name was Trink!—wounded that faithful chorewoman to the heart. It must be acknowledged that she was no silent sufferer in her pattens, with rattling dishes and an exasperating way she had of dragging her damp mop behind her, where it brushed by the books on the floor and left its track from bed to door, which she swung to with such a crash that every bit of crockery started up sympathetically, and even the professor shouted after her, "Himmel! sacrament! Are you deaf?"

So vanished Hebe.

The official-looking envelope was at last opened. "Good God! am I dreaming?" shouted the professor.

He dropped it; he picked it up; then he dropped it again; then he took it up again and read it out loud.

It was dated the day before from the university. As the professor read the date he remained open-mouthed, and at length could only gasp, "What a coincidence!"

The document was printed, and ran thus:

"The faculties of all the universities of Germany have met in secret conclave for the purpose of deciding in what manner to prevent the present corrupting influences on our literature and our nation by the publication of the vast quantity of worthless books and other printed matter, injurious alike to intellect and morals.

"As the literature of a country is the education of its people, the greatest minds in Germany have, for this purpose, given their most faithful and valuable counsel, from which a scheme has been started



which has obtained the august sanction of our emperor, who, for the sake of the welfare of his beloved people, has commanded that that which we should only too gladly have tried as an experiment shall, from this day forth, become a law.

"OCTOBER 29, 187-.

#### "THE LAW.

"From this day forth, in every city there shall be established the office of censor of literature, to whom all works previous to publication must be brought for examination, that he may judge if it will be for the advancement of literature that they be printed. If there is only one good and original idea in a whole work, the book shall be published. If, however, after examination it is found that the book, like so many others, contains but old ideas in new language, then it will be best for the people and for the future career of the author that such a work be suppressed. This law shall hold good in the case of every manuscript, of whatever magnitude, which is to be printed and sold publicly.

"BERLIN, October —, 187-."

Underneath this was written in the well-known handwriting of the secretary of the faculty of the university of Döllingen: "Three rooms have been set apart in the town-hall for the censor of literature, who enters upon his office to-day, and may be seen between the hours of 9 A. M. and 2 P. M. by any applicant who feels convinced that his work contains the requisite qualities for success. In concluding, it will be as well to state that those whose works are completed will be wise to apply immediately, as the censor will be overwhelmed with duties as soon as his office is more popularly understood.

"UNIVERSITY OF DÖLLINGEN, Oct. 29, 187-."

"Good God!" the professor again cried, and sank into deep meditation. "What will the doctor say when he hears of this?" he thought as he scratched his nose with the important paper.

The professor meditated profoundly, and the upshot was that, it being a mere formality for such a man as himself, and

as *The Progress of Lucifer* was completed, he would comply with the advice of the writer and take *Lucifer* to the town-hall to be—vaccinated.

"Vaccinated! Aha! very good!" laughed the professor. At the same time he would satisfy his curiosity—which was greatly aroused—by discovering who was the man who could be impartial, inhuman and learned enough to criticise every variety of polite and learned literature.

"One thing I am sure of," muttered the professor as he performed his ablutions—"one thing I am positive of is, that Nickelaus knew all about it yesterday, and instead of telling me outright, like an honest man, he went about hinting and sneering. But I'll be even with him yet," the innocent professor exclaimed angrily; and then in his passion got soap into his eyes, and so splashed and sputtered away that that curious old volume about the *Holy, Sagacious and Learned Devil* was drenched in water enough to be very uncomfortable for an individual so much more used to warm regions.

It was just ten o'clock when the professor descended the stairs with *Lucifer* under his arm and content and satisfaction beaming from his face.

"Why, bless my soul! how do you do, neighbor?" he cried, for there, on the sidewalk, stood the confectioner brilliant in his Sunday best. "Where are you going at this time o' day?" he continued, amazed.

It was neither Sunday nor a holiday, and the baker—for of course he was also a baker—should by rights have been standing at his counter selling penny tarts.

"I am bound to the town-hall," the little man said with much pride.

"Are you, indeed?" the professor cried, astonished. "So am I: then we will go together."

Thus the inexpressibly gratified baker accompanied the learned man, lingering one little step behind as a sacrifice to his notions of respect.

The professor walked on engrossed in thought, while the honest confectioner racked his brains for a topic of conver-

sation worthy of so great a man; and he was still so engaged when they crossed the broad market-place.

Now, you must know that the town-hall stands in the market-place, so there was but little chance left for him to show his neighbor what a genteel education he had enjoyed. The market-place was silent and deserted this morning, except for the bronze statue of some old fighting prince immortally portrayed in periwig and cocked hat and mounted on a well-fed horse with a most superb mane and tail.

At the steps of the old, weatherbeaten town-hall, with the memory of something Spanish in its time-stained angles and curves, there was a small crowd of people going in.

"Curious!" the professor murmured. "I don't ever remember seeing so many people here.—I suppose I must leave you now," he said kindly, turning to his companion.

"I am going up to the first floor," the man answered.

"So am I, and, so it seems, are all these people," the other cried, watching them file up the great stone stairs.

"Perhaps," the little baker ventured to say—"perhaps we are all bound on the same errand."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the professor. He could not help it for the life of him. "Ha! ha! ha!" Connecting his *Progress of Lucifer* and that rabble! As he thought of it he laughed again, loud and long.

"I myself am going for this purpose," the confectioner said humbly; and with these words he drew from his coat-tail pocket an exact copy of the solemn-looking envelope which the professor had received that same morning.

"You? you?" cried the professor. "Do you mean to say that you cultivate literature as well as confectionery?" staring at his neighbor with wide-opened eyes.

"A little, a little," the other answered humbly, yet with a kind of pride. "If your honor was at the Baroness Stumpfstein's party last week you must have noticed my work, for I wrote all the mottoes for the sugar-balls." So speaking,

the little man started back and with his right hand on his breast struck an attitude which all but said, "I am the Man!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" again laughed the professor, and in his vast amusement he had to cling to the railing of the steps to keep from falling. "Ha! ha! ha! Excuse my hilarity. I was not at the baroness's party; nevertheless, I greet you as a poet. May I ask if you intend publishing any more verses?"

"Yes, honored sir: the Countess Hasenfels gives a party next week, when my Muse is to have *carte blanche*."

"You are a lucky poet," cried the professor as they ascended the stairs to the rooms of the censor: "you will never starve. If one profession gives out, you need only fall back on the other. If I had a word of advice to give to poets in general, I should bid them start eating-houses or taverns, merely to keep them from hunger. Lucky, lucky poet!" he cried, shaking his fore finger at his companion, who would as soon have expected bitterness in one of his own almond tarts as irony in the innocent professor. So he simpered and bowed, and felt that he had been given a fitting "God speed" on his sweet career.

The professor peeped curiously about, wondering in which of the labyrinths of corridors he should dive, when from one of the neighboring rooms there appeared a solemn being dressed in black, who, seeing the manuscript under the professor's arm, condescendingly asked his name, which he no sooner heard than he respectfully led the way into a small bare room destitute of everything but a couple of pine chairs.

"As soon as His Excellency the court-poet has finished with the censor you may take your turn. In that room we let the herd wait," he exclaimed cavalierly, pointing at a closed door with his thumb. "But who is this?" he cried, suddenly turning on his heel and confronting the unhappy confectioner, who felt in his inmost heart that he belonged to the "herd" and had no business to be there.

"A friend of mine: pray let him stay," the professor answered hastily.

"Oh, if the Herr Professor desires, why of course, but—" With this unfinished sentence, which implied every known objection, the respectable man stared at the confectioner—for whom life at that moment seemed hardly worth the living—from head to foot with much contempt. He crept into a remote corner, and sat down, holding his hat between his knees. The professor stood looking out of the solitary window, quite near the door of the room where the court-poet and the terrible censor were closeted together; which door, be it said, some old locksmith, long since dead and mouldering in his grave, had not done his duty by, and the latch would not catch, leaving it open enough for the professor to hear distinctly every word that was being said; a fact of which he would have remained unconscious if suddenly a well-known voice had not reached his ears—a bitter, biting voice that had called him, the author of *The Progress of Lucifer*, overripe, decaying, the day before.

"What can the doctor have to do here?" he thought, starting forward.

The next instant his doubts were set at rest when he heard that same voice say, "I am still a novice in my position, Your Excellency, but so much the more will I do my duty."

"Merciful Heavens!" the professor cried—"he the censor? he, the unsuccessful man of letters, a critic? How will this end? But they were wise who made this bitter foe to success the judge, for what sterner critic could they find?"

"Sir," said this same voice with much dignity, "the insults you would lavish on me but recoil upon yourself. I have read your poems, and I find in them no line worthy of a great name. Your subjects are trite, your ideas are trite: you have remorselessly taken from unknown poets whatever you thought could be stolen with impunity. Your sentiment is simply gush, your tragedy but melodrama: when you think to be simple you are inane. Your Excellency, you wrong your genius, and some day you will thank me just as to-day you hate me. When you think of me remember me as an honest

man, for, in spite of your great name, I will not allow your poems to be published."

"You will prevent me? Indeed!" cried a passionate voice; and the next instant His Excellency the court-poet with flashing eyes and haughty mien strode through the room with such hot haste that the aristocratic lackey had hardly time to fling open the door before the great man, who rewarded his politeness with a curse. But then you must remember that it is not often the court-poet hears the truth.

"Aha! you here, my good friend?" cried the doctor, rubbing his hands in high glee and walking up to the professor. "Let bygones be bygones. Come, shall we be on friendly terms again? For I must tell you that I feel contented: I like this position amazingly. You will comprehend, it just suits my taste."

"Dr. Nickelaus," the professor began solemnly, "I did not come to see you: I came to see the censor of literature, in whom I regret to find you, though I believe you to be an honest man. You do not need or want my friendship; so I only ask you to judge of my work as impartially as you would that of the greatest stranger."

"You are just," the doctor cried with a malicious smile, "and I will show you that I too can be so. You will acknowledge that I have the right to judge of your work, for I have been a silent witness of its progress. Oblige me by entering my office. Be seated, Herr Professor. Let me take your manuscript. Thank you! Some men have the ridiculous idea that an original subject is to be desired. You will acknowledge that your subject is not entirely new; in fact, as a poet once said, 'There is nothing new under the sun.'"

"There have been books written on the same topic," faltered the professor, "but I hardly think that now, in our practical nineteenth century, many men would choose to write on so mystical a subject."

"My dear professor, it is always the dreamers who deny their natures; and it is just the same with the nineteenth century. If we could judge of other

ages with the same knowledge we do of this, I believe their vaunted romance would pale before ours. Let me give you a practical example.—Johann!" he cried; and the man of service appeared, to whom the doctor gave instructions in a whisper, and as he turned his back to the professor a grin of exquisite malice made his green eyes greener and distended his wide mouth from ear to ear.—"My cherished friend, I must give you a lesson," he thought—"not so much because I hate you—for, really, I don't: I never liked you enough for that—but merely to set you up as a warning.—I do like this office amazingly," he concluded as he turned from the door through which the servant had disappeared to his visitor again: "Professor, pray be seated in this corner and give me all your attention: I want to show you—"

At that moment there was heard a humble, faltering tap at the door.

"Come in," the doctor cried with a half-concealed grin.

The door opened, and there entered a procession of seven. The tap had been humble because the first man had that beseeching look in his face that dumbly asks a favor. One of the seven was fat and wore a pompous look and a gold watch-chain: he was an exception. Middle-aged men they were all, with anxious, harrowed faces, and a bewildered look in their spectacled eyes, and some meekness in the inward curl of their long sleek hair. Each carried a voluminous manuscript under his arm, and they all glared at each other with deep suspicion.

"Gentlemen," the doctor said, walking up to them with much friendliness, as if deprecating his new authority—"Gentlemen, I gave you the trouble of stepping into my office, so that you can leave your valuable works with me. I had Johann call you, fearing that your time would be lost waiting in such a crowd. If each of you will in turn leave his manuscript and address at the desk, I think it will be best. Pray be seated, gentlemen.—Herr Simponius," said the doctor, seating himself at his desk quite near the professor and addressing the individual

who had tapped at the door—"Herr Simponius, pray advance," which he did apologetically, and apologetically dictated to the doctor: "Adolph Simponius, author of *The World and the Devil*," and apologetically laid his manuscript down, while the doctor, with a look of sly enjoyment, watched the surprise on the professor's face.

The next man was more diplomatic than apologetic: he had more assurance: "Dietrich Rheinhold, author of *Demonology and Witchcraft*."

"Many thanks, Herr Rheinhold: I shall make a point of examining your fine library, and I shall be only too proud to meet your wife."

Number three: "Heinrich Hermann, author of *The Life of Satan*."

A glance of venomous amusement at the bewildered surprise of the professor.

So through the list till the seven had disappeared, and seven manuscripts alone remained as a token of their presence.

With his chin resting on his hand, the doctor, as if absent-minded, read the remainder of the titles out loud: "*The Devil's Book, Lucifer's Kingdom, The Club-footed Devil, Modern Demons*. Hum! hum! a pretty collection!" he muttered to himself, all the while sharply watching his victim.

"Good God! What do you mean by this farce?" A hoarse voice suddenly interrupted him and a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder. "Why can't you be honest, outspoken?"

"Take your hand from my shoulder, sir," the doctor cried, turning haughtily on the old man. "As for understanding the drift of such expressions, I am afraid I am as much at a loss for a meaning as your readers generally are."

"What am I now? what am I now?" murmured the old man as he turned away and buried his face in his hands.

"You are one of eight," the doctor cried with a mocking smile. "Eight there are in the good town of Döllingen alone who write about the Devil. You know they say—ha! ha!—that misery loves company. As for you, I know you, for I know your works. Yesterday I dared only hint: to-day I may—nay,



it is my duty to—speak openly. Would you put your name to that book?" he cried, placing his hand on the professor's manuscript. "Then you would be giving your name to a lie—a lie, I say. You did not write it: ages of men, long-since-forgotten men, have written it. It is their wisdom, their knowledge and—pray be comforted—their folly. You have read much in your life—"

"Stop, Nickelaus!" the professor cried hoarsely.

"No, I will not. You have read much, but while you remember the contents of books, you forget their authors and their ideas, and yours become most strangely intermingled till you claim the paternity of all. Why, you have neither originality nor ideas—you, the learned man! Mark me!" he cried with a triumphant smile and pointing toward the half-opened door: "that little confectioner out there has more originality than you, and does more good to the world, for he at least amuses with his imbecile rhymes, while you, you great man, can neither teach nor amuse."

"Spare me! spare me!" cried the old man, sinking back into his chair with a smothered groan.

"Spare you? Why should I spare you? The world did the same to me, and I am kinder to you than the world was then; for I tell you the truth here, alone, while I had to learn the bitter lesson from every penny paper."

"You are a stern teacher," the old man cried, rising wearily; and as the doctor watched him with curious eyes he seemed ten years older than the hale, hearty man who had entered the room only half an hour ago—"you are a stern teacher: you have unmanned me and seen the agony of my heart. That I regret," he continued slowly. "We often have to stand as we are before our consciences, and you are my conscience, which has been sleeping till now. Could you have been gentler in your treatment of me, I— I forgive you: perhaps your way was the kindest. My manuscript? Yes, yes, I will take it. O God! the ruined hopes! the lost years!" he cried, burying his face in his hands.

Recovering himself, and without another look at his enemy, he opened the door. The confectioner still sat in his corner, but he was dozing now, and his holiday hat had fallen on the ground.

The professor shook him. "Come! come home with me!" he cried in a dazed way. "I think I—I feel sick."

"Holy Virgin! what's the matter, sir?" the little man cried in alarm, so haggard and worn did the professor look.

"A blow, my friend—a blow."

"What?" cried the confectioner, understanding it literally, and evidently making for the doctor.

"Not so, not so," the professor said gently, detaining him with trembling hand. "Nothing you can heal, my friend—nothing you can heal. Only come now: let us go home."

So they went. Johann shut them out with little ceremony, for they were of no account in the literary world or any other world. They passed a new crowd going in with hopes full blown, but nobody noticed them, the bowed old man leaning on the little round poet.

So they reached the narrow street. Again the well-known room closed about him, and at last even the green curtains of the bed; and now, for the first time, he was alone—alone with his misery. In his despair and sorrow he buried his gray head in the pillow and burst into a wild, dreadful flood of tears.

"He has come back to consciousness," said the doctor as he bent over the professor with anxious care. "Consciousness! consciousness! where may his have been?" the doctor murmured, for he was a bit of a philosopher.

From the pillow two hollow eyes glared wildly at him, and a feeble hand tried to push him away.

"You here?" the professor whispered hoarsely.

"Why, of course—been here for a couple of weeks. In fact, had a bed put up here. You've been pretty sick, and I had a time pulling you through, though I say it who shouldn't," the doctor concluded modestly.

"You! After what you told me at the



town-hall—I can never forget it—and what you said about *The Progress of Lucifer!*"

"Hush!" the doctor commanded gently. "You are dreaming. For two weeks you have been dreaming: we call it brain fever."

"But—but what you said at the inn?" the professor murmured, bewildered.

"I have said many things in life that I regretted sorely: that was one. I came here the next morning to bid you not mind an old misanthrope like myself, and I already found you delirious. Trinka said that you talked all sorts of nonsense to her when she brought you your breakfast. So I found you."

"Oh, forgive me! forgive me!" the professor cried, grasping with two thin hands the doctor's right hand.

"Forgive you? I? Nay, you should forgive me."

"No, no! I have been so ungrateful to you! I thought of you with hatred. I dreamt you said *The Progress of Lucifer* was not original—that it did not contain one good idea," the poor professor cried, looking wistfully at the doctor's embarrassed face. "Yes, yes, my dream has come true: I have wasted my life," he groaned, turning his head away.

"My dear professor," said the doctor impressively, taking the old man's unresisting hand in his own, "*The Progress of Lucifer* must be a forbidden topic to you. It has been your death nearly: that is as much as you can give to one work. If you still wish to live, I forbid you thinking of it for one year at least. I have had all the damned histories of the Devil taken away: if after a year you wish them back, you shall have them.—Trinka, am I right?" he asked, turning to Hebe, who had come in softly—Hebe, who wore no pattens and who smiled pleasantly upon the professor without an exasperating cap.

"Indeed, yes, sir. For the Herr Professor was very sick," Trinka said, and dropped a courtesy.

"I obey," the professor said solemnly, "for I have had a warning in my dreams."

There was an incredulous smile on the doctor's long mouth and a question in the end of his turned-up nose.

"Do not smile," the professor said sadly. "I have had a warning which I shall obey. You will laugh if you know that I have had a lesson in a dream, and that instead of waiting for the judgment of the world, I accept yours and abide by it. You came here grieved for your hasty words, but with unchanged opinions, I know."

"Thank God! you have done wisely and bravely," thought the doctor, and pressed the professor's hand with deep sympathy; and for the first time he loved the man. Was he not on his own level now, defeated and unhappy? From this moment forth the contradictory doctor was ready to sacrifice everything to rebuild that life, even should it reach unknown heights.

"I knew you would agree with me," the professor cried sadly. "Take everything away—books, papers. Heaven knows I wish you could take my memory also!"

"Nonsense! nonsense!" the doctor interrupted cheerily. "In a few days you will be well again: you and I will quarrel as we used to. The old times will come back with the old professor."

"Never, Nickelaus! The old times have carried away the old professor."

"Trinka, bring me a chair and a pipe," the doctor commanded: "I want to sit down by your master and show him that as long as a friend remains and there is a curl of smoke left in a pipe, the old times must surely come back."

ANNA EICHBERG.

## IN ROUMANIAN LAND.

## SECOND PAPER.

THE gypsy's eyes are wonderfully brown and soft, and as he lays aside his *guzla*, the musical instrument from which he has just evoked such passionate sounds, and approaches us, extending his lean hand and shrugging his shoulders with deprecatory air, it is hard to send him away with an angry word. A few *băii* content him, and he returns to the shade of a friendly tree, and with his companions sings a round of delicious melodies, each and all filled with wild and plaintive chords, with tender melancholy and a rude eloquence almost surprising.

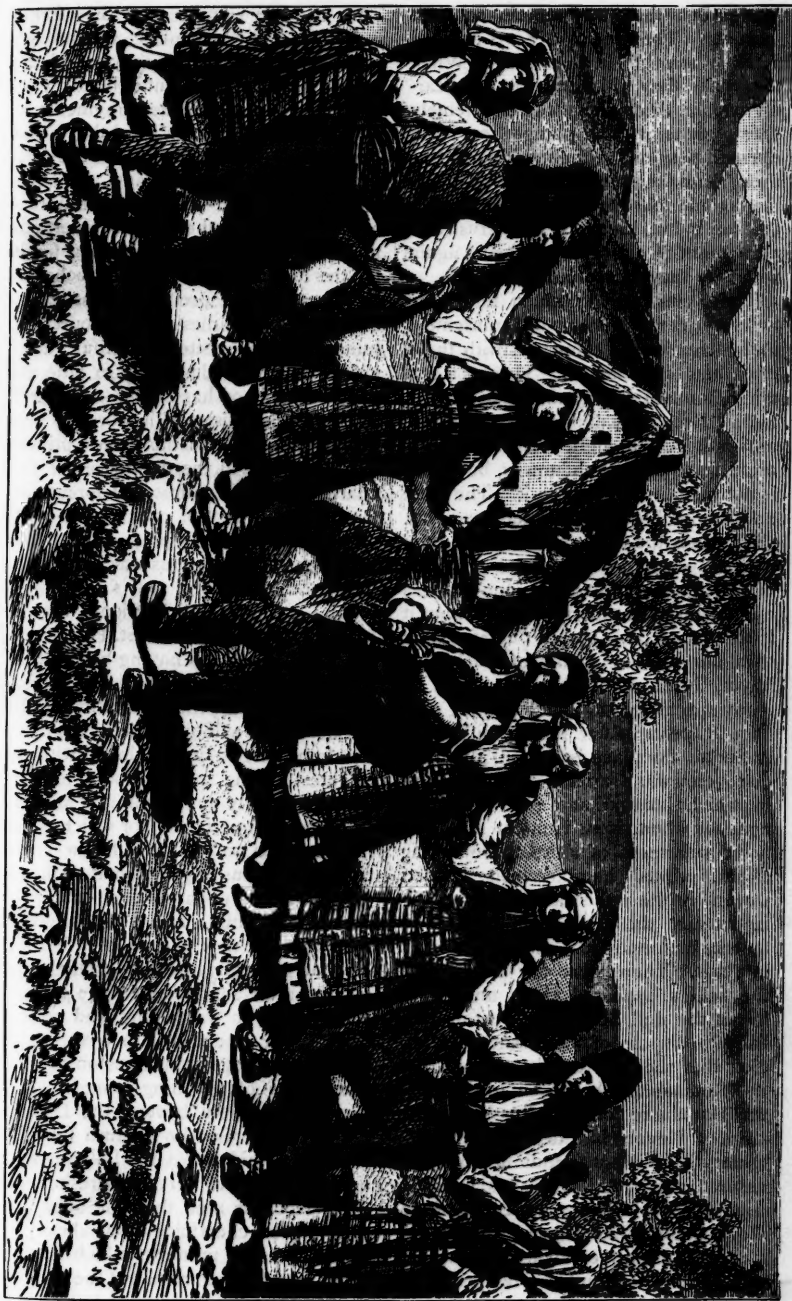
We are seated in the garden of Herestreu, outside the city of Bucharest. Herestreu is an oasis crowded with delights in the middle of a comparatively uninteresting plain. When the rich southern moonlight showers its glory on the green sward and among the odorous vines and flowers the beauty and fashion of the Roumanian capital seek respite from the toils of the parlor and the ball-room in this charming spot. For half a mile round about pretty villas, surrounded by well-kept gardens, are scattered at rare intervals; but with this exception the stretch of land is barren and uninviting. At a place where four roads meet a long, one-story inn, with grotesque figures painted on its stable-door, rears its abject front. In the yard of this caravansary a few slatternly girls are romping and one or two peasants sit moodily drinking sour Wallachian beer. A few semi-civilized tillers of the soil are galloping homeward on their merry little horses, whose breakneck pace seems likely to bring misfortune to the unsteady riders. Wine has flown in rivulets in the shops in the shabby streets just outside the town, for it is a "market-day." At Baniassa, once a favorite suburban resort for Bucharest's fashionable folk, a few thousand sturdy Russians are encamped, and a hum arising

from their tented city is borne on the evening breeze to listeners a mile away.

Within this magic close of Herestreu one forgets everything but the entrancing melody of the dark-skinned vagabond choir squatted under the trees. Who would have suspected that beneath these scowling brows, these uneasy eyes, these foreheads crowned with masses of inky hair, lay such power of poetic expression? The men are marvels: when they sing they seem inspired; their faces are transfigured; their hands tremble; their lips quiver with excitement. On the throbbing current of their sensuous song one is borne into a region of enchantment. One hears the musical flow of the great Danube past the mighty crags and through the vast valleys where Trajan once camped and fought and worked; one sees the misty blue of the hills over which the Hungarian hunter tramps merrily at sunrise to the refrain of the horn; one seats one's self in nooks where the purple grape-clusters move heavily to and fro above him; one stands by the foot of some moss-grown cross in an ancient village and watches youths and maidens treading the curious mazes of the "Hora Tanz." So subtle is the spell that one who is under its influence feels a contempt for the tame sensations of more thoroughly civilized Western Europe. The mystery, the voluptuousness, the dreaminess of the Orient seize on him and claim him for their own.

Presently the music dies away: the clear, piercing tones of the youngest of the singers stop shortly just as they are taking a flight in mid-air. The calm after this melody is almost startling. Twilight is coming rapidly. I sit and muse for an hour: the charm holds long and well. At last I look up and see the gypsy musicians stretched upon their backs, with their dusky faces turned toward the veiled sky. They are fast asleep, and unless the proprietor turns them out of

HORA TANC.



the garden they will remain so until morning. They seem to have exhaled all their strength in their song. When they wake they will wander to the nearest stream, throw aside their extremely scanty garments, and plunge and lie in uncouth positions in the muddy flood, as their friend the water-buffalo does. After this simple toilet they will tramp before the sun is hot, breakfast on a crust and a fragment of old cheese and sing again wherever they are permitted so to do.

The Roumanian common folk have no very definite ideas of amusement and recreation as compared with those of various other nations. There is a certain amount of grace and a rude rhythm in the "Hora," the dance which the peasants indulge in at night in rustic cabarets or on festal days in the towns, but there is not much merriment in it. The men and women both act as if they were not sorry when the dance is over and they can relapse into their normal condition of slouchiness. Sometimes one chances upon a downright merry company, but it is the exception. I went one afternoon to a fair in the outskirts of Bucharest, having been informed that it would be a gay spectacle and could only be seen once a year. After infinite difficulties in finding the place indicated, all that I discovered was a series of wooden booths, in which languid and sallow women, none of whom were eminent for beauty or smartness of attire, were selling cloths, printed handkerchiefs, carpets woven by the industrious wives of villagers near the capital, and articles of fantasy imported from the Palais Royal in Paris. There were few buyers, and the sellers appeared more anxious to forget the dull September heat in sleep than to dispose of their wares. I fancied that the war and its sorrows (for the Roumanians had then just crossed the Danube to join the Russians in the siege of Plevna) had deadened the customary gayety, but friends in Bucharest assured me that "it was as lively as usual." The terrible extremes of the Roumanian climate keep the people from that display of vivacity which one expects of the Southern temperament.

They bake in summer and they freeze in winter. They love music, and through all the pleasant months they crowd the gardens, where regimental bands play and singers retail the latest fragments of opera-bouffe. "Rasca's" and the "Swiss Union"—little parks laid out in the Austrian fashion, with restaurants and beer-fountains attached—possess open-air theatres. Last year the various entertainments for the purpose of gaining funds for the hospitals brought all Bucharest to Rasca's. The pretty Princess Elizabeth, with the ladies of her court and hundreds of exquisitely beautiful young girls—beautiful, alas! only to fade ere their womanhood has begun—wandered in the shaded aisles with scores of brilliantly-uniformed Russian dukes, princes and barons. All the dignitaries of Bucharest, from the minister of foreign affairs to the prefect of police, were to be seen in an evening's promenade. The music on such occasions was exceptionally good, the acting and singing execrable—a legacy of histrionic horrors from the slums of Paris, St. Petersburg, Moscow and Odessa having been forced upon the unfortunate citizens of Bucharest. Venerable Prince Gortschakoff did not hesitate to exhibit himself in this garden from time to time, to laugh with the brightest of the maidens, and to utter those singularly non-committal answers to "leading questions" for which he is famous when an indiscreet fellow-countryman or a pushing diplomat took advantage of his apparent good-nature to be rather daring. Prince Gortschakoff shows his age now: he walks rather feebly, and generally appeared on the street in Bucharest supported on the arm of some one who was young and strong. His temper is cheerful in a surprising degree: nothing seems to astonish him. The series of alarming rumors which came to him from beyond the Danube after General Gourko's return from his impetuous raid across the Balkans were enough to try the nerves of fresher and more vigorous men than the aged premier, but his cheerfulness was always remarked just at moments which seemed gloomiest to other friends of the Russian



cause. In his relations with the Roumanian authorities—relations naturally of extreme delicacy, because anything like pressure on the officials of the tiny state was far from his thoughts, and firmness might at any moment be construed by the susceptible people into arbitrary demand—he gave proof of a gentle consideration which made him both respected and loved. It is to be feared that General Ignatieff did not give the Roumanians the same treatment. If the rumors be true, he was not mealy-mouthed when he arrived in Bucharest to ask for the recession of Bessarabia to Russia, and hinted that they would be wiser to give it in exchange for something else than to see it taken violently from them. There is no denying the fact that the Roumanians were from time to time rather pretentious in their relations to the Russians, and that some of their requests were denied simply because it would have been impossible to grant them. At one time it seemed as if they delighted to place obstacles in the way of the Russians, but they soon began to work in unison with their Northern friends when they learned that nothing less than the demolition of the Turkish power in Europe was contemplated.

A Roumanian house is a perfect labyrinth of stairways, small and large, lighted and unlighted; of balconies overhanging other houses; and of long passages open at both ends. At night the servants, men and women, sleep on the floor on these balconies and in the corridors, and the traveller entering after midnight for the first time one of the populous mansions of Bucharest might readily fancy that the way to his bedroom was strewn with corpses. He would have to step over the cook, who, with a single blanket thrown about her portly form, would perhaps be dreaming and murmuring a voluble Wallachian prayer; to steer cautiously around the maid-of-all-work, on whose olive-colored face, framed in a night of untidy locks, the moon might be casting its dangerous beams; and, escaping this Scylla, he would confront the Charybdis of the serving-man, who wears a long knife in

his belt and whose temper is bad when he awakes in a fright. Awaking before dawn one morning at Ploiesci, I heard a strange rustling sound on my balcony, and peering from the bedroom window saw the whole landing loaded with the ungainly forms of wagoners who had come in during the night, and who slept, shrouded in their sheepskin mantles, as if they reposed upon couches of "roses besprinkled with dew." Others, who had found the balcony occupied, were snoring comfortably on heaps of soiled straw in the very centre of the barnyard, as the dirty enclosure known as the "court" of the hotel would have been called in America, and were not likely to waken until the fowls hopped over them and the inquisitive pig of the locality rooted them out. But this was no more remarkable than the strange nest in which a whole Bulgarian family, my hosts in Tirnova, slept nightly. It was a species of little fortress constructed of carpets, cushions and the garments of the father, mother, statuesque daughter and "small brother," who were all ensconced there; and it was in the entrance-way, so that no one could go out at early morning without stepping over, and sometimes unwarily upon, the unconscious sleepers.

A mystery which must for ever remain unexplained is the magical manner in which the man-servant, who is usually dressed in white tunic and trousers, and who in the day appears clean and well clothed, manages so to keep up appearances after sleeping and grovelling every night in these same garments on the dusty floor. It is wonderful, too, that one does not hear them complain of colds, of rheumatism or of fever. In winter they muffle themselves in sheepskin or in thick blankets made in the mountain-hamlets and sold for a trifle.

There are numerous evidences of former Turkish domination to be seen in Bucharest—perhaps none more striking than the servile submission of the masses to any small authority, whether it be employed in an offensively arbitrary manner or within decent limits. The people, although living under a constitution wonderfully liberal for Europe, still show that



they have once been subjected to the rule of a country whose only law is the sword. I was amazed on the occasion of the arrival of Czar Alexander in Bucharest to see the gendarmes of the city driving peasants out of the way of the procession with good stinging blows from their whips or with their hands. The fellows thus roughly treated merely shrank away, looking reproachfully at their tormentors.

Turkish architecture peeps out from street-corners in the Roumanian capital; the peddlers of fruit and vegetables carry their wares suspended from the long, ungainly and inconvenient yoke which one sees everywhere in Turkey; and some of the most palatable of Mussulman dishes hold their place still against the innovations of French and Austrian cookery. Probably, *Romania Libera*, as her citizens now like to call the liberated state, will endeavor hereafter to dispense with everything which reminds it of Ottoman rule and Osmanli tyranny. I do not think that the Roumanians of the present generation feel any of that intense hatred of the Turk felt by the Serbians, but they fully recognize his unfitness for contact with modern civilization, and are glad that he is to be banished from the countries which he refuses to improve.

A funeral in Roumania is somewhat startling to him who sees it for the first time. The dead is borne through the streets lying uncoffined in a hearse whose glass sides permit every one to see the last of poor mortality. If it be a man, he is dressed in his finest clothes; if a woman—and especially if a young one—she is robed in white and garlands of flowers, natural and artificial, crown her tresses or repose upon her bosom. Priests, bearing the sacred emblems and clad in robes such as they wear when officiating at the altar, precede the mourning friends, many of whom follow on foot. There is something ghastly and revolting in this spectacle of the dead carried thus through the crowded streets. Wherever a procession passes all vehicles not connected with it stop, and the drivers reverently cross themselves. Slow

and solemn dirges are sometimes the accompaniment of these funereal parties, bands or portions of bands according to their services. There is a wonderful wealth of affection in the impulsive Roumanian character—an intense love for home, family and friends; and grief in affliction is violent, unreasoning, often alarmingly despairing. A mighty cry of anguish went up from the stricken little country when at least a fourth of the brave army of Roumania was slaughtered in front of Plevna, and for a time it seemed as if the stay-at-home relatives would fairly revolt unless the government ordered the survivors to return across the Danube and risk themselves no more. But this unreasonable freak of temper was fortunately of short duration.

Roumania's history has been stormy and full of striking incidents. The country which is properly Roumania to-day was the home of the ancient Dacians, who were of Thracian origin and bore a marked resemblance to the Gauls. Trajan came with his terrible legions, and the Dacians succumbed and were swept like chaff before the valorous Romans, who were flushed with victory and athirst for new conquests. The Dacians had peopled the sections now known as Moldavia, Wallachia, the Banat, Transylvania, the Bukovina and Bessarabia; and as they disappeared their places were taken by the colonists whom Trajan summoned from Italy and Spain. These colonists were the ancestors of the people who have finally become the Roumanian race. For a century or two the new province enjoyed such prosperity that the chroniclers of the time speak of it as Dacia Felix. Then came the invading Goth, who drove out or frightened into removal large numbers of the colonists. But the majority of them remained, living among the Goths, but not mingling with them, until still other invaders came and dispersed both Goth and Daco-Roman. The latter took to the mountain-regions, and in the great recesses of the Carpathians nourished into vigor a national life which was destined to have numerous reverses, but to support them all with hardihood. Toward the latter

half of the thirteenth century the real Roumanians, who had of course taken something of the Dacian character from intermarriage, came down to the plains and began to assert themselves. Under the command of two chiefs, Rodolph the Black and Dragoch, they established the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. This, by Roumanian historians, is always spoken of as "the descent," and is their starting-point. Wallachia was doomed to possess an independent existence but a short time: in 1393 the Turk came in, and the principality placed itself under the "protection" of the Porte. The Ottomans gradually strengthened their influence until it became tyrannical rule, but not before there had been many splendid revolts. In those wild days uprose "Vlad the Devil," he who scourged the Turks and at one time impaled twenty-five thousand Turkish prisoners. In 1511, Moldavia capitulated to the Turks. Her people had been able to resist for a much longer time than the Wallachians because of their mountain-fastnesses, but the fatal day came for them also. The history of the two sister principalities for the next three centuries and a half may be divided into three periods—the first that during which, although under Ottoman suzerainty, they were governed by native princes; the second, the "Fanariote epoch," from 1716 to 1822, in which they were governed by foreign rulers named and maintained in power by the Porte; and the third and present, that which is sometimes called the "Roumanian Renaissance," denoted by the return to native rule, by the recognition of the rights of the country by the great European powers, and at last by the declaration of independence of 1877. It is noteworthy that all the countries originally peopled by the colonist-ancestors of the Roumanians now have in them large numbers of people speaking the Roumanian tongue; and if Prince Charles of Hohenzollern could get a slice of Hungary, a good bit of Austria, and could manage to keep the Bessarabia deeded to Roumania at the time of the humiliation of Russia by the powers, but now imperiously demanded by the great

Northern power, who feels her strength returned, he would find himself ruling over more than ten millions of subjects. There are plenty of Roumanians who are convinced that the consolidation of all the scattered brethren into one compact nation will come soon; but there are, on the other hand, quite as many who fear that ere such an end can be attained Russia and Austria will have divided between them the Roumanian principality, and will have crushed out the budding literature of the state. It is to be hoped that no such unhappy fate is in store for brave little *Romania Libera*.

It is odd that these Danubian folk, who have borrowed so much from the French, did not think it worth while, by some clause in their constitution, to trammel the press and the spoken word. They did not, and the result is that Prince Charles knows exactly what the people think of him whenever he undertakes a measure likely to be unpopular. No editor or speaker feels called upon to mince his phrases in discussing the inmates of the palace, the ministers, the judges or the general. There is a "Red" party in the country, and it has its say as often as it chooses, and sometimes has power in its hands. Prince Charles came to the throne at the close of a very excited and dangerous period in Roumanian affairs. Naturally enough, there had been a revolution at Bucharest in 1848, when the great democratic wind swept over Europe and stirred even the hinds on the far-stretching plains by the Danube to a sense of their political degradation. A liberal constitution was proclaimed, and the national party daily grew strong and courageous. But the Turks were not inclined to see their rule shaken off, and they pushed Omar Pasha with a large army to the banks of the Danube, deposed the rulers who had succeeded to the short-lived "provisional government" of revolution, and presently occupied the two principalities conjointly with the Russians. After the various foreign occupations of the troublous times preceding, during and at the close of the Crimean war, Roumania had the

satisfaction of seeing its historic rights recognized and of finding its privileges placed under the collective guarantee of the great powers. In 1861 the temporary union of Moldavia and Wallachia was proclaimed at Bucharest. Three years later there was a *coup d'état*. The reigning prince dissolved the National Assembly and submitted a new project of law to the people. This prince was a Colonel Couza, who was elected in 1859. He abdicated in 1866, after what may be fairly considered a successful reign, and in April of that year Prince Charles came in, with the shadow of the already menacing power of Germany behind him. He was no sooner firmly seated on the throne than the present constitution was proclaimed, and the union of Wallachia and Moldavia was confirmed, recognized and guaranteed by Europe. Roumania was thus created: it remained for her only to emancipate herself from the hateful suzerainty of the Porte, to which greedy government she was compelled to pay a million francs of tribute-money yearly. Austria, France, Great Britain, Italy, Prussia, Turkey and Russia were the nations recognizing and welcoming Roumania to the world's family.

In a previous article I have spoken of the national representation. The election of senators by two colleges composed exclusively of persons having large fortunes is perhaps open to criticism; and it might have been as well to have given universal suffrage in its unadulterated form to the whole people, instead of compelling those who only pay small taxes to be content with inferior facilities for expressing their choice. The prince is of course inviolate: the seven ministers are responsible to the country; and, judging from the very free criticisms which I heard made upon their most innocent actions, each of them earns his salary, which is twelve thousand francs (twenty-four hundred dollars) yearly. All Roumania is divided into thirty-three judicial districts, presided over by prefects, and these districts are subdivided into one hundred and sixty-four wards, which in turn are partitioned into two thousand and eighty parishes.

Prince Charles, a German of the best type, brave, cultured and sympathetic, good-humoredly studied the Roumanian language, and finally became master of it. This flattered his new subjects, to whom he has attached himself in many other ways. In 1869 he married the present princess, Elizabeth, of German birth, and she also had the talent to make herself beloved. She has adopted the national costume—which, by the way, is exceedingly beautiful—as her dress on state occasions; groups the beauty and fashion of the land around her; has given a healthy check to the absenteeism which was fast making a second Ireland of Roumania; and in the terrible days of 1877, when the army was fighting the Turks, she worked unweariedly in the hospitals, inspiring all other ladies by her example.

The palace in which Prince Charles resides in winter is a large mansion, almost wholly devoid of exterior ornament. When the Ban Constantine Golesco was building it at the beginning of this century, his father came to examine it, and remarked, "My son, you are foolish to build such enormous rooms. You can never light them."—"Father," answered Constantine, who foresaw many other things besides the introduction of gas into Roumania, "I am building for the future."

Golesco was a noble patriot, and really laid the foundations of the "Roumanian Renaissance." The national independence was born and nourished in this sombre old palace. Catroeni, the summer residence of royalty, was once a monastery. It is more than two centuries old, and owes its origin to the following circumstances: Two powerful families, the Cantacuzenes and the Ghikas, were at deadly enmity, and Cherban Cantacuzene, tracked by his enemies through the forests which in old days covered the hills around Bucharest, built a monastery on the spot where he had successfully hidden until a truce was declared. Although the old pile has been restored, it is still in a dilapidated condition, and the prince must have an easily-contented mind to accept it as an agreea-

ble summer home. He can, if he pleases, go and dream away the hottest of the merciless summer days in the lovely valley where stand the ruins of *Tirgoviste*, the ancient capital of Wallachia, deserted more than a hundred and fifty years ago for less picturesque and more unhealthy Bucharest. *Tirgoviste* is one of the loveliest spots on earth, and the wrecks of noble edifices scattered along the slopes and in the glens prove that there were other giant builders besides *Manol* the Unlucky in the elder days. In the ancient metropolitan church of *Tirgoviste* is the tomb of Bishop Stephen, the first man who printed books in the Roumanian language; and there also are the tombs of the famous *Cantacuzene* family. The leaden roof of the church was melted up for bullets in 1821, and was replaced by one made of iron. Prince Charles can reach this old and moss-grown town by a railway-ride of about fifty English miles from Bucharest to *Gaieoci*, and a six hours' journey thence along pretty country roads bordered with villages on the roofs of whose houses the eternal stork clatters and struts. To-day *Tirgoviste* has only five thousand inhabitants, but there are evidences that it was once very populous. No chronicler has given an exact account of its origin: tradition and history are at odds on this point; but it seems certain that *Mircea* the Elder, who is a mighty figure in the annals of Wallachia, and who became the ruler of that province toward the close of the fourteenth century, transferred the seat of government from *Curtea Argesu*, where *Manol* and his companions had long before begun the great cathedral, to *Tirgoviste*. *Mircea* was a notable warrior, but he does not seem to have prevented an incursion of barbarians which nearly cost the new town its existence. In the sixteenth century *Michael* the Brave fought a terrible battle with the Turks on the plain near the town, and defeated the enemy. A century later a Roumanian prince massacred all Turks found in the neighborhood, and a year after this occurrence the Mussulmans committed such terrible reprisals that *Tirgoviste* was decimated. At the

end of the seventeenth century one of the *Cantacuzenes* constructed a superb castle near the town. It is now only a confused mass of ruined subterranean passages, chaotic walls and massive portals; but the shepherds in the valley point up to it and with bated breath tell the stranger that it is the castle of the ancient *voivodas*, and that it is haunted by the spirits of the departed. At *Tirgoviste* there are one or two important military establishments, and an arsenal has been improvised in an old monastery said to have been founded by no less a personage than *Rodolph the Black*, chief of the Wallachians at the time of the famous "descent" from the mountains. Roumania boasts another ancient castle, "*Campü Lungü*," at the foot of the Carpathians on a plain traversed by the *Dimbovitza* River on its winding way to Bucharest. Here once stood a noble cathedral several centuries old, but it was thrown down by an earthquake in 1819, and has been replaced by one of the most ordinary products of the modern architect's imagination.

Respect for the genius of the early Roumanians increases at each step which one takes among the ruins of their castles and churches, monasteries and fortresses. There is no builder of the race to-day who could accomplish any of the works that seem to have been done with ease in the olden time. The peasant puzzles his dull brain to construct a flimsy cottage with thatched roof and wattled sides—a trap which would afford but small shelter in a more uncertain climate. Colossal men of grand deeds were the fathers, but there is almost no record of them. No written account in Roumanian can be found with an earlier date than the last half of the seventeenth century. After that time there was a decadence of the small literary acquirements of the struggling nation. In the first quarter of the present century the Roumanian could scarcely claim the dignity of a written language. Gradually men of talent awoke to the necessity of a great effort for a literary revival. The language to-day has not a positively settled orthography: one



journalist spells a disputed word in one manner, while his rival insists upon another: thus much confusion arises and many comical blunders ensue. A newly-made "Academy" is hard at work upon a grammar and a dictionary, and romances, poems and historical works have been published, but are read by only a very few persons. In the old bookstalls in Bucharest I found editions of works by Roumanian authors printed in the Slavic language. It is worthy of remark that in Roumania, as in Greece, the literary renaissance preceded the political revival and the declaration of independence. A young Roumanian—whose mastery of the English language is so perfect that it seems almost impossible to believe that he has never been either in England or America—has made a translation of *Hamlet* into his native tongue, and the pretty language seems quite as well adapted as Italian for expressing the majestic verse and grandiose sentiment of the monarch of poets.

The Roumanian is an agreeable language, but it is passing curious. When I first heard it spoken it seemed to me that I was listening to French or Spanish. I hearkened intently, expecting to understand, but I did not gather a single idea. It was vexatious, for it sounded familiar. Just as I was beginning to feel certain of the meaning of the speaker, around some dubious corner, at a break-neck pace, dashed the reckless sentences and were beyond my reach. People are excessively voluble in Roumania (especially when cursing their horses), but a stranger with a good knowledge of Latin, and either Italian or French, could learn the language in a few months. It is derived directly from the rustic Latin which Trajan's colonists spoke, but mingled, of course, with thousands of words and phrases borrowed from the dialects of the peoples who inhabited the country when the conquering Romans came. The Latin which the colonists brought into these provinces was the Latin of the centre and north of Italy and the neighboring countries, which had already undergone considerable modifica-

tion. There were great numbers of people from the sections now known as Spain and Portugal, and there were also Gauls, among these colonists; so that it is not astonishing that words clearly of Spanish or Gallic origin are found side by side to-day with words of indisputable Peninsular origin. Dacian words are still found, and the language is deeply indebted both to the Slavic and the Greek tongues. The Slavic language almost displaced the Roumanian at the time of the great schism in the fifteenth century. The Moldavians were so indignant at the decision of the Council of Florence that they deposed their bishop, rejected the Latin characters, which they had hitherto used in all their printed books, and adopted the Slavic letters as well as liturgy. It is well that the Roman alphabet was resumed at a later day; and it is to be hoped that some time the Russians will be willing to dispense with their eccentric letters, which produce such a confusing effect on the mind of him who sees them for the first time. The blindest German type is as nothing beside these Muscovite monstrosities. The Slavic was long the official language in Roumanian land. Greek had its day under the Fanariotes at the end of the seventeenth century; and so rapid was the progress of its incursion that in less than a century it had invaded the court, the capital, the schools, the legal tribunals and the whole administration. The reaction began with this century, and the triumph of the Roumanian speech may be considered permanent, although possibly many of the prominent Greek citizens of Bucharest would not consent to this proposition.

The Greek society of the principality is highly cultured, refined and well-to-do. I attended several representations of Greek plays in Bucharest. One of them, which was given before a very large audience—in which, by the way, I did not observe a single Russian soldier or officer—was a spirited drama representing the uprising of the Greeks against their oppressors, and foreshadowing the present call to arms for the succor of those Greeks in Thessaly and Crete still under the barbarous domination of the



Turk. There are ten thousand Greeks in Roumania, and they have been of substantial service in promoting insurrection in the provinces of Turkey-in-Europe. Many a hard blow struck for freedom has been rendered possible by their generous gifts of money. Volumes in Greek are occasionally printed in Roumania, and theatre-programmes and newspapers in the prettiest of Grecian type are seen on all the café-tables.

Prince Charles is earnest in his endeavors to promote the growth of literature, and has offered a handsome prize for the best history of the participation of Roumania in the war of 1877. The language is well adapted to poetical expression: it is graceful, flexible and lends itself readily to the conceits of metaphor and the rhythmical fancies so indispensable to true poetry. There is something of the wildness and weirdness of the great plains on which it is spoken in its form. In oburgation and invective it is so wonderfully elastic that the stage-drivers of the Pacific Coast and of Texas would retire from the field in despair after having once heard a Wallachian teamster when thoroughly angry with his horses. The utter whimsicality of the expressions used, and with which one becomes familiar in travelling day after day through the country, was sometimes so overwhelming that my companions and I were compelled to roar with laughter when we should have reproved our driver for want of respect both for us and his beasts.

Seven hundred thousand families live by agriculture in Roumania, and all the others who labor are engaged in trade, for manufactures make no progress. No native capitalist will risk competition with Austria, England, Russia and France. If the government would but intimate to the three hundred thousand gypsies in the principality that they must work or be treated as vagabonds are served in other countries, production might be remarkably increased. The gypsy has mechanical talent, and would make a good operative. But the Roumanians say that he would break his heart if obliged to labor for a certain number of hours daily—that he would forget his

task and wander away in the track of any sunbeam without the slightest idea that he was doing anything wrong. About three-fifths of the enormous amount of cereals produced in the country are consumed at home: the rest is exported to neighboring countries. A bad season for crops and a pestilence among the cattle would place hundreds of thousands of Roumanians in danger of starvation. The province must have manufactures before it can attain to anything like solid prosperity.

It is strange that a land where manufacturing is almost unknown should have a large number of populous towns. Galatz, on the Danube, has eighty thousand inhabitants: Jassy, which may fairly be considered the chief city of Upper Roumania (Old Moldavia), has ninety thousand. Although my impressions of Jassy are somewhat less enthusiastic than they would have been had not absolutely pouring showers of rain partially damped them, I left the old metropolis of the ancient Dacians convinced that its people were enterprising, liberal, and likely to have an important commercial future. The principal streets are handsomely paved with asphalt, laid down as well as in Paris; here and there I spied a mansion of which Walnut street might be proud; and the public buildings were models of solidity and comfort. The hotels do not merit the same compliment. I thought the courtyard of the inn at Jassy the most uninviting place I had ever entered when I came into it one rainy afternoon. The mud was almost knee-deep: the horses floundered through it, snorting angrily. Some half-drunken mujiks, clad in greasy fur coats, were harnessing vicious-looking beasts, putting the high wooden collars, decorated with bells, on them. I began to fancy that I had made a mistake in my reckoning and had slipped over the Russian frontier. As I tramped across the wooden gallery which ran around the exterior of the hotel's second story, servants in blue flowing trousers tucked into enormous boots, in red or green blouses tied at the throat with gayly-colored cords, and with bushy hair hanging low down

upon their foreheads, rose from their seats before their masters' doors and stood bowing obsequiously until I had passed. It seemed like a leaf out of one of Tourgueneff's transcripts of Russian life. In the vast bedroom offered me stood a mighty porcelain stove—a veritable monument, extending to the ceiling and provided with such a labyrinth of whitewashed pipes that it resembled an organ rather than a heating-apparatus. In the dining-room the landlord seemed astonished because the small glass of cordial with which the Russians usually begin a meal was refused. He commented on the refusal, seemed to think that it argued a lack of good sense, and presently asked me if I were an Austrian.

It is not astonishing that Jassy has a Russian imprint, for it is but a short distance from the frontier of the great Northern empire, and has been occupied many times by the troops of the czars. As in the war of 1877, it was the first place into which a force was thrown after the various passages of the Pruth from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth. At the time of my spring visit Russian officers were already there, buying forage for the army soon to arrive. A French writer recounts that on one occasion a Muscovite general (in times past, be it understood) learned that there were not cattle enough to draw the transport-wagons from Jassy on toward the Danube. "Well, then, we must hitch up the boyards" (the Roumanian aristocracy), said this lively general. The Prince de Ligne, in his correspondence from Jassy in 1788, tells a good many stories which do not reflect credit on the conduct of the Russians. Perhaps a certain rude Northern impatience of the slow, shiftless character of the Roumanian peasantry was the cause of some severe Russian measures.

Jassy, like Bucharest, is very rich in churches and in relics. Roumania is everywhere provided with about ten times as many churches as the people can use. The forms of religion in all sections of the country seem to promote the growth

of innumerable monasteries, shrines, cathedrals and minor houses of worship. The "Three Hierarchs," the only worthy rival of the massive and exquisite cathedral of Argêsu, rears its proud front in Jassy. The inhabitants tell you with much emphasis that it is "under the invocation of St. Gregory, St. Chrysostom and St. John," and swell with enthusiasm as they point to its light and graceful towers, the arabesques on the gigantic walls and the silver lamps in the three long and sombre naves lighting but faintly the portrait of the church's founder, "Basil the Wolf," whose very history most of the citizens have never heard, but who, they vaguely say, "was a great man and had seventeen children." The Three Hierarchs and St. Nicholas, a monastery built in 1474 by Stephen the Great, are the chief wonders of Jassy. Princes and their retainers have moved to Bucharest, and their mansions—dignified with the title of "palaces"—have fallen into the hands of Jews. The Hebrew thrives at Jassy. I had the honor of being presented to the principal banker of that persuasion in the town, and sat with him in his office on Sunday to see him attend to business. Long-bearded men, clad in skull-caps and gaberdines, hovered about, seeking his presence eagerly, and a group of them, engaged in conversation ornamented and emphasized by stately gestures, was unlike anything to be seen in Western Europe. Poor Jews and indescribably filthy and rheumatic gypsy beggars abounded and made the air ring with their appeals for alms. The melancholy sect heretofore alluded to as self-mutilators flourishes in this town and possesses a church. These people were driven out of Russia, but have never been refused permission to remain in Roumania or in Bulgaria, in which latter country there are many.

Wretched as the environs of Jassy appear when soaked with rain, when the cottages seem about to float away through the tall grass, and when the philosophical stork, calmly perched on one leg, seems to have decided after due survey that it is about time to go somewhere else, in summer these same fields are

ravishingly beautiful. The hills are covered with flowers, the plains with abundant crops. Riding along the roads leading to Bucharest or out toward the Austrian Bukovina, one comes every few minutes upon some rustic hind who is in dress and figure almost the exact counterpart of the captive warriors to be seen on the bas-reliefs of the famous Trajan Column. The type has changed little, if any, in twenty centuries. It seems impossible that such specimens of humanity as these blank-faced tillers should make the landscape blossom thus with plenty. But they do it, and if educated would accomplish far greater wonders.

From Jassy a picturesque and little-frequented road leads to Bolgrad, a quaint town of ten thousand inhabitants situated in that portion of Bessarabia ceded by a treaty to Russia, only to be re-ceded by the Treaty of Paris to Moldavia, and now to be again handed over to Russia by Prince Charles of Roumania in exchange for the Dobrudscha, which has been wrested from the Turks in Bulgaria. The population in this Bessarabian land, which Russia has so long coveted, is distinctly Roumanian. The men are rather more manly in bearing than their brethren of other sections: they have broad foreheads, frank eyes, long coarse hair, dense black moustaches, well-turned limbs, and generally carry weapons. But they live in hideous little cabins unfit for the habitations of cattle, banked with mud and furnished inside with the rudest articles of prime necessity. In winter, when the heavy snows cover the roadways so deeply that locomotion is next to impossible, these worthies hibernate in their villages. They protect themselves from the cold by sheepskin coats and huge shaggy mantles. The women are dull, submissive and rarely pretty. There are one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants in Bessarabia, and Prince Charles thinks so much of them that he considers himself a loser by taking the Dobrudscha, which will give him two hundred thousand subjects.

Between Bucharest and Jassy, on or near the line of rail leading to the Russian frontier, there are many important

and interesting towns, rendered doubly attractive of late by the fact that war has just swept through them or hovered near them. The land is rich with souvenirs of other campaigns than those of Russians. The peasant now and then unearths some coin or bronze or brass ornament bearing the effigy of Alexander the Great, who once made an expedition into Dacia. On mountain-slopes are the traces of old cities whose history no man knows, and excavations among the half-buried walls of the long-forgotten temples and palaces bring to light potteries, glass, bones of domestic animals, stone weapons and bits of effigies in metal so corroded that they cannot be distinguished. The earth is here a vast tomb of dead-and-gone civilizations, wars and conquests: it is tranquil as the centuries roll on, awaiting the signal for another period of fruition. At the noted Barbosi—one of the first places to become celebrated in 1877, because the Russians seized upon a bridge there in time to protect it against a descent meditated by the captains of Turkish monitors—are the remains of a vast Roman intrenched camp and fortresses. The churches in Galatz and the ramparts in Braila are built of the massive stones taken from the walls which the elder Romans piled up as memorials of their valor and guarantees of their reward for it. Catacombs containing bas-reliefs, urns, statuettes and inscriptions were also discovered at Barbosi during the last century. Galatz, near Barbosi, is renowned chiefly for possessing the tomb of Mazeppa and as an important commercial port. The Greeks are quite as numerous and powerful there as in Bucharest, and in the first quarter of this century rose with great spirit several times against the Turks, on one occasion slaying hundreds before their wrath was appeased. The Mussulmans were not slow at reprisal. How many times has the water of the Danube been crimsoned with the blood of battle? Yet the majestic river flows through lands which seem to have been intended for the home of eternal peace. Let us hope that with the new era of progress will come free-

dom from all barbaric struggles such as in time past have made Servia, Roumania and Bulgaria a veritable "dark and bloody ground" in Europe.

Bucharest has a fine national museum, which has been greatly enriched within the last few years by the collections of antiquities unearthed by the delving peasants. At first, the Wallachs did not fancy these things worth preserving. The farmer broke up statues to use them for boundary-stones, and the teamster who found a rusty coin while lighting his evening camp-fire spurned it away because it was not bright and new, like the *len* and *bati*—the Roumanian francs and centimes—of the present day. An eminent archæologist named Odobesco, who has written much on the subject of the tumuli scattered everywhere in Roumania, believes that a careful search would bring to light many articles belonging to the Stone and Bronze Ages. In the eastern flanks of the Carpathians lie buried secrets which were unknown to Herodotus himself, and upon which we may some day stumble. If the newly-emancipated principality is permitted to enjoy permanent peace, important discoveries will be made within its limits in the course of a few years. In addition to the treasures in the Bucharest museum, several princes and one or two wealthy private citizens have rich collections of coins, statues and vases which serve to illustrate the history of the earliest moments of the Christian era.

In all the Roumanian towns which rise above the dignity of villages there is a large class of persons who do nothing from year's end to year's end. How they exist is a puzzle past comprehension. In Ploiesci, which was for some time the head-quarters of the czar Alexander and the grand duke Nicholas at the beginning of the recent campaign against Turkey, there were hundreds of families enjoying leisure, but without any visible means of support. The husbands sat all day in the cafés smoking cigarettes and discussing the situation, or reclined on benches in their gardens indolently enjoying the soft spring breezes. Their wives and daughters appeared to outdo

their natural protectors in laziness. Yet all were well dressed, and even made a certain pretension to style, affecting to sneer at the rough, homely ways of some of the Northern folk who had come down to fight the Turk. The Jews controlled the trade: the Roumanian felt himself too fine, evidently, to sell linen coats at ten francs apiece and bottles of colored water labelled "Bordeaux" at the same price to the Russian new-comers. In Giurgevo the same lazy, listless class was to be seen everywhere, and seemed too idle to move out of the way of the bombardment. At Simnita, Master Nicolai, with whom for a short time I had the pleasure of residing, endeavored to explain his circumstances. "The crops, you see, bring in a little," he said; "the fowls a little more; once in a while I sell a butt of wine; and, mon Dieu! one does not need much money after all." This was eminently true in Master Nicolai's case, for he seemed to live upon air and cigarette smoke. I never saw him at table during my visit, and it is my firm belief that in a week he did not consume as much solid food as a full-grown English or American lad would eat in a single day.

Towns like Ploiesci, Giurgevo, Craiova, Slatina, all have a certain smartness, and take their tone from Bucharest; but there is no solid prosperity in them. Morals are rather looser than the best class of Roumanians would like to admit: money is too powerful, and will buy almost anything. A little money will shake an obstacle to the completion of a contract, will secure exceptional privilege and honor: a great deal of money makes all opposition to one's wishes vanish as by magic. Venality is not so marked in the peasantry as it is in the middle classes. Of the corruption of society in the principal towns much has been said and written: it is as bad as it can be, but the Hungarians and Austrians, who spend much of their time in criticising the Roumanians, are quite as faulty as the inhabitants of the little principality. Divorce is easy and frequent throughout Roumania. There is little or no violent vengeance practised



in cases of domestic infelicity. The exterior of society is spotless, and the stranger spending a few days among the people would fancy them absolutely undisturbed by any irregularities of conduct. Prince Charles and his wife have always given an example of the utmost devotion to the sacredness of the family tie, and as a natural consequence are universally loved and respected by the members of refined society in the state.

Almost every Roumanian town, small and large, possesses innumerable gardens, which in summer make even the ordinary dwellings agreeable residences. In winter the wooden houses are not quite so pleasant, for the Wallach understands as poorly as the Italian how to warm himself, and he growls all through the severe cold season, which he considers as a kind of penance. With the cessation of the spring rains his serenity of temper returns. Each town has its gypsy quarter, and the types seen there are simply indescribable. Men and women of this class have extremely primitive ideas with regard to clothing, and appear absolutely devoid of shame. For four hundred and fifty years the Tsigane has been known in Roumania, and the race has made little or no improvement in that time: the gypsies still steal when they dare, beg when they can, and work only when obliged.

The country is as rich in monasteries as in churches. What a wonderful field in these grand Carpathians for the painter, who as yet has left them unexplored! The crags crowned with turrets and ramparts; the immense forests, which extend from snow-capped summits to vales where the grass is always green; the paths winding along verges of awful precipices; the tiny villages where shepherds come to sleep at night, and where the only persons who have ever seen people from Western Europe are the soldiers and the priests, who mayhap have travelled a little; the exquisite sunsets filled with semi-tropical splendors, which flood and transfigure the vast country-side,—all are new and wonderful, and offer ten thousand charms to him who is

weary of Switzerland and the Alps, the Scottish Highlands and the woods of Fontainebleau. Despite the rains which followed me when I threaded the paths in the neighborhood of superb old Niamtzo's fortress and monastery, only six hours' ride by diligence from a convenient point on the railway from Bucharest to Jassy, I returned enchanted with the beauties of the Carpathian range. I do not remember in which of the novels of "Ouida" there is a description of this Roumanian mountain-country and one of the monasteries in an almost inaccessible nook; but I know that in journeying about the mountains it seemed to me that she had not exaggerated, and that her rhapsody was full of profound truth.

Niamtzo is the chief of Roumanian historical monasteries. Its bells rang to call the faithful monks to prayer a hundred years before Columbus discovered America, yet some of its massive walls are still in good condition. The savage grandeur of its site, in a spot among high mountains tipped with snow, with fir trees standing round about it like solemn sentinels, is sufficiently impressive, but the edifice is more striking than its surroundings. To-day it has two churches, ten bell-towers and five or six hundred monks. These lead a laborious albeit rather irresponsible existence. The old fortress near it was erected in the thirteenth century by a body of Teutons whom an Hungarian king had employed to check the incursions of the Tartars; and hence the name of both fort and monastery, for Niamtzo, or *Nemtsu*, in Roumanian means "German." After the Germans who built it had passed away, Niamtzo was the scene of many bloody battles. Tradition informs us that Stephen the Great, unfortunate in battle with the Turks, fled toward the fortress, but that his mother Helen commanded the gates to be shut in his face, crying out that unless he came home victor he was no son of hers. Whereupon this dutiful son recovered his presence of mind, and, rallying his flying men, turned and inflicted upon the Turks a chastisement which



the Osmanli nation remembers to this day.

Niamtzo possesses various buildings of more or less modern construction—an insane asylum and one or two cloth-factories in which the monks labor. Not far from the old monastery is a famous convent for women, distinguished from similar institutions in Roman Catholic countries by the extreme freedom of the inmates. This convent of Agapia has contained as many as five hundred "nuns" at a time, all belonging to the upper ranks of society. None of these ladies considered themselves as bound to ghostly vows, and Agapia and other convents became the centres of so much intrigue that the government was compelled some years since to place restrictions upon them. The clergy aided the secular officials to reform many scandalous lapses from discipline in these establishments. Sojourn in the convent, once adopted, is for life, and many rich Roumanian families sacrifice one of their daughters that they may have more wealth for the child they love best. The revenues of both the monasteries and convents are enormous: Niamtzo,

which was at one time under the special protection of the emperor of Russia, disposes of nearly nine hundred thousand francs yearly, and Agapia's income is one hundred and twenty thousand francs. There are many convents in the mountains near Niamtzo, and indeed there are few sections of Roumania in which these institutions do not exist.

In a convent not far from Bucharest a consul who was a guest for the afternoon was somewhat surprised to hear a number of nuns constantly repeating for more than an hour a woman's name. At last his curiosity prompted him to ask the lady superior what was the reason of this repetition.

"Oh," said she, smiling, "it's only a *privighiero*."

"And what is that?"

"It is a prayer for the death of a certain person who has won the affections of a great dignitary away from his lawful wife. The *privighiero* is paid for by the wife, and is to be continued at short intervals for forty days."

The consul did not dare to ask the lady if she thought the prayer would be answered. EDWARD KING.

## SILENT.

I WILL not speak. For ever from old days  
 Another voice assails him: shall mine come  
 To break that perfect music? Make me dumb,  
 God, who art merciful! and of thy grace  
 Keep my lips silent. I have heard him praise  
 Her speech as sweet as late bird singing home,  
 And soft as on far shore breaks the spent foam,  
 Tender as twilight's peace on woodland ways.  
 I serve his pleasure, wait with ears attent:  
 Indeed, it well befits me to be meek.  
 His joy is past, his fortune has been spent,  
 And I—he found me when he turned to seek,  
 In place of Bliss, some pale and dull Content—  
 I will be faithful, but I will not speak.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

## RUE ST. JEAN.

"A THOUSAND pardons, monsieur," says a good-humored voice at my elbow.

I am standing on the narrow sidewalk of the Rue St. Jean in the old Norman city of Caen, having paused in my leisurely saunter one bright June morning for an admiring gaze at the wondrous spire of St. Pierre rising two hundred and forty feet above its supporting tower, with its soft gray surface pierced with open trefoils. "A thousand pardons, monsieur," repeats the voice as I look now at the owner of it.

The speaker is a short, stout little woman of perhaps fifty years, who stands facing me on the narrow footway with a portly-looking basket on her arm. From out the basket peep legs of fowl and lettuce-leaves, the fresh greenness of the latter contrasting oddly with the faded yellow of the neighboring legs. If the face which is now upturned toward mine has ever been a pretty one, it has lost all claim to that distinction at present, and the partial absence of teeth gives it a curiously puckered expression. Yet, surmounted by a snowy cap, it is not unattractive, and there is a kindly twinkle in the black bead-like eyes and a smile about the puckered mouth. I step quickly to one side that she may pass, but now that she has succeeded in attracting my attention she seems in no hurry to move on.

"Monsieur was perhaps admiring the beautiful St. Pierre?" is said questioningly.

I nod my head.

"Monsieur is doubtless of the English nation?" she continues, shifting her heavy basket to her other arm, while the yellow legs seem to wave deprecatingly in the air as she does so.

My answer that I am from America serves to deepen the queer little smile that is about her mouth. "Monsieur is an Américain," is said musingly. "That is so far away!" and she waves her un-

occupied hand in the direction of St. Pierre. "I knew one once who went to America, but it was long ago, and he comes not back;" and the voice takes on a pathetic little quaver and the smile leaves her face for a moment.

"Was it a friend of yours?" I ask sympathizingly.

"But yes, monsieur: it was my son;" and the cheery voice grows unsteady.

"I should like to hear about it," I continued, forgetting the tower of St. Pierre and its gray old spire in the momentary interest which this old Frenchwoman has excited.

"Monsieur is very good to want to listen to an old woman like me," she responds, her wrinkled face flushing with pleasure as she says the words; "but it is a long story, and now I have not the time, as I promised to be home at eleven, and monsieur hears the bells striking eleven this moment. But if monsieur really wishes—" and she stops and looks inquiringly at me.

I assure her that I really want to hear her story, and she goes on: "Then if monsieur will have the goodness to walk this way this afternoon, and stop at that house at the end of the street where he sees that little sign over the door, and inquire for Madame Estival, he shall hear. Bon jour, monsieur;" and she goes her way with a little courtesy which would be graceful but for the heavy basket which bumps against her knees.

Meanwhile I retrace my steps along the Rue St. Jean, and thread my way through the Place St. Pierre among the market-women bustling about their stalls piled high with flowers and fruits and vegetables, and turn into Rue Notre Dame, which is quieter than the busy market-place, and following this till it becomes Rue St. Étienne, I at last reach the Abbaye aux Hommes and the church of St. Étienne, where once lay the body of William the Conqueror. And so, with pleasant rambling about this half-mod-

ernized Norman town, the morning goes, and after a dinner at a modest little restaurant in one of the side streets leading from Rue Notre Dame, I find myself in mid-afternoon once more in Rue St. Jean. The door of the house my acquaintance of the morning has indicated stands open, and as I approach it Madame Estival herself appears, smiling and courtesying. It is evident that in my honor she has changed her costume of the morning for a dark brown silk, which rustles with every step. Around her neck is a string of gold beads, and on her head a high, pointed muslin cap, the first that I have seen in Caen.

"Monsieur is too kind," she says as she entreats me to come in, and leads the way over a floor so highly polished that I follow with some misgivings lest I slip and fall.

"Will monsieur be seated?" and as I take the chair she offers I gaze about me a little.

The room I have entered is long and narrow, and, though a large window opens on the street, the apartment is not very light, for shelves extended across the window are laden with choice specimens of Rouen faience and the ware of Limoges and Nevers. One side of the room is lined with shelves filled in the same manner also.

"Monsieur is perhaps a lover of such things?" suggests Madame Estival, noticing the direction of my gaze; and as I bow my head in reply she resumes: "But Adolphe, my son, never cared for the business, and so he went to work with his uncle, Jean Voysier, the engraver, before whose house monsieur was standing this morning. Adolphe was but sixteen when he went to my brother, and often has Jean said to me, 'Louise'—that is my name, monsieur perceives—'I never had one to learn of me that was so quick as Adolphe.' And well might he praise him, for there were few brighter lads than Adolphe in all Caen. Monsieur thinks, doubtless, that I am a foolish old woman, but when I think of Adolphe *mon fils* I am triste;" and a tear rolls down the wrinkled cheek and falls upon the string of gold beads.

"Monsieur notices the *bonnet de coton*," she continues, touching with one hand the pointed cap, while the other smooths down the brown silk: "it is hardly ever seen now in Caen except on fête-days; but Adolphe used to like me to wear it, and it was the thought of him that made me put it on to-day;" and Madame Estival sighs as she says this, and is silent for a moment, while an inquisitive mouse peers curiously at me from behind a tall jar of Rouen faience in one corner of the room, and then, as madame begins speaking again, dodges behind the wainscoting.

"Did monsieur observe as he came up the street that tall, narrow house numbered 94?"

I did remember passing it and pausing to notice how each of the upper stories projected over the one beneath.

"It is a very old house," says Madame Estival, "and once that little balcony at the top used to be filled with flowers all summer. Jules Frère lived there with his daughter Marguerite, and that was her chamber, there with the balcony in front. They came from Bayeux the year after Adolphe went to work with my brother Jean; and as Adolphe sat with his grav-ing-tools before the highest window at my brother's—for Jean rented but the two upper floors then—he could look across to the balcony, for Jules Frère's was just opposite Jean Voysier's. In those days Marguerite used to water her flowers in the balcony every morning, and Adolphe, looking across the street, had only to say in his modest, gentle way, 'Bon jour, mademoiselle,' for her to hear him quite well. Adolphe, the silly fellow! used to say to me that Marguerite was like a flower herself. It was then that Adolphe would be a long time in his chamber in the mornings, and when he came down I could see how carefully he was dressed. But I said nothing.

"Monsieur sees how it was: the foolish boy was in love. But what would you? Monsieur knows how hard it is to put an end to such things. And Marguerite was very beautiful: when she went to St. Pierre with her father, monsieur

would have looked a long time to find one more beautiful. Old Jules Frère—ah, how ugly he was!"—and madame gives that expressive French shrug and makes a gesture of disgust—"was a book-keeper, and Marguerite was always making lace. Monsieur is aware, perhaps, how famous the black lace of Caen is, and at Bayeux, where the Frères had lived, they say the lace is still finer. But I do not know.

"But it was a long time before Adolphe could see Mademoiselle Frère except among her flowers, and meanwhile Adolphe was growing up straight and tall, and Marguerite grew every day more beautiful. But when winter came and Marguerite was no more at the window, Adolphe grew sad, and I, his mother, could do nothing to please him. So it is, monsieur: my boy was nineteen years old, and all his life I had loved and cared for him, and now he sees a pretty face, and all my love for him is nothing. But the months went by, and at last Adolphe used to meet Marguerite at the little fêtes in our quarter, and she was very friendly to poor Adolphe, and allowed him always to dance with her. And Jules Frère was very civil to him, and invited him to the house very often. But, indeed, no one could help liking Adolphe. Ah, monsieur, he was so handsome! Will monsieur look at this?" and madame rises, and going to an old-fashioned armoire in one corner of the room, brings from thence a faded photograph and places it in my hand.

Handsome Adolphe Estival certainly was not, except to the eyes of a mother, if the accuracy of the photograph could be trusted; but the face seemed an honest, intelligent one, with a certain boyish look which had not yet given way to the more matured features of the man.

I hand the photograph back with a kindly word or two, and madame crosses the room and replaces it in a compartment of the armoire before she resumes her story.

"Has monsieur been long in Caen?" she questions, taking up her knitting, which has lain on a stand at her elbow.

I answer that I have been here a week.

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"Then monsieur has doubtless been to the Cours Cafarelli, there by the river, the Arne; and he remembers the rows of trees with seats between them that are there? It is there where Adolphe and Marguerite used to walk in the long summer evenings. I went there too when I was young, but monsieur sees that must have been a long time ago," says madame, with a little pause between the words.

"Adolphe would come to me," she resumes, "those evenings, and ask me if I thought he looked well enough to walk with Marguerite; and I would say, 'Adolphe, you might walk with the empress herself;' and then he would kiss me and go away, and I would watch him going down the street till he stopped at Monsieur Frère's door, and after that till he and Marguerite had turned the corner into the Place St. Pierre. And I used to sit and think of the days when he and Marguerite would be married. I hoped it would be a long time first, but since I knew Adolphe loved her I was quite willing he should marry, and there was no one else I could have liked as well. Marguerite was not at all like her father: he was like the carrots monsieur sometimes sees in the market-place, thin and twisted out of shape; but Marguerite was tall and straight, with eyes that looked right through one, and a voice as sweet and soft as the organ-notes that monsieur will sometimes hear at mass, unless"—and madame speaks a little hesitatingly—"unless monsieur is a Protestant, for there are many *dans l'Amérique*, I am told."

"And so monsieur is really a Protestant?" she muses when I have answered. "Ah well! it is not much matter, for has not our curé himself said there are many good people among the Protestants? But monsieur thinks," she continues, "that I am a long time telling him my story, but indeed there is not much more to tell. It was when Adolphe was just twenty-one that he went one day to ask Jules Frère for his daughter in marriage. It was long before that he had found out that Marguerite loved only him."

"In those walks in the Cours Cafarelli," I suggest.

"'Tis likely," madame says simply. "But I was saying," she resumes, taking a ball of yarn from her pocket and undoing a portion slowly, and then replacing the depleted ball in her pocket and taking up her knitting and her story at the same time, "that Adolphe at last went to see if Jules Frère would let him marry Marguerite. But ah, monsieur, it was a sad heart that my Adolphe had from that day. When he told Marguerite's father how he loved his daughter and wished to marry her, old Jules Frère grew all at once very stern and looked at Adolphe as if he could tear him in pieces.

"I never thought you would be so presumptuous," he said, scowling all the while. "If I allowed you to see Marguerite, and to go with her to church and to other places, it was because I saw it pleased her, and I thought of you both as children. I do not mean for her to marry here in Caen, but she is to marry the son of my old neighbor in Bayeux. You are but a poor engraver. If I were to let you marry her she would starve. No, Adolphe Estival"—and this he said very loud, so that Marguerite, who was in the next room, should hear—"you cannot have Marguerite, and I forbid you to see her again;" and then he opened the door to the street and told Adolphe that he might go.

"Ah, monsieur, those were sad days for us. After that Adolphe was always sad. He never whistled when he was dressing in the mornings, as he always used to do; he was cross to me, his mother, for the first time in his life; and my brother Jean would say to me that Adolphe would sit all day at his work and say nothing. It was no use looking over to the balcony now, for Jules Frère had taken all Marguerite's flowers into the house himself, so that she should no more come there to water them. At last Adolphe said he would stay no longer in Caen: it was hateful to him. He would go to Paris. And when I spoke to Jean about it, he said it was well—that there the lad would get over his disappointment, and perhaps, for he knew his

trade well, would in time become a famous engraver. But I had many sorrowful thoughts, monsieur, when I packed Adolphe's trunk for the journey, for I was not so hopeful as Jean; yet I would not try to keep him with me if he would really be happier away. And so he went to Paris one morning; and oh, monsieur, I have not seen him since!" and madame's voice is almost a sob, while the knitting falls to the floor unheeded.

"For after he had been a few months in Paris," she continues, "he wrote me that he was going to America with a new friend of his, for, though work was good in Paris, he did not care to stay there. See! here is the letter," madame says eagerly, and brings me the letter from the same compartment of the armoire from which she had formerly taken the photograph.

I glance at the stiff, boyish writing, and ask, as I turn the letter about idly in my hand, if madame has heard from Adolphe since he went to America.

"Not a word," says madame dejectedly, dusting off a piece of Dresden china on the shelf in an absent sort of manner with the sleeve of her brown silk as she speaks.

"It is very sad," I murmur, because I can think of nothing better to say just then; and then I ask how long since Adolphe went to America, for the letter which she has shown me, and which she has now replaced with the photograph, is undated.

"One whole year, monsieur," is madame's sorrowful answer.

"Perhaps Adolphe is waiting till he can tell you that he has found some good situation and is making good wages before he writes to you, or it may be that he means to surprise you before long with some fine present from across the seas," I suggest.

Madame does not see the unlikelihood of my surmises, and her face brightens up. She resumes her knitting: "It may be as monsieur says: I was wrong to think that Adolphe could forget his mother. America is much larger than France, I have heard?" she says questioningly.

"Much larger," I answer; and then



she listens eagerly while I tell her about the wonderful country to which Adolphe has gone. Finally, I ask about Marguerite.

"Marguerite? Ah, monsieur, she is dead. It was soon after Adolphe went to Paris that she said to Jules Frère her father that she would never marry the son of their old Bayeux neighbor whom he had said she must. Then Jules Frère was very angry, and very cross he was with poor Marguerite; and at last she said she would go to the convent. Monsieur Frère did not oppose her going, because he thought that long before her novitiate was over and it was time for her to take the black veil she would be tired of the convent and be glad to come back and do as he wished. So, monsieur, it was not long before Marguerite went to the Abbaye aux Dames. Monsieur has passed the abbaye, it is likely, there on the high ground beyond St. Pierre?"

Monsieur knows the place well, for it was but yesterday that he was there examining the convent church of the Holy Trinity and the hospital of the Hôtel Dieu.

"So, there was where Marguerite went; and after she had been there some months she caught a fever from one of the sick people—for she went every day to nurse the poor creatures in the Hôtel Dieu—and as she was not strong she could not get over it, and every day she grew worse. At last one morning she sent for me—it was the twelfth of February, monsieur—and just as I reached the abbaye I heard the bell tolling, and one of the Sisters came and told me that Marguerite was dead;" and here madame's voice, low and tremulous, breaks down utterly.

After a while she grows calm, and then she tells me more about Marguerite's death. "It was the twelfth of last-February, monsieur," she repeats. "Old Jules Frère was almost crazy, and not a word the curé would say could comfort him. After the funeral was over he resigned his place, sold all his furniture and went back to Bayeux. I have heard that he himself was very ill afterward, but I do not know."

Madame stops short here, for the

church-clocks are striking five, and just as their last strokes sound a small clock on a high shelf in one corner of the room strikes the hour in a hurried, apologetic sort of way, as if it were ashamed of being caught lagging.

"A thousand pardons, monsieur!" cries madame: "I did not know it was so late. And monsieur has stayed all the afternoon to listen to me, a tiresome old woman! I shall never forgive myself;" and she makes an impatient gesture with her wrinkled hands.

But when I assure her that I do not at all regret the way in which the afternoon has gone she looks relieved; and then I say a few words of sympathy, blunderingly enough, no doubt; and then, as I rise to go, madame rises also, and we move toward the street-door. But I do not go just yet: I have seen a jar of Rouen falence that I think I must have, and so I ask the price. And then we have a little talk over madame's china, and she promises to send the Rouen jar to the Hôtel de Than, where I am staying, on the morrow: then I say good-day to madame, who smiles her queer, puckered little smile as she responds, and then I go down the Rue St. Jean again and on to my hotel.

On my way I call for letters at the post-office, and three letters are handed me—from over the seas, all of them, and grateful reminders of home and friends in *la grande Amérique*, as Madame Estival had called it. One of the letters is from a college friend, who gossips pleasantly about old acquaintances and their whereabouts, and toward the end he says:

"Do you remember, Ralph, how shocked we all were last fall by the murder of Mr. Loring and his friends out there in Arizona by the Apaches? Well, something of the same kind happened last winter near Tucson, Arizona, which has just come to my knowledge. I don't know that you ever saw Fred Warren, who used to be quite a friend of mine, but whom I haven't seen so much of this last year, since I have been so engaged in business. He was always a roving sort of fellow, and last fall he set off for

a journey across the Plains, taking with him a young Frenchman—Estival, his name was, an engraver—who was very much attached to him on account of some kindnesses Warren had shown him. They went first to Santa Fé, and there Fred picked up an acquaintance with some fellows from Arizona, who told him that he ought to visit the silver-mines there; so Fred, who had no particular object in view beyond a general desire for adventure, decided he would turn his steps in that direction; and the young Frenchman of course went with him. Late one February night—the twelfth, if I am not mistaken—while they were riding in the stage to Tucson with three or four companions, a band of Apaches swooped down on them. All the party in the stage were armed, and they made so stout a resistance that the Indians—there were but few of them, by the way—fled; not, however, till they had fired several shots and mortally wounded poor Fred and the young Frenchman. Fred and his friend were taken on to Tucson, where they died next day, and were buried in that far-off, half-Spanish town. Thinking of their melancholy end far away from any friends, and of the case of Gilbert, a young fellow who lived next door, and who died recently after quite a long sickness which the tender attentions of friends had done all they could to alleviate, has I apt a verse of Jean Ingelow (you know how you used to laugh at me for my liking for Jean Ingelow) running in my mind for days:

Men must die: one dies by day, and near him moans  
his mother;

They dig his grave, tread it down, and go from it  
full loath;

And one dies about the midnight, and the wind  
moans, and no other,

And the snows give him a burial; and God loves  
them both.

"It is only within a few days that I heard of Fred's death. You know news travels slowly from those out-of-the-way regions. I told you I had not seen much of poor Fred the last year; but he came to see me the day he left Boston, bringing his French friend with him—a pleasant-appearing young fellow, but with a disappointed look in his eyes, I fancied.

He was from Caen, he told me, where you are now, I suppose, from the address you forwarded me from Paris. If you can find this young Frenchman's friends there, you had better tell them what I have just written about his fate, as it may be they will not hear otherwise.

"How do you like Normandy, Ralph? Are you as charmed with the country as you expected?" and then, with one or two requests for trifles from Normandy, my friend's letter closes.

As I think of the little shop in the Rue St. Jean to which I must go to-morrow with the sorrowful tale I have just learned, I wish myself miles away, and then I toss the letter impatiently aside and vainly resolve that I will think no more of the matter till next day.

The morrow comes, and while I am eating a late breakfast madame herself appears, with the Rouen jar carefully packed in the market-basket which I had seen her have the day before. "Bon jour, monsieur," she says, opening the basket and unpacking the jar. "Monsieur is perhaps surprised to see me; and truly I might have sent my nephew, young François, but a lad of ten is hardly to be trusted with china;" and madame laughs merrily.

Madame is evidently in good spirits, and talks and laughs incessantly, and the difficulty of telling what I have learned becomes more and more apparent. At last she says it is time for her to go to church, "For monsieur, it is likely, does not know that it is the festival of St. John Baptist, and I am going to the church of St. Sauveur, where my cousin is one of the priests."

Then I say that I have not seen that church, and would like to go with her if madame will permit; and madame smiles and says *Oui* very eagerly; and off we go, the little Frenchwoman and I.

When the service is over we do not leave the church, for madame sees her cousin in his black cassock coming down the aisle to speak with her. He is a man much older than madame, with calm, benignant features and soft gray hair escaping from under his close skull-cap. He smiles graciously as he approaches us,

and when his cousin tells him that "monsieur is from America," he asks politely if I would not like to go about the church, and offers himself as a guide while madame stays behind.

When we are quite out of sight of madame, and are examining a curious fresco in a side-chapel, I tell him how his cousin has told me about her son, and of what I have since learned about his death so far away from home and friends. The good priest is much moved, and the tears roll down his cheeks and fall on his black cassock. "It is so hard for poor Louise!" he murmurs; and then he sits down on a stone bench, quite overcome. But he recovers himself in a moment, and then he says, "Monsieur will wonder at my telling him, but when I was quite a young man I was in love with Louise: she was but a girl then, and I thought her charming;" and a blush rises in his pale cheeks. "But," he resumes, "my father did not think it right for cousins to marry, and so I became a priest, and Louise never knew;" and his voice, soft and low as it is, becomes inaudible, though his lips move slightly. He has forgotten that any one is with him.

I venture to break the silence at last by suggesting that he should be the one to inform madame of her son's death.

"You are right," he responds. "It is I that should do it, instead of leaving the task to a stranger, though I cannot feel that monsieur is a stranger to us," he adds politely.

Then I tell him that I will not go back to where madame is waiting; and so he shows me a small door which will admit me into the street, and as I open it and pass out I hear his steps echoing down the aisles.

The next day I go to the Rue St. Jean. The shutters of the little china-shop are closed, but the door is open and the good priest is just coming out.

"Louise," he says in answer to my question, "will see you, I think. Let us go in."

We find madame sitting in a high-backed chair in an inner room, the *bonnet de coton* on her head and Adolphe's picture and letter in her hand.

"She says she shall always wear the

*bonnet de coton* now, because Adolphe loved to see her in it," the priest has just time to whisper to me before madame speaks.

"Bon jour, monsieur," she says sadly; and then, when I have answered her greeting, she resumes: "It is the Bon Dieu that has taken my Adolphe, monsieur. It is wrong for me to weep, for it must be that he is happy, he and Marguerite. And so it was the twelfth of February that the Bon Dieu took them both? It is well: I will not grieve;" and then, after a pause, she says, but more to herself than to us, it would seem, "Oh, Adolphe! Adolphe! mon cher fils!"

Then we go softly away, the priest and I, and when we have gone together down the street, and have reached the Place de St. Pierre, we part, and I have taken my last look at the Rue St. Jean.

I leave Caen the next day, and in a month more my idle ramblings are at an end and I am back in America. A few days after my return I find that some few of Warren's personal effects have found their way from Arizona to his Boston friends, and among them are some little trifles that belonged to his French companion. They are readily resigned to me upon my promising to forward them to his mother, whose address I have. I do this, and in a few weeks a letter reaches me from Caen. It is from the priest.

"We are very grateful to you," he writes, "Louise and I, for sending us Adolphe's ring and cross. Louise wears the cross on her neck, and the ring she keeps in the armoire with the letter and picture. We often talk of you in the Rue St. Jean, and Louise says a prayer for you every day. You ask if she is well. She was ill for some days after you saw her last, but she has quite recovered now, though I do not think she will ever be like the old Louise Estival again. She sends you her thanks and best wishes.

"I am, monsieur, yours to serve,

"ÉMILE LAFAUCHERIE."

OSCAR F. ADAMS.

## A JUNE NIGHT.

TEN O'CLOCK: the broken moon  
Hangs not yet a half hour high,  
Yellow as a shield of brass,  
In the dewy air of June,  
Poised between the vaulted sky  
And the ocean's liquid glass.

Earth lies in the shadow still;  
Low black bushes, trees and lawn  
Night's ambrosial dews absorb;  
Through the foliage creeps a thrill,  
Whispering of yon spectral dawn  
And the hidden climbing orb.

Higher, higher, gathering light,  
Veiling with a golden gauze  
All the trembling atmosphere,  
See, the rayless disk grows white!  
Hark, the glittering billows pause!  
Faint, far sounds possess the ear.

Elves on such a night as this  
Spin their rings upon the grass;  
On the beech the water-fay  
Greets her lover with a kiss;  
Through the air swift spirits pass,  
Laugh, caress, and float away.

Shut thy lids and thou shalt see  
Angel faces wreathed with light,  
Mystic forms long vanished hence.  
Ah, too fine, too rare, they be  
For the grosser mortal sight,  
And they foil our waking sense.

Yet we feel them floating near,  
Know that we are not alone,  
Though our open eyes behold  
Nothing save the moon's bright sphere,  
In the vacant heavens shown,  
And the ocean's path of gold.

EMMA LAZARUS.

## THE MASONS OF VIRGINIA.

THE history of the Masons of Virginia in its main features much resembles that of nearly all the later families of the State which have a history. From the George Mason who, with Patrick Henry, refused to sign the Constitution of the United States because it "squinted toward monarchy," down to the author of the Fugitive Slave Law, whose mission was interrupted by Captain Wilkes, they were a proud, generous, handsome race, fond of politics and of blooded horses and good dinners. My great-grandmother, Mrs. Thomson-Mason of England, bought with her pin-money the beautiful valley extending from Leesburg to Point of Rocks for one shilling an acre; and in my childhood this happy valley was occupied almost entirely by the Masons, not one of whom remains.

I will pass by the hospitality, the sports, the political success, the lawsuit so indispensable to every family worthy of the name, and try to bring out from the deepening shadows of the past only the equally indispensable family tragedy. Ah, if Virginia could have had a Hawthorne to study some of these domestic histories as he studied the less picturesque ones of New England! What striking scenes and effective figures would start afresh from the relentless mist of years, now blotting them so fast and hopelessly from view, were there but such a brooding fancy and such a magic touch as his to evoke them!

But the tragedy that I shall tell seems to need no aid. In whole and in detail it is so logical and so complete, it bears in sober truth a form so like the one we look for, that the simplest possible narration of the facts is all that art requires.

In 1815, Armistead T. Mason entered the Senate of the United States—young, handsome, gifted, wealthy, with all his family prestige about him. He was also quick to anger and rather overbearing. When in the Senate I believe he was

the youngest member of that body. His father had been a United States Senator before him, and was a nephew of the illustrious George Mason just mentioned.

The McCartys were related, remotely in blood and closely by marriage, to the Masons, the sister of this Armistead T. Mason having married William McCarty, afterward a member of the House of Representatives. In 1819, when Mason had been about four years in the Senate, and when he was not much over thirty years old, there arose between him and John M. McCarty, the brother of William, some difficulty of a political nature, which became more and more embittered by the influence of injudicious friends, until the usual result of such "difficulties" in those days was reached.

Mason had a young and devoted wife, with one child, a pretty little boy but a few months old. Their home was called Selma, in the county of Loudon. John M. McCarty was a brilliant young lawyer of the same county, and he was soon to be married to the lovely Lucinda Lee. When about to start for the "field of honor" Mason persuaded his unsuspecting wife to go on a visit to his mother, who lived at the old Mason homestead, Raspberry Plain, a few miles distant. All were in total ignorance of his intentions. He left with his physician a letter directed to my mother, asking her, in case of his death, to go to his wife and comfort her.

They fought at Bladensburg. Mason fell at the first fire and never spoke again. The old physician and my mother hastened to his young widow and darling little boy, and had the hard task of telling first the dreadful news, and transforming a world which held nothing but beauty and happiness for them into a dreary desert scarce better than the grave. Weeks passed, so overwhelming was her grief, before it became cer-



tain that she would regain her senses. Scarcely less heartrending was the sorrow that bowed down the dead Senator's fond mother.

In the mean time, McCarty had written to Miss Lee relating what he had done, giving her a week for reflection, and asking her to tell him at the end of that time whether she could marry him after what had happened. She related to me, long afterward, the agony of that week—how she knelt in despair at her mother's feet and asked her to decide; how the old lady could only advise her to follow her own heart; how at last she sent a note to her lover inviting him to call. Their meeting she did not describe, but it was said that, sitting at the instrument as he entered, she sang the words—

Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer :  
Though the herd has flown from thee, thy home is  
still here.

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart :  
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art !

After their marriage they settled in Leesburg, near Selma.

The young widow of Mason at length asked to go back to Selma, the scene of her short wedded life. Not anticipating what was to follow, her attendants carried her into the wide hall. There, raising her eyes, they fell upon the hat and coat, hanging just as he had left them, which her husband had on when she saw him last. She covered her face, and with a shriek begged to be taken to the rear rooms of the house. There she remained. For twenty years she did not enter the front part of the building. The rooms there, opening from the dreaded hall, were kept in perfect order, and guests occupied them as usual. But on the day when her boy—the lisping infant when his father fell—became twenty-one years of age she invited all his blood-relations to dinner. I was one of the number. We were all sitting in the library, toward the rear of the house, when the door was thrown open and the gray old butler bowed his announcement. Without any intimation of breaking the habit of twenty years Mrs. Mason promptly arose—a frail, fair woman of forty—and, taking the arm of her son, walked

directly into the front hall, and thence to the dining-room as of old. Our surprise was great, but no word indicating that this was unusual escaped her or any of the party. The spell was broken, and she shunned the hall no more.

From the date of the duel, even on her deathbed, she never mentioned the name of her dead husband. Her boy grew up with the knowledge and feeling that an unspeakable shadow rested on the house, concerning which, however heavily it might press upon their souls, he must forbear to question even his mother. I was the first to tell him after he had reached manhood all he wished to know concerning his father's death.

This son, Stevens Mason, was a true-hearted young man, but with little knowledge of the world. With a private tutor, with servants to anticipate every wish, with a stricken mother to idolize him, he missed till too late certain necessary lessons in life which these could never give him. He could not refuse to endorse a note for a friend, and his mother could not refuse to join him in whatever he put his name to. For one moment the shadows on his pathway seemed to lift, but only to settle more heavily about his way. He married a young lady who seemed worthy of him, who was a belle and a beauty. He brought her to Selma, where, as they fondly hoped, brightness and happiness were to reign once more. But his mother, while outwardly fulfilling every obligation, did not receive her as a mother should, greeting her with but a formal offering of the hand instead of the expected embrace and kiss of welcome as she crossed the threshold. It was doubtless because her shattered life had made her own affection for him too selfish, and she did not wish him to marry any one. Following closely the first shock of disappointment to her joyous young heart came a sudden fever, and in three months from her arrival poor Stevens laid his bride beside his murdered father.

Their fine estate, with all that pertained to it, already melting from their hands, was soon possessed by strangers. Mrs. Mason did not long survive the loss of Selma. Although a wife had never loved

her husband better, yet she not only refused to speak his name from the day of the duel, but requested that her own remains should not be buried at Leesburg, and that no mark should be placed above her grave wherever it might be made. She lies in the Congressional Cemetery at Washington, with only the earth and grass above her. Then came the war with Mexico. Her son for a little time had the opportunity to forget his troubles in military excitement. He was mortally wounded by a cannon-shot—I think it was at Monterey—and died, a captain of rifles, in the arms of his lieutenant, one of the Rhett's of South Carolina. It was an impressive day in Loudon when the body of young Mason was received from Mexico and laid in the shade of the old church beside his father and his bride. All the people assembled and made a public funeral for him. One of the arrangements was that only the blood-relations should pass within a certain railing close about the family graves; and I well remember that although a goodly company had followed him to dinner when he was twenty-one, where the same relationship was exacted, and although he was but about twenty-seven at his death, yet only three were there—two besides myself—to enter the narrow enclosure. So family and fortune passed away.

But not even here ended the effects of that pistol-shot at Bladensburg. McCarty, the other principal in the duel, also had an only son, very promising, in whom he took great pride. Though living but a few miles apart, the two families never renewed their acquaintance or spoke of each other. There was a mutual avoidance—nothing more. Young McCarty was a frequent sportsman, but

in all his gunning was never known to set his foot on any part of the Mason estate, whatever the luck it might promise. One fatal day, however, in following the flight of game, he mounted a fence dividing the Mason property from another's. Attempting to load in this position—his attention diverted, no doubt, by the movements of the birds or dogs—he let slip his gun, which exploded and sent the ramrod through his head. He fell on the Mason side, which he had avoided all his life—upon the ground which he was to press only in death. And, to make the dramatic situation complete, Stevens Mason at that moment came riding by, and the dying youth was carried to Raspberry Plain, the blighted homestead of the Masons, the birth-place of the father's victim, and laid dead in the hall.

This was almost a death-blow to the parents of young McCarty. His bereaved father, the slayer of Senator Mason, became erratic, and for much of the time a wanderer. He would leave his home without a word and be gone for years, his own wife not knowing where, and then would as suddenly reappear, unkempt and haggard, with hair long on his shoulders and beard descending to his waist.

After all this the old Mason house at Raspberry Plain stood shut up and empty for years. In due time, of course, it became "haunted," and, as might have been expected, a pistol-shot was sometimes heard there at night by veracious passers-by. But at length it passed into careful though stranger hands, and is now—with Selma also—once more the scene of prosperity and happiness.

M. T.

## HEPHZIBAH GUINNESS.

## THREE PARTS.—III.

THE scene that presented itself to Hephzibah when she entered the parlor was not fitted to soothe or comfort her. At the table the abbé was showing Miss Howard a new game of cards, which her niece was also learning unasked.

"No news of Mr. Guinness?" said Miss Howard.

"I have heard nothing," said Hephzibah, with a pang at the equivocation; and then reflecting that young De Vismes might have mentioned the letters, she added, "A package from him came to-day."

"Well, Aunt Bess," said Marguerite, "he must come home soon now."

Hephzibah was in a state of irritation which made any excuse for its display a good one. "Why dost thou call Elizabeth Howard, Aunt Bess?" she said. "The habit is unseemly."

The abbé looked surprised. He came of a world which took life easily.

"I like it," said Elizabeth briefly: "it is my wish. Suppose we put aside our little questions of discipline till we are alone."

"All hours are good for a good purpose," returned Hephzibah. "Does the child learn also to use these tools of Satan?" she added, pointing to the cards.

Miss Howard's sense of humor broke out, as was her way. "Poor old Satan!" she said: "how much we put upon him! He might sue the whole world for slander."

"He has done so much worse in my France," sighed the abbé, "that we may pardon him these morsels of paper."

"The wrath of the Great Judge hath visited thy unhappy land," exclaimed Hephzibah. "Evil hath come of evil—punishment of wrong-doing. He hath purged the threshing-floor: He—"

"Madame," said the abbé, some little remnant of Nature stirring in him, "my mother died on the guillotine: you should of kindness fear to speak thus to one of

my race. More than the wicked died—women who were sweet and pure died; priests better than me; some who were young, and had not even lied ever in their lives. Ah, if we older ones were to die thus, we could without doubt find a reason to call it punishment."

Some remembrance arose and smote Hephzibah; but there must have been a cross of the Puritan in her breed, for these words came in answer: "Why He visiteth the sins of one generation on another is His alone to know; but we have none sinned so little that we may not accept punishment, and find a cause in us somewhere. Yet I did not mean to hurt thee."

The abbé rose and bowed silently, and there was a moment of awkward pause, when Marguerite said, "Oh, aunt, it must be time we went."

"Where?" said Hephzibah.

"We are going on to the ice to see the skating, and the coasting at High street on the hill down to the river, and the bonfires, and—" And she paused, thinking what else or who else might be on the ice.

"Will you go with us, Hephzibah?" said Miss Howard, civilly but coldly. "I have promised Marguerite, as we shall be in the country far away from here next year, and perhaps she may never have another chance."

"You mean to leave us?" said Hephzibah. "Is not this a new plan? And Margaret? Is she to go? Dost thou think of taking her?"

"Of course," said Elizabeth. "I go because of her."

"And my brother? doth he approve?"

"He does," said Elizabeth. "Any more questions, my dear?"

"No," replied Hephzibah, "but I thought thou wouldst—"

"Don't think for other people, Hephzibah: it makes half the mischief in the world."

"It is my duty," said Hephzibah, "to think for this child."

"Do not you think also," said Elizabeth, whispering in a quick aside, "that the abbé may come to believe we have more religion than manners?"

"That matters little," returned Hephzibah. "I will say no more to thee now. Farewell."

"Madame goes not on the ice?" said the abbé; and then, unable to resist, demurely added, "It would not make colder, madame."

"I do not understand," said literal Hephzibah, "why it should not make me cold."

"I did say *colder*," said the abbé, while Elizabeth shook her fan at him, to his delight.

"I shall see you soon," said Hephzibah, and so left them.

It was a gay and merry scene on which the little party looked as they stood in their winter wraps at the top of the hill which sloped downward abruptly from Front street to the river. The broad highway was covered with beaten snow, and at the river's brink a wide planking of wooden boards extended from the edge of the wharf down on to the solid ice of the stream. On either side bonfires were blazing, and lit with flashing glow the hipped roofs and red brick gables at the corners of Front and Water streets. On the deep ice of the solid river, far over toward Windmill Island, fires were also seen, and around these swift-flitting figures on skates went to and fro, dimly seen for a moment and then lost in the darkness which lay upon all distant objects.

At the line of Front street a crowd of the better class of people was gathered intently watching the scene. Boys, men and girls on long sleds were gliding every minute from the top of the hill. At first slowly, with noise and shouts of laughter, they started away: then the pace quickened and they flew past the fires on the hill-slope of the street, now seen, now lost, now seen again, until with a cry they gained the ice of the river and darted with delicious speed across the black smooth plane of the silent Delaware.

It was the first time Marguerite had set foot on a solid river, and she had an odd sense of awe and insecurity. Then the wildness of the picture began to tell upon her quick and sensitive nature, to the abbé's amusement and pleasure, for he had become strangely fond of the charming little Quaker lady.

Here and there on the ice were bonfires, from which in every direction fell broad flaring shafts of rosy light broken by the long shadows of the skaters as they flew around the blaze. Many of the coasters also carried pine-knot torches, and as they dashed by the little party with cry and laugh the lights flared, and then sped away over the ice until they became but as red stars in the distance.

At last the girl urged that they should go over to Windmill Island, where hundreds of people were seen by the light of a vast fire engaged in barbecuing an ox. Here they lingered a while, and then the abbé, having learned that the ice was firm and safe, proposed that they should venture over a little toward the Jersey shore. Accordingly, they crossed the narrow islet, and walked some two hundred yards out on the farther ice. Here were no fires, but a dark quiet, with but a few score skaters who preferred the tranquil loneliness of the broader channel.

"How solemn it is, aunt!" said the girl as the black night grew around them over the dark ice, while, noticed only by Marguerite, a swift form on skates flew around them, now near, now far, in graceful curves.

Lured by the beauty of the faint moonlight on the ice and by the charm of the less-occupied parts of the frozen stream, they had gone some distance farther, when the abbé said abruptly, "What is that?"

A loud cracking sound came from the ice some distance below them. In this direction the river was partly open, and the gleam of the moonlight was visible on the clear water among the cakes of floating ice. As they stood to listen ten or twelve skaters clustered about them. Then there was another and a louder sound.

"The ice must be breaking up with the

ebb tide," said Miss Howard, startled. "Come, let us get back to the island."

"Ah yes, we shall do well to make haste," said the abbé as the sounds, great and small, came quick and sharp through the keen, clear, frosty stillness.

At this moment the group scattered as if a bombshell had fallen among them. The skaters flew to right and left as a loud noise like a pistol-shot rang almost beneath their feet, while a crack ran along the ice, dimly seen as the cleft suddenly widened. The abbé and Miss Howard sprang back, and the latter, looking wildly around, cried out, "Marguerite! where are you? Marguerite!"

The girl in her curiosity at these mysterious sounds had ventured away a score of yards farther toward the open water. "Here, here, Aunt Bess!" she answered, running toward her aunt.

"Oh, my God!" cried Miss Howard. "My child! my child!" for the ebbing tide had broadened the cleft swiftly, so that as they stayed by the edge it had grown in a few moments to a space some five or six feet broad.

"Jump! jump over!" screamed Elizabeth. "We will catch you."

At this moment several persons came forward, and a tall young man on skates cried out in a voice of command, "For the love of the saints, do not move! It is now too late. Wait!" In an instant he was away, flitting back into the darkness. Then, when a hundred feet off, he turned short, and crying aloud, "Gare! gare! —I would say, 'Take care!' —place! place!" he skated with desperate energy straight toward the group, and, hardly pausing, gathered himself up at the edge of the rift and with a leap bounded over the open space of water, and coming down on the far side rocked to and fro, recovered his balance, flew along with the wild impulse of his leap, and returning in one long curve was at the side of the frightened girl. The ice was fast floating away.

"It is I," he cried. "I will answer for her with my life. It is I, Henri de Vismes!"

"My nephew!" exclaimed the abbé. "Be tranquil: he will take care of her."

"What shall we do?" returned Miss Howard.

"Get ashore," cried young De Vismes, "before the ice breaks. Seek men, that they do bring us a boat."

"Oh, my darling!" wailed Elizabeth.

"Have no fear," exclaimed the young baron, now hardly seen; and the ice, as they exchanged quick, agitated words of cheer and comfort and alarm, still moved farther and farther away. They could now only hear the voices of Marguerite and De Vismes, who themselves were no longer visible.

"Come," said the abbé. "There is to us but the one thing to do;" and in silent horror Elizabeth followed him quickly over the ice to the shore of the island.

Meanwhile, the fretting river worked its will, and with crush and cry and groan and shocks the broken floes separated from the main mass and floated off, now grinding together, now thrust apart. The ice-island on which the two young people stood was about half an acre in extent, and quite safe from being overwhelmed. The danger was chiefly, as the baron knew, from the intense winter cold, which happily was made less terrible by the absence of wind.

The moment he was secure on the ice De Vismes said to Marguerite, "Have not fear, little lady: you are safe. It is but to wait."

"I am not afraid," she answered, "but I am sorry for aunt. And I thank you so very much: I do not think many men could have done that, and"—with a pause—"I am sure many would not."

The young baron laughed gayly: "It was nothing to do, and I could not have left you alone. I should have gone through the water that I might come to you. Is it not droll that we should know one another thus? Je me presente, mademoiselle. I am the baron Henri de Vismes."

"And I," said his companion, "am Miss Marguerite Howard;" and she courtesied, laughing at the strangeness of the scene.

Meanwhile, as they talked, the baron undid his skates, and then, noticing that the girl shuddered, he said, "It makes



very cold here. If it were that we had a bonfire!" Then he took off his cloak. "Put this around you," he added.

Marguerite insisted that she was warm enough. "You will freeze," she exclaimed.

"I am happy," he said, "and they who are happy do not suffer."

"Why are you happy?" said Marguerite, shivering. "I am sure I am not."

"Because," he said quietly, "I am with you."

She was silent, and, innocent as she was, some instinct restrained her tongue while the cloak was thrown around her and the clasp fastened by two strong hands, which shook as they touched her throat.

"Let us walk," he exclaimed. "It is safe that we keep moving."

In this manner two hours fled away. Marguerite, despite the cloak, was shaking with the growing cold of the night, and De Vismes was becoming chilled and anxious. She begged to sit down, but the young man urged her to motion, and, taking her hand and laughing, made her run to and fro on the ice.

At last she said, "I am strangely sleepy: let me rest."

"To rest is to die," said he calmly; and again they moved about, both of them silent and filled with a dread of which they did not speak, while the ice floated down the river toward the Point-House, and the lights and the bonfires grew dimmer and dimmer.

After a long silence Marguerite exclaimed, "I cannot walk now: my head swims, my feet must be frozen: I cannot feel them. Oh, I shall die!" and, so saying, she reeled, and but for the ready arms which caught her would have fallen on the ice. De Vismes laid her down, resting her head on his knee, and without a word stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and, glancing anxiously and sadly over the water, wrapped his clothes around her, put his cap under her head and began to rub her feet. Presently she revived a little under the influence of one of those strange waves of reanimation which surprise the watchers by deathbeds when life is slowly failing. "Where am I?" she said. "Who are you?"

"I am Henri de Vismes," he answered. "We are on the ice alone. Pray God they do soon come to us, or we die of cold!"

"I remember now," she said. "You said we must walk: I cannot walk, but you are a man and are strong. Do you run on the ice, and perhaps you may live to tell Aunt Bess how I loved her. You see, I am quite warm: I have no pain now—no pain;" and her voice failed.

De Vismes was kneeling beside her as she spoke. "I shall not ever leave you," he said, "but soon I may not be able to speak. Therefore think not I shall go;" and he caught her close to him, and as her head lay on his shoulder he said, "I did not mean to tell you until I had said it to your aunt, but now it does not make matter: I do love you. Canst hear, me say I do love you?" and he looked pitifully down at the dimly-seen face beneath his, and then across the cruel waste of rocking ice-floes.

She murmured something.

"What dost say, Marguerite?" and he drew her closer.

"I thought—there would be some one—who would love me—some day," she muttered. "Aunt Bess thinks not. Ah, she did not know." Then she was silent, and spoke no words in answer to his broken wail of love and pity.

De Vismes sat still, feeling, as did Marguerite, the cold less and less, and growing confused in mind and more easy in body. He saw the dim outlines of the splendid sweep of the Jura Mountains, the turreted château, the warm summer sun on the walnut-groves. He dreamed of warmth as a man who starves dreams of banquets. Then he thought how many De Vismes had died in the saddle, at sea, by the axe, and that he, the only one left, was to perish of cold; and then of a sudden he rose up, staggering and still holding the girl, and cried aloud, "Torches! lights! Wake up, wake up, Marguerite! wake! Saved! saved!" and reeling fell with her, while cries rang across the moonlit river and swift feet hastened from a boat along the ice.

When the young baron awakened from the swoon which had almost been death he was lying in a chintz-curtained bed with high mahogany posts. As his head cleared he saw by the dim light Miss Howard seated near the fire. "Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed. "Mon Dieu! where am I?"

Miss Howard was at his side in a moment, and drew aside the curtains. "You are in my house," she said kindly. "Ask no questions now. You have been ill, very ill."

"But," he said, "je m'en souviens. Ah yes, the ice!" and he started up. "And Marguerite?"

"She is well," said Miss Howard—"doing well."

"Ah!" he murmured, and, still feeble, fell back again.

After this the days went by, and with them memory returned, and he made out, as it were bit by bit, the scene on the ice, and learned that Marguerite had recovered even more rapidly than he. Then his uncle came to see him, and he began to get about his room, and to feel that he should no longer tax this generous hospitality.

Meanwhile, in Miss Elizabeth Howard's bosom was raging a storm of emotions which taxed to the uttermost her unusual powers of self-control. For years she had sedulously, almost ridiculously, guarded Marguerite from contact with the other sex. She had told Arthur that she meant in the spring to remove to the country, and there to isolate her niece until she could fully make clear to her why she must never think of marriage, and her life and fate must be different from those of a woman whom destiny had left free to love. With her her race must end. And now a pitiless accident had rudely broken the guard she had set about her niece; for in his ravings De Vismes had only too clearly told the story of his passionate first love.

But perhaps he alone loved; and at last she saw that he too must be told their miserable history, and that Marguerite's young life must also be darkened by this sombre knowledge. Miss Howard was not a person to abandon

a purpose to which duty and a clear intelligence had guided her, and once resolved she waited only until De Vismes was well enough to bear an appeal to his honor and manliness.

In pursuance of her views she so arranged it that when De Vismes and Marguerite first met after their illness it should be in her own presence. There was to be no chance for sudden love-passages arising out of natural gratitude; and she was half amused, half sad at the awkward greetings which passed between the two as she brought them together in her parlor. But love has eyes as well as lips, and rosy blazonry for cheeks that glow with too warm consciousness of unspoken thoughts.

Just, however, as the scene was growing awkward, Hephzibah appeared, and after many questions asked and answered—for the Quaker spinster was of a curious cast of mind—she turned with her usual abruptness upon De Vismes, saying, "Thou wilt be going to thy lodgings soon, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the young man, coloring: "I have been too long an intruder here."

"We owe you too much to think you anything but one of our own household," said Elizabeth, while Marguerite looked up coyly thankful.

"Yet is it time that I went away," said De Vismes; "but there will be no time that I shall regret to have been here. It will be that I go to-morrow."

"Is there no news of Mr. Guinness?" said Elizabeth.

"None of late," replied Hephzibah; and so saying left them.

The evening sped away pleasantly with cards and mirth, and the abbé told his little stories of the French court. At last, Marguerite having gone to bed and the abbé departed, De Vismes rose and said to Miss Howard, "This will be my last good-night in your house. Bon soir, mademoiselle. I shall be grieved to leave you: I shall not ever forget."

"Yes," said Miss Howard, rising, "it will be your last good-night here;" and she paused. "Will you be seated a little while? I have something to say to you."

De Vismes looked surprised, but with

ready politeness sat down again, saying, "Is it that I can serve you in any way?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth—"more than you guess, perhaps more than you will wish."

"Mademoiselle does not yet know me," said De Vismes.

Elizabeth went on abruptly: "You are young and joyous, and life seems glad-some to you, despite many sorrows."

"Yes," he said, "I have of late come to think of it as most sweet."

"And therefore," said she sadly, "I think it cruel, even if in the end it be kind, to speak as I must do. You love my niece."

"Ah, mademoiselle knows it! she has guessed it! How kind of her to save a young man the awkward task to speak, to say he loves!"

"No more," said Miss Howard. "I know it; and you would have died for her?"

"Died for her, if it might be, a thousand deaths," said he. "I—"

"And if so," broke in Elizabeth—"if that be true, would you give her up and go away if I show you that to marry her would be wrong—wrong to her, wrong to yourself—to your race, to your blood, to your children's children?"

De Vismes grew pale: "What is it mademoiselle would say? If that she will come to love me, why is it we may not marry? There is no shameful thing possible."

Miss Howard rose: the task was too hard for her. The frank, anxious young face followed her as she went and came. At last she paused: "There is in her blood, in my blood, a taint: we are born to be insane, to take our own lives. We are of a doomed race. We may not love as others do. God has set a curse on us. We may not marry: we may not see our little ones grow up and bless us as other women do. They would come to curse us when they knew. They would ask, Why were we born to this misery? Ah, it is a terrible thing that you have come to love Marguerite! But you will pardon me my abruptness: I meant to make it gentle, but how can I?"

De Vismes looked and felt bewildered.

The suddenness of the blow indeed overcame him. "I will think of what you have said to me, mademoiselle: I cannot now gather myself to think of it. I—I—never yet did hear of such a thing: I must have time to reflect."

"Reflect?" said Elizabeth. "No, no: you must act, not reflect. You love her: that is a reason to act. You must go away, and come back no more. You must never see her again on earth. Then I shall know how to save her. Oh, for God's sake, do not make it more hard for me! If you will not help me, I must tell her. How can I tell her?"

"But if she loves me," cried he in despair, "how am I to go—to go and leave her—to see her no more—to let her think of me—a French gentleman, a noble—as of a man who would say when as if about to die, 'I love you,' and then fly and make no sign?"

"But I will tell her when you are gone," said Elizabeth. "You shall lose nothing in my hands. Surely you can trust me. And then she does not love you: I am sure she cannot. It will be you only who will suffer, and I appeal to you as a gentleman to save her. I am sure she does not love you."

"That may be," he said, sorely shaken.

"You ought not to hesitate," said Miss Howard: "you ought to go. Do not stay until you win her young heart, only that inevitable parting may break it. Why wait? You seem as though you would yield if you believed what I say. Ah, trust me, she does not love you."

"If this be so I will go," said De Vismes, white as a sheet. "I will go, because you are right; but if I thought she loved me I would trust to the good God's mercy and stay."

"Oh, my Heavens!" cried Elizabeth in despair. "She does not love you."

As she spoke Marguerite glided swiftly into the room, crying out, "You have no right to speak for me, Aunt Bess. I—I came down because I had forgotten to kiss you good-night, and I heard you. I—I— Oh, Aunt Bess, I do love him! Is it wrong, Aunt Bess?"

"Marguerite!" said De Vismes; and he caught her in his arms.

"Oh, my children!" exclaimed Elizabeth. As she spoke the knocker sounded again and again.

"What is that?" said Miss Howard. "It is late: what can it be?" and the little commonplaces of life broke into their storm of fears and hopes and made a sudden quiet.

"I will go to see," said De Vismes, "if you please. The maid must have gone to bed. They knock again."

"Yes, oblige me by seeing who it is. They seem in haste," said Elizabeth.

De Vismes went into the entry and hastily opened the door. He fell back in amazement as Hephzibah, not recognizing him, went past him with no more notice than to say, "Is thy mistress in the parlor?" and then suddenly broke into the room.

Elizabeth and Marguerite rose in amazement.

Hephzibah stood still an instant in the doorway, her drab cloak dripping, her scant gray locks fallen about her face and neck, without bonnet or other head-gear.

"What is it?" cried Miss Howard.

Hephzibah seized her arm and leaned forward. "He is dead," she said. "Thou hast killed him."

"I? Who?" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"Arthur, my Arthur, my brother Arthur! Do not look at me so. Go down on thy knees and pray for forgiveness."

"For Heaven's love," said Elizabeth, "what is it, woman? Did you say Arthur was dead? Tell me about it. I—I never did trust you: this cannot be."

"He is dead," said Hephzibah—"drowned—the ship lost—the news just come. I loved no one like him. Why didst thou deny him the poor gift that would have kept him here?"

"If," said Elizabeth, "my dear Arthur is gone to God, I am answerable to the dead alone.—My love! my love!" and she sank into a chair in a passion of tears, while De Vismes and her niece ran to her side and silently stood by her as if to comfort and protect her.

Hephzibah, white, trembling, with hands knitted in front of her and with working fingers, remained alone and

speechless, looking down upon the little group. At last she said, with a curious unnatural firmness, "There are many things to talk of, Elizabeth Howard."

Elizabeth looked up. "Are you of flesh and blood, woman?" she cried. "Go! go away! I cannot talk with you to-night.—Take her home, some one."

"That were best," said De Vismes.

"I should better do my Master's errand were I to forget on His service the loved one I have lost," returned Hephzibah. "To-day is His time. To-morrow—to-morrow— Who owns to-morrow? Had I been more ready in the past to warn my brother of the snares of the worldlings, he might yet be alive."

"Go!" said Miss Howard; and De Vismes took the Quakeress kindly but firmly by the arm, saying, "Come: the time is not well for speech;" and they turned and left the room.

"Poor Aunt Bess!" cried Marguerite. "If only I could do something for you!"

"Only One can do that, my child," said Elizabeth.

The news of Arthur Guinness's death fell with varied influence upon those who were near or dear to him.

An awful temptation was by Fate put away from the path of Miss Howard. The man she loved was taken, and with him went, as she knew only too well, much of the little sunshine of her life. It was more like widowhood to her than such a loss would have been to a younger woman; and it was characteristic of the woman and of her life that after the first sharp anguish she accepted her new sorrow as brave men accept sentence of death, and that with eyes more than ever set on the future she took up the threads of duty anew and went sweetly and pleasantly along the ways of life.

To Hephzibah she was that enigma which a person with a strong overruling sense of humor must always be to one who knows no note in the wide gamut of mirth-making thoughts. That, as time went on, Miss Howard could smile—nay, worse, laugh—that the little events of daily life could still afford her amusement, seemed to Hephzibah a constant



insult to her brother's memory. But some laugh through life—laugh if they win or lose; and some cry if they always win; and Elizabeth would have gone with a smile to any fate which life could bring. The exasperation which this temperament wrought on Hephzibah had unhappily evil consequences, and perhaps was the over-weight which turned the balance of her decisions.

Her brother's death left her possessed of the papers which would give her steady control over the spiritual destinies of Marguerite, whose sole guardian she now became. She found it easy to assure herself that a fortune was bad for the girl—that to fall into Elizabeth's entire rule was yet more evil for the child. Then, too, Elizabeth, goaded to despair by her new assumptions as time went by, rose in revolt, as any noble nature must have done, until at last Hephzibah became more and more certain that nothing could be surer spiritual death for her ward than the fate which would be hers if the later wishes of William Howard became known. Come what might, a long while must elapse before it became clear through other sources that the child was not destined to Quakerism. Letters were lost every week in those days, and war everywhere made it as likely as not that years would pass before the truth was made manifest. Therefore it was that the letters lay in Arthur Guinness's desk safe enough, and that the months fled away and the spring came.

Meanwhile, Marguerite went listlessly about her daily tasks, with a sense that much of the sweetness of her young life had gone from her; for, after one or two more interviews with her lover, she had been told by Miss Howard the dark story of her race, and had come at last, like De Vismes and Arthur Guinness, to acquiesce in the decree by which Elizabeth had forbidden for them as for herself the thought of love or marriage.

It was the old, sad, beautiful tale of love controlled by duty. But to see one another, to meet and to part with no utterance of their forbidden love, was fast becoming a task too grave for youth-

ful human hearts. The baron felt that it behooved him as a man to end the ever-renewed struggle by leaving the city. Therefore on an afternoon in the end of May there was a scene in Miss Howard's home of bitter final parting, from which De Vismes tore himself away with the sobs of Marguerite echoing in his ears. He went out through the paling fence, and moved westward along Shippen to Argyle street, half consciously avoiding the ways where he could meet faces that he knew. Here he turned westward on his favorite walk toward the Neck, along Kingessing road, then lined with fields and pasture-grounds, and presently felt a kindly arm on his own and heard his uncle say, "Thou hast been hurt of a woman, my dear. Shall I be disagreeable to walk with thee? I know that fortune went not well with thee, Henri, because we are poor and friendless. Were it not so, thy Quaker maid had not said nay to one of our house."

"But, uncle," said the baron, "it is still as I told thee. There is more to put us one from the other than the want of love. It is not my secret, and I cannot tell thee."

"As thou pleasest," said the abbé. "Women are alike all the world over: men may vary, but women never. Ah, if I could but endow thee with my experience, thou mightst have good luck with the lady. And she is handsome too, and I am told will have a good dot. One acquires experience too late."

The baron was silent, as his mood fitted not with the abbé's cynical ways, and they walked along quietly. By and by they came upon the Penrose Ferry road, and the frogs began to croak their vespers and a faint haze rose up over the broad meadows of the Neck lands, while the setting sun, large, round and crimson, hung on the far horizon's verge across the Schuylkill. A windmill's sails turned slowly on the left of the road, and the sound of the milking-pans and the lowing of cows crossed the flat pastures and ditches, and came pleasantly to the ears of the exiles as they paused to listen, soothed by the peaceful sweetness of the hour. Then a flock of sheep came along



the road, and as they jostled one another the dust of the highway made a cloud of rosy gold over and about them and the herdsman who walked behind in a check cloak and slouched hat.

"It is like our Normandy," said the abbé. "But, mon Dieu! what is this?" for as he spoke they were aware of a tall, largely-made man coming toward them with quick steps.

The baron darted forward: "It is—is it?—nay, it is you, Mr. Guinness! Where is it that you have come from? We have thought you dead."

"Ah, this is most happy," cried the abbé.

"By God's good grace," said Arthur, "it is indeed I—a man saved after shipwreck and many perils. I landed at New Castle to-day, and made haste to drive home, but, my carriage breaking down, I am come these last few miles afoot. Are all well—Elizabeth, Hephzibah, Marguerite?"

"All," said the baron; "and what joy will there be!"

Then Arthur went on to tell his story, and at last it was agreed that the abbé should hasten in advance to tell Hephzibah, and that the baron should also warn Miss Howard, lest the women should be too much startled by this sudden return of Arthur.

The abbé reached Miss Guinness's house a half hour after, and with what result we shall presently hear. When, still later, he entered Miss Howard's home, he found the little group, half in tears, half in laughter, surrounding the dear friend who had so unexpectedly come back. Elizabeth was saying to the baron, "It was good and thoughtful of you to come beforehand and tell me. I thank you." And then a small hand stole furtively into his, and he felt by its tender touch that he was still better thanked.

"But what ails thee, friend De Vismes?" said Arthur; and all turned to look at the abbé, who was flushed and excited.

"Oh, a thing most strange," replied the abbé, "and I must tell it."

"Why not?" said Miss Howard, looking up with flushed and joyful face.

"And I must leave thee," said Ar-

thur. "It was on my way to pass here, and I could not go by without a word; but now I would seek Hephzibah."

"She is not in her house," said the abbé; "and before you go I may ask that a thing be for me made clear."

"And what?" said Arthur. "Tell us soon, for I may not tarry on my way home."

"I did go," said the abbé, "with haste to tell mademoiselle the sister of your soon coming, but the small maid gave me assurance that she was not at home; and then I did think I would leave a word written to say all I had to say; and that I might write I was asked of the maid to go into the room of M. Guinness, where sometimes we have smoked. And when, the maid having opened the desk and left me, I ended the little note, I saw with amazement on a bundle of papers which had a look to be old the name of me, Gaston de Vismes, abbé. And as it seemed of my address, I did not attend long before I unfolded the sheets and read. What I read was to me as a dream, as a dream of the past, as a tale of the dead—of my sister. I am troubled: I say, 'This is mine.' I find in the leaves a letter of Miss Howard: I bring it too, I bring all. You will make for me excuses. This paper is what the dead say. It disturbs me, I am shaken.—Here is the letter for you, Mademoiselle Howard."

At this moment Hephzibah entered the room: she had come by an accident hither. She saw first in the abbé's hands the papers she had concealed, and heard his last rapid, troubled sentences.

"Thou hast stolen my papers," she said coldly; and then of a sudden, as she advanced a step, she caught sight of Arthur, who ran forward as she spoke.

"Hephzibah! sister!" he cried, "I am come again. Our heavenly Father has heard thy prayers."

"Arthur!" she said, and for a brief moment, locked in his strong arms, she remembered only that this one loved heart yet beat. But then suddenly there came upon her the horror and fear of the discovery which was about to spring upon her. She was not a woman to wait her

fate or keep silence, hoping to escape. While the little group watched this solemn meeting of the brother and sister she gathered herself up, calmly adjusted her gray bonnet and said, "Wilt thou come home with me, Arthur? I have much to say. These papers were in a cover addressed by thee to me: I will take them now;" and she moved toward the amazed abbé.

"Nay," said Elizabeth, "it seems that they belong to the abbé. And my own letter, it has a distant date. Why, woman, did you really dare to keep this from me?"

"What does this mean?" said Arthur; and all eyes turned upon Hephzibah.

"Give me my papers," she said. "We should talk of them alone, Arthur."

"But," said the abbé, "I have read them."

"Thou hast read them?" said Hephzibah in measured tones.

"Why not?" exclaimed Arthur, puzzled.

"And they say that it was my sister, the Marquise de la Roche, which Mr. Howard

did marry to save from death; and the child is my niece, and not his daughter."

"Impossible!" said Elizabeth. "What dream is this?" and she seized the girl as if fearing to lose her, and added, "But you kept these papers, Hephzibah? You thought Arthur dead; you meant to keep them always. Oh, woman! woman! how could you?—Arthur, I would not have told this: I did not know. I am sorry: I pity her."

"Thou hast no need," said Hephzibah. "What I did was under a concern, but the way has not opened, and I am freed."

"Oh, Hephzibah!" exclaimed Arthur, and sinking into a chair he covered his face.

"I am grieved only to have hurt thee, brother," said Hephzibah. "The girl is lost to Friends: the world hath her."

"And," cried the young De Vismes, "she is of our own blood—my cousin! Ah; mon âme!" and he caught the bewildered girl in his arms, while Hephzibah turned quietly and went out into the street. S. WEIR MITCHELL.

#### ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IN this age of biographical and critical writing we must all have our say about the lives and works of the poets. We are given to free handling of their august names, to prying and peering into the rich gloom of their inner lives, and to much fantastic comment upon their poetic utterances, drawing out the sense until it threads off into a hair-line too fine for ordinary perception. It may be, indeed, that our judgments are not always the most profound: nevertheless, since no two souls are stirred in precisely the same way—spiritual truth having a separate and distinct chemic action upon each individual soul—each one of us who honestly sets forth the manner in which these truths have affected himself reveals some new power in the truths themselves.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning is a poet concerning whom many have written, yet it may chance that something true is yet left to be said of her. It is little more than sixteen years since she died: the world's eyes have but just grown accustomed to her light. There are many fames no worthier than hers that have lasted for sixteen centuries. But it is not of her fame, scarcely even of her works, that I would speak, so much as of the woman herself. If not sufficiently far off to judge of her, at least we are near enough to love her. We are near enough to see a very vivid picture of that small, slender woman's figure—too small for the soul, one might think, and so fragile and transparent as to let the soul shine through it, the light within the crystal globe. Was she, then, beau-

tiful? Not as we understand beauty, by the statuesque ideal: such white, impassive majesty were too calm for the restless spirit of the poet. Neither was she beautiful in that other sense of fairy, flower-like prettiness: such a delicate similitude would have been marred and defaced by the vigorous action of the life within. Delicate she was indeed, even to fragility, but bearing in every line of feature the impress of *power* and the evidence of a grand and lovely tenderness far better than mere softness and grace. I have arrived at that which I specially desire to bring to notice now—the power of the woman, the vigor and force of her mental grasp, as shown in her works. It must be admitted that in the distinctively vigorous use of any instrument of earthly power, the pen included, woman has in general been obliged to accept gracefully the second place of honor. Therefore, this instance of exceptional strength, completeness and vividness of conception, in a woman-artist is rare and valuable. And her strength is all her own, at once artistic and feminine. It is not claimed for her that she possessed that masculine quality of self-restraint which enables an artist to maintain a firm grasp of his own thought, evolving it slowly and ponderously. She had, in common with Shakespeare, a lavish spontaneity, a swift, uncontrollable impulse of emotional force, a daring freedom of utterance. Even the shafts of her logic were winged with womanly passion. The highest charm of her character consists in the fact that the endowment of intellectual energy never for an instant laid so heavy a strain upon her heart as to crush out the tender feminine qualities, which she herself regarded as the brightest glory of woman. Her power of loving was so vast that we might ignore all the rest and say that she was all love, and yet acknowledge her, for that reason alone, as excellently great. She gave all her greatness to feed her love. She made her intellect contribute its life to her heart, or, I should rather say, to her soul; and for this she stands forth as one of the grandest, loveliest, most

real women who ever lived. In the following passages from *Aurora Leigh* we find her creed concerning Art, Life and Love:

Art itself,  
We've called the higher life, still must feel the soul  
Live past it. For more's felt than is perceived,  
And more's perceived than can be interpreted,  
*And Love strikes higher with his lambent flame  
Than Art can pile the jagots.* . . .

Art is much, but Love is more.  
O Art, my Art! thou'rt much, but Love is more!  
Art symbolizes Heaven, but *Love is God,  
And makes Heaven.* . . .

When all's done, all tried, all counted here,  
All great arts, and all good philosophies,  
*This Love just puts its hand out in a dream,  
And straight outreaches all things.*

This is the conclusion at which, through every course of feeling or reasoning, she constantly arrives. And none can say that it is for lack of devotion to Art: it is because of the full development and correct balance of her faculties. She was Woman first—then Artist.

The most remarkable feature of her early years was her devotion to study and her entrance upon deep paths of learning seldom trodden by the slender foot of a young girl. And such a girl! Her friend, Mary Russell Mitford, thus describes her even when her early maidenhood was passed: "A slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face; large, tender eyes, fringed with dark lashes; and a smile like a sunbeam." No youthful pedant here, no intellectual monster with an abnormally developed brain stuffed with crude knowledge. Beneath those falling curls dwelt a very Wonderland of clear thoughts and tender fancies. Her strong poetic sense acted as a solvent upon all that her mind absorbed, causing a ready assimilation of every material presented. She was, from the first, one with the poets of every age and nation: in the paths of Poesy, however difficult, her progress was easy and natural. She tuned her childish lips to the vast sonorous utterances of gray old Greeks and Romans. One would think that the far-off thunder of their lines would have shaken overmuch the slim little figure sitting demurely by the side of her beloved blind preceptor, Hugh Stuart Boyd, "when," as she says,

Betwixt the folio's turnings,  
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.

What a range of classic learning is suggested in that poem, "Wine of Cyprus," which is a reminiscence of her studies, addressed to Hugh Stuart Boyd! What a list of the great names of old—Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Theocritus, Bion, Pindar, Plato, down to the "noble Christian bishops," Chrysostom, Basil, Gregory Nazianzen and all the rest, of whom she wrote with such familiar ease and power in her *Essay on the Greek Christian Poets*! So much for the Greek alone: she was equally at home in the Latin literature. We might naturally fear that this weight of classic lore would have crushed out her fresh individuality—that she would have grown cold, statuesque, antique, and therefore unreal, in style, as some poets have done, making their knowledge a mere impediment instead of a help to their living greatness. Not so this rich warm nature, at once so essentially feminine and so distinctively poetic. Whatever in those old poets had flowered from roots laid deep in the soil of our common humanity was cherished by her for the sake of humanity; and humanity, to her, was represented not by the dead, but by the living. The past was nothing, save as it elucidated the present—save as its history brought the immortal souls of a distant era into contact with the immortal souls of to-day. She did not yield to the fashionable rage for heathenism, and hold up the galvanic life of a pagan ideal as the model for our Christian civilization. She recognized, with the true poet's clear vision, the Christian life as the only life that can bring our humanity to its harmonious development; and she made use of her pagan learning only as a further means of enriching and embellishing with symbol and allegory the deeper meanings of Christian truth.

Her studies, however, extended far beyond the classics: they were wide and various. Every language which had a literature of its own, especially a poetic literature, was, for her, worthy of mastery. Every poet was to her a prophet whose writings should be searched as scriptures of enduring value.

For her own work Mrs. Browning sought no model: her native inspiration was too strong and free. She had no motive save the love of Art, and she loved Art for its own sake. She never had to contend with poverty, and "chill penury," though it may repress some "noble rage," is nevertheless, a stimulant to the mental muscles, while ease and luxury too frequently lead to dilettanteism in Art. But Mrs. Browning needed no incentive to labor save the enthusiasm that triumphed over even the benumbing influence of ill-health. In the *Book of the Poets* (a notable specimen of her rich and eloquent prose) she quotes "some noble precepts," as she says, "which, taken from the *Musophilus* of old Daniel, do contain, to our mind, the very code of chivalry for poets," ending thus:

And if some worthy spirits be pleased too,  
It shall more comfort breed, but not more will.  
*But what if none? It cannot yet undo*  
The love I bear unto this holy skill:  
*This is the thing that I was born to do—*  
*This is my scene, this part must I fulfil.*

So did she feel herself consecrated to her work by the Divine Will; and it is herein that she shows herself one of the truest artists of her sex. Women have failed sometimes in Art, less because they lacked intellectual acumen than because they lacked that complete devotion and self-abandonment to the artistic life which is the motive-power of genius. The feminine element obscured the artistic; life and love alone interested them; they did not recognize, as Mrs. Browning did, that "Art is life." The secret of her greatness lies not altogether in her perfection either as a woman or an artist, but in the rare union of both. She believed that

No perfect artist is developed here  
From any imperfect woman;

and she therefore set herself first, as I said, to become a perfect woman, and then to pour all the strength, all the beauty, all the passion, of that womanhood into the life and work of the artist. Is not this grander than our popular notion that the possession of genius is fatal to the development of womanly character, or that feminine duties and graces are incompatible with the creative faculty of

the poet? That is one of the "niggardly half truths" condemned by the larger view of such a poet as Mrs. Browning. It is true that she recognized the vast difficulty, the cruel strain, of drawing together the two natures into one harmonious whole. The history of that struggle is set forth on almost every page of *Aurora Leigh* (that marvellous book, of which no extracts can give an idea: he who would know its riches must study it for himself); and the pain breaks forth at last as if in one passionate, irrepressible cry:

Oh sorrowful great gift  
Conferred on poets, of a twofold life,  
*When one life has been found enough for pain!*

Is not that matchless pathos? There is scarcely any pathos, except in Beethoven, so deep and powerful as Mrs. Browning's, yet she has no morbidness: it is the Promethean agony of a strong soul in the toils of life. She has no sympathy with fanciful griefs. She says:

I think we are too ready with complaint  
In this fair world of God's.

And the sonnet entitled "Exaggeration" concludes thus:

Oh, brothers! let us leave the shame and sin  
Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,  
The holy name of *Grief*!—holy herein,  
That by the grief of *One* came all our good.

Sweetest of all are these lines, breathing the loving faith that shines through all her writings:

Maker and High Priest,  
I ask Thee not my joys to multiply—  
*Only to make me worthier of the least!*

It is hard to leave off quoting the book of sonnets from which these passages are taken, they are so full of divine aspirations, of quiet dwelling upon the love for God with which her spirit overflowed. Despite all that is said of her leanings toward certain transcendental mystifications, it cannot be doubted that she was deeply and truly religious. In every line she strove to sing for God and for His truth.

It seemed as if God had lingered carefully and lovingly over the life-training of this rare creature, so long was her apprenticeship to the most glorious portion of her work. Indeed, she believed,

during her seven years of invalidism between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty-five that her work was over—that she had only to lie and wait for death. Even this condition offered no check to her mental energy. Contrary to all advice, she persisted in reading, studying, writing and revising her earlier works. These works, as she justly felt, stood in need of revision; and here the opportunity occurs to speak briefly and reluctantly of her faults of execution. A genius less magnificent would never have been forgiven the manifold errors of style which appear on her pages. The captious critic cannot forgive them. Edgar Poe, whose morbid bent inclined him to dwell upon deformities, employed his keenest wit and most trenchant sarcasm against these errors; and the endeavor to belittle a genius which soared so far above his own is not creditable to him. We are angry with one who is willing to spy out the flaws in such a gem. Many of her faults, like those of Shakespeare, seem to proceed rather from overrichness than from poverty of conception. Her genius was so great that it possessed her like an unquiet spirit. Her spasmodic raptures have been compared to the oracular frenzy of the Pythoness of old. The inspiration of her art quivered through her like a flame. She lacked restraint, as I have said, and could not always check the freedom of her strong imagination long enough to bring forth its expressions in calm and orderly sequence. For this very abandonment her devout readers are most thankful. We are glad that the Muse had her own way. We are by turns puzzled, enraptured, baffled, charmed, softened, thrilled, and at length utterly led captive. Granted the occasional obscurity, the use of cumbersome and obsolete words, the instances of rough versification and overboldness of expression, the utterly inadmissible rhymes—such as "burden" and "disregarding," "yours" and "bowers," "o'er me" and "glory;" the absurdity of such a verbal jingle as "I aspire while I expire,"—granted all this, and yet the poems in which these very faults occur are so beautiful that our



tears rise "from the depths of some divine despair," dazzling the eyes that would have sought out defects, relaxing the brows that would have frowned. The greater our poet's errors, the more her transcendent genius shines in them and through them and over them. They even help to prove her strength, by showing that her excellences are all *positive*—not merely negative by the absence of irregularities. In smooth verse the sense is sometimes melted away in the soft flow of the cadence. In Mrs. Browning's verse the sense is sometimes rendered obscure by too great rapidity and terseness, but usually it is struck out sharply and clearly against the reader's consciousness.

Some have dared to make a comparison between Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Hemans—Mrs. Hemans, a poet whose genius the critic can span as it were between his thumb and forefinger! Briefly, the difference is this, *only* this: Mrs. Hemans, the gentle minstrel, sang sweetly and smoothly of some beautiful things that lay around her footsteps: Mrs. Browning, the true Poet, and therefore the true Prophet, caught the spirit, not the letter, of existent things—of the past, present and future; heard the heart-throbs of the Universe and "the roar," as George Eliot says, "on the other side of silence;" listened for the voice of God in the cries of suffering humanity, and interpreted the holy utterances so as to give hope and inspiration to a sordid and God-forgetting world. That is the poetic vocation, and this woman comprehended it to the full.

There was but one thing wanting to Elizabeth Barrett which should bring her to perfection, both as woman and artist. Late in life she found that love which she had missed in her earlier years through her devotion to study and Art, yet which she was too thoroughly womanly not to need—that love which acted upon her nature as spring-time acts upon the earth, causing a marvellous budding and a glory of bloom. Weary of her crippled and painful existence, she lay drooping in her solitude, drifting slowly away from life and looking

for death as a glorious release. Then *this* happened:

Straightway I was 'ware,  
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move  
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;  
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,  
"Guess now who holds thee?" "Death," I said.  
But there  
The silver answer rang, "Not Death, but Love!"

In all the history of human souls there is nothing more beautiful than this union of two poets. The marvellous power of the love which now possessed her actually drew her from the verge of the grave and restored her to health and happiness after her long years of patient sorrow. It enlarged the sphere of her thoughts, invigorated her artistic efforts, gave greater clearness and truthfulness to her poetic conceptions. Never was a more wondrous effect produced. It is only in her own words that it can be adequately told:

The face of all the world is changed, I think,  
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul  
Move still, oh still, beside me, as they stole  
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink  
Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,  
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole  
Of life in a new rhythm.

Love was to her a true revelation, a sunrise of the spirit. For this pure, delicate, virgin soul had hitherto dwelt apart in a mystical, holy seclusion, wrapped in its own silver web of thought and fancy, knowing love only in a dream: therefore it was now prepared and ready for such a love as few hearts are great enough to hold. This love had all the passion and glory of youth, with the fulness and strength of maturity—a strength never squandered away in lighter loves, outgrowths of shallow sentiment, but kept in sacred reserve until the "dear and wished-for years" had brought their gift. Our poet was now complete in strong and tender womanhood, and all this new soul-fire flashed from her pen. She produced the so-called *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, which were in reality sonnets from her own heart. Perhaps I shall be forgiven for feeling that these sonnets surpass Shakespeare's, inasmuch as the love of woman surpasses the love of man. Was there ever so rich and spontaneous an outpouring of woman's love in all its

fulness and purity, its royal humility, its divine self-abnegation? Here is manifested the *generous lowliness* of this great soul. She who had, in her lines to the memory of Felicia Hemans and her poem on "L. E. L.'s Last Question," so lovingly acknowledged the talent of poets inferior to herself, now bowed herself with the same gracious humility before the man and poet whom she loved. Was she not a true woman? We find in every record left of her not *one* sign of self-appreciation, not a line that breathes of pride or arrogance, not a word that seems to imply any consciousness of her own rare superiority. Knowing herself a poet, she worked humbly under the direction of the God of poets, who had appointed her mission; and being even greater through love than through the power of genius, she exercised perfectly the self-forgetfulness of love. Her humility has nothing in it of cringing humiliation: it has the rapture and the majesty of sacrifice. She comes forward trembling as if with awe; we see her at first shrinking back as from a joy too great; then comes the hour of utter abandonment, when she hastens to fling her very life upon the altar of holy love—love both to God and man.

It is not easy to quote from the sonnets, or indeed from any of her works. We encounter a gem almost in every line: it is *embarras de richesses*. Perhaps the forty-third sonnet, beginning, "How do I love thee? let me count the ways," is the most beautiful: it is the sum of all the rest. Glancing over a single volume of her poems, and at almost every turn of the leaves coming upon well-known and dearly-loved favorites—"Earth and her Praisers," "Catarina to Camoens," "The Lost Bower," "De Profundis," and oh so many others!—I long to linger over each, studying all the phases of her genius and pointing out beauties that might have escaped some other eye. But there would be material enough for a volume. Her range of subjects is exceptionally wide and various: she has cast the radiance of her thought into almost every nook and crevice of human life. I have spoken

before of her vividness of conception, her rapid and vigorous manner of seizing an idea and conveying an impression—the great breadth and long reach of her thoughts. She was at home both among flowers and stars, in the concrete and the universal. That boundless sympathy which so distinctively belongs to all true poets that we might almost say it constitutes the poetic faculty was in her doubly intensified by womanly tenderness. She had room in her heart not only for Robert Browning, her beloved, her king of poets, but for all humanity—for all the little children who waste their precious hours of innocence in grim factories and the crush of crowded cities; for all the bereaved and those who labor and suffer in every corner of the world; nay, even for *nations*—another remarkable indication of breadth of soul. Her national lyrics—written for Italy, the beloved country of her adoption—are passionately strong—strong even to roughness, struck out in a white heat of indignation. Fancy the slight, nervous, blue-veined hand clenched to hold and to hurl such thunderbolts!

Here the opportunity occurs to speak of her prophetic instinct. This prophetic quality is common to the higher order of poets, who have generally foretold in some way the more important changes in the current of the world's thought. Mrs. Browning wrote "A Curse for a Nation" against the United States in the days of slavery. In this poem, too long to be quoted entire, is exposed the hidden brand of shame upon the very heart of the nation. Take this one stanza:

When wise men give you their praise,  
They shall pause in the heat of the phrase,  
As if carried too far.  
When ye boast your own charters kept true,  
Ye shall blush, for the thing which ye do  
Derides what ye are!  
This is the Curse.

Did not this come to pass—the inconsistency, the unworthiness, the hidden self-aborrence? Did it not end in a final fierce uprising, casting off the abomination at any cost? And are we not bearing even yet the consequences of the shame and sin? One more instance, perhaps more noticeable. In the

preface to *Napoleon III. in Italy, and Other Poems*—which preface is to some extent an apology for verses which she thinks may "appear to English readers too pungently rendered to admit of a patriotic respect to the English sense of things"—in other words, an apology for her cosmopolitan sympathies,—in this preface she has a vision of a statesman who "shall arise with a heart too large for England," defending the interests of humanity against the smaller interests of his own nation. This very spirit was not long ago manifested by Mr. Gladstone in his pamphlet on the Turkish question, wherein he affirms that the matter is not to be referred to mere British policy or prestige. "For," he says, "of all objects of policy, in my conviction, humanity, rationally understood and in due relation to justice, is the first and highest;" while "what is called our prestige is the bane, in my opinion, of all upright politics."

It was in *Aurora Leigh* that Mrs. Browning wrote out her own soul—that she gave expression at length to the grand leading thoughts of her own life. The history of her early struggles with the fiery purpose within her, her grand philosophy of life and work, are told here with a large prolific utterance. The book is indeed a witness for her that

With no amateur's  
Irreverent haste and busy idleness  
I've set myself to Art.

Far otherwise indeed! She gave to her art a very passion of earnestness, eager, vehement, aggressive. She was brave, almost *too* brave. She showed forth ugly and evil things with the warning boldness of a Hogarth. But before all beautiful things she bowed down, and worshipped God.

Not long was it granted her to enjoy the chief beauty and glory of her own

life—to live, in Casa Guidi, her Italian home, with her husband and her little son in a pure atmosphere of love. Her strength, so long fed and kept alive by love and happiness, failed at last, and she sank beneath the burden and strain of her own gifted nature. She said as she died, "It is beautiful!" The supernal Beauty, whose broken manifestations had at once glorified and disturbed her spirit, now opened upon her in all its completeness, bringing no longer restlessness, but an immortal peace. Was it not a foreshining of the Beatific Vision?

It was my purpose in this paper only to set forth a few of Mrs. Browning's leading characteristics as Woman and Poet. I have not dealt with the facts of her life except as they threw light upon some special trait. My desire is fulfilled if one other heart shall be fain to dwell upon her image as she stands forth—with her slight nervous frame, her dark intense eyes, her strong mobile lips, her lightning speech, and, beneath, her marvellously gifted mind, her brave and tender heart, her faithful reverent soul—an example of almost perfect Womanhood. Well did she fulfil the poetic creed set down in the following lines from her poem on "The Dead Pan"—lines which are her own best eulogy:

What is true and just and honest,  
What is lovely, what is pure—  
All of praise that hath admonisht,  
All of virtue—shall endure:  
These are themes for Poet's uses,  
Stirring nobler than the Muses,  
Ere Pan was dead.

O brave poets! keep back nothing,  
Nor mix falsehood with the whole;  
Look up Godward; speak the truth in  
Worthy song from earnest soul!  
Hold in high poetic duty  
Truest Truth the fairest Beauty.

MARION COUTHOUY.

## CHASED BY AN ENGINE: A CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

I WAS riding on a night-train of the Pennsylvania Central from New York to Washington on a mission as newspaper correspondent. We had passed Baltimore, and within an hour's time would be at our place of destination. The conductor had finished collecting the fares, and seeing a vacant seat by my side had dropped into it as if for a little rest at the end of a tiresome day's work. He made an entry in his note-book, closed it, placed it in his breast-pocket, buttoned his coat, folded his arms, and then turned to me with a friendly remark, as if now he felt at liberty to lay aside all official dignity and be sociable. I was glad to while away the time as the train was rushing along in a darkness which concealed all objects of interest without, and so I encouraged the conversation.

"You must have met with some interesting experiences, and perhaps with some great dangers, in the course of your life," said I, the conductor's grizzly beard showing that he might have seen a long service.

"Well, perhaps the most exciting time in my experience was the night I was chased by an engine—a night which this one reminds me of," said he, looking out into the darkness.

"Chased by an engine!" said I, getting interested. "How did that happen?"

"Well," said the conductor, settling down in the cushion and bracing his knees against the back of the seat in front, "many years ago I was running the night-express on Long Island from Brooklyn to Greenport, a distance of ninety miles, the entire length of the road. The Long Island road was then a one-horse affair, having only a single track, with switches at the different stations to allow trains to meet and pass. On the evening to which I now refer I started from Brooklyn at ten o'clock with the old Constitution, long since broken

up, but then the crack engine of the road, with a baggage- or freight-car and three passenger-cars. The night was just as dark as a pocket, or, if anything, perhaps a little darker," he added, as if he had accurately tested the internal obscurity of that useful portion of the dress.

"It must have been very dark," said I.

"We were the only regular train upon the road that night, with the exception of the Greenport express to Brooklyn, which was to start at ten o'clock and meet us at Lakeland Station, in the middle of the island, switching off there to allow us to pass.

"Well, we were perhaps six or eight miles on our way when I stepped out on the back platform of the rear car to see if it was growing any lighter. We were then going over a part of the road which was as straight as an arrow for a distance of four or five miles. As I was looking back over this stretch I saw behind us, at the distance of three miles or so, what I knew was the head-light of an engine, as it was too bright for anything else; for of course I did not suppose the government had been putting up any light-houses along the road."

"Probably not," said I.

"You may be sure I was a little surprised," said the conductor, "for there wasn't an extra train once a week upon that road, and I knew that there was none going out from Brooklyn that night, anyhow. I waited for a few minutes, until I saw that it was really an engine coming, and, what was more, was gaining rapidly on us, although we were going at our usual rate of speed. When I was satisfied of this fact I hurried forward and said to the engineer, 'Jake, there is a train close behind us.'

"Jake dropped his oil-can and his lower jaw at about the same moment, and looked to see whether I was crazy or joking.

"Well, let the fireman attend to mat-



ters here, and come back and see," said I.

"We hurried to the rear, and in a moment Jake saw as well as myself that if there was any joke in the matter we were the victims of one; and of rather a serious one too, for the train in the rear had gained on us a full mile while I had been forward. The red cinders were pouring out of the smokestack as if from a blast-furnace: the head-light threw a glare along the road, burnishing the iron rails to our very wheels. Close as he was upon us, the engineer of the advancing train had not given the slightest signal to warn us of his approach, and made no response to our repeated whistles of alarm. He was violating all railroad rules, and if he had determined to secretly run us down he would act just as he was then doing. Jake at first seemed to be struck dumb—not so much because he then thought of danger as at the cool impudence of the engineer behind. He looked as if he would like to throttle him. His tongue after a while got in working order, and he broke out: 'What does that crazy fool mean?'

"The engineer must be either crazy or drunk," said I. 'If he keeps on in that way ten minutes longer, he will surely be into us;' and I signalled the fireman to put on more steam. 'What business the train has upon the road at all to-night is what puzzles me.'

"I wonder if it isn't an engine the old man is sending down to Jamaica to the shops for repairs?" said Jake. 'I saw the Ben Franklin standing on the side track with steam up just as we started. From the way she overhauls us, there can't be much of a train behind her.'

"I did not know but that Jake might be right, for I had seen the Franklin standing in the dépôt when we left. That engine was just as fast as our own, and, if it was without a train attached, as Jake supposed, might easily gain on us, as it seemed to be doing. 'At any rate, we shall see when we pass Jamaica Station whether Jake's theory is correct,' I thought and said to him.

"By this time the fireman, acting as engineer, had given our engine all the steam she would take, and we were slashing along at a lively rate, I tell you," said the conductor. "The good people along the road who were out of their beds must have thought that a railroad Gilpin was riding another race according to the new style. I was angry enough to have sent a bullet at the crazy engineer following us, and I determined that my first business the next day should be to complain to the superintendent of his foolhardiness. I thought that possibly, being for the moment his own master and no longer under the immediate orders of a conductor, he was indulging in a kind of a railroad spree, and for a lark was driving us to the top of our speed, expecting to end the race and his day's work at the same time at Jamaica.

"Well, we tore through that sleeping village without stopping long for refreshments, I can assure you, and then Jake and I looked to see our comical friend in the rear pull up at the station and take lodgings for the night. But we were mistaken in our guess. Not a whistle was given by our pursuer as a signal that he intended to stop; not a sign of slackening was shown; but, on the contrary, he was gaining upon us even when we were doing our very best. Sometimes a curve in the road would shut him a moment from our view, but he would round it in an instant, and every new turn brought him more closely upon us. Jamaica had been left far behind, and we were out on the wide Hempstead plain. The old Constitution was on her muscle. Our train was actually swaying and rocking with speed like a yacht on the waves. The telegraph-poles, upon which the light from our windows would glint in the dense darkness, were flying behind us at every second. The sound of our wheels as they struck the ends of the rails was a continuous hum. But, do the best that it might, our engine with its heavy train was no match for the light-weighted one behind. That was gaining upon us, and was not the eighth of a mile off. The glare from its lantern shone brightly in our faces: I thought Jake's face looked



a little pale, and perhaps mine did too. Now that our pursuer did not halt at Jamaica, we were entirely off our reckonings, and we could make no guess as to the cause of our chase, nor when it would end. The prospect seemed that we might be driven to the end of the road, if we were not overtaken and smashed before it could be reached.

"That's the Franklin, sure," broke out Jake once more. "No other engine on the road could overhaul us as we are going now. What can that fool of a Simpson mean by driving her at such a rate? He must be drunk. If the boss don't break him to-morrow he won't get his deserts. He will be into us in two minutes."

"You are right, Jake," said I. "Go forward and see if you cannot get up a little more headway. Empty a few of those petroleum-cans on the wood, and pitch it in and see what can be done."

"While Jake was forward on his errand I thought over the situation. Here I was with a hundred or two passengers under my care, all ignorant of the danger which I knew they were in. If we should be overtaken and crushed in the rear, the disaster would be a serious one, and would probably cause the death or injury at least of some of the passengers. If we were not smashed in this way, there was another and perhaps a greater danger before us. The train of which I have spoken, which left Greenport when we left Brooklyn, was on its way to meet us on the same track. It should switch off at Lakeland in the middle of the island and allow us to pass an hour after we started, or at eleven o'clock. It was now half-past ten, and we were close to Lakeland already, and would pass there long before the arrival of the Greenport train, which ordinarily got there first. The result would be that we should meet that train beyond Lakeland without warning of our approach, and a collision in front as well as the rear would be the consequence.

"We reached and flew through the Lakeland Dépôt nearly half an hour ahead of time. Of course the Green-

port train was not there yet, but was coming down the road. Our speed was now a little ahead of any ever before made upon the Long Island road. The telegraph-poles fairly danced behind us, and the bushes on either side of the track seemed a continuous wall of fire as they were lighted up by the flame which was pouring out of our smoke-stack. But dangerous as it was for us to keep on, it was just as dangerous to slacken speed, and so on we went."

The conductor rolled his quid from one cheek to the other, raised the window by his side and expectorated into the outer darkness, and became silent for several moments as if burdened by the recollection of his former perils. After waiting a reasonable length of time for him to resume his story, I said, "When the collision occurred, was it with the train in front or in the rear, or with both?"

"Oh, the collision!" said the conductor. "Well, now you come to the ridiculous part of the story. The collision did not take place at all," he said in an apologetic tone, as if there ought to have been a serious accident after so much preparation. "While I was standing on the platform, thinking whether I had better warn the passengers to hold themselves ready for a shock, Jake came from forward dragging after him two large petroleum-cans, each of which would hold a quarter of a barrel of oil.

"Now, then," said Jake to me, 'if you will oil one side of the track, I will try the other.'

"I saw at once what his plan was. We each brought the mouth of an oil-can as near to the polished surface of the rail as possible and commenced pouring on it the kerosene. In less than a minute a half mile of the iron rails on both sides was nicely oiled and as slippery as the tongue of a Hebrew dealer in second-hand clothes."

"You have raised my expectations of a catastrophe so high that you have been obliged to grease the track so as to let them down again easily," said I, for I felt a little nettled at the unexpected turn the story had taken, and was in-

clined to believe that the conductor was drawing largely upon his imagination for the facts.

"Why, don't you know that an engine can no more make headway on a greased track than a tom-cat can climb a steep roof covered with ice?" said the conductor, with a pitying glance at one so profoundly ignorant of railroad matters as myself. "I slapped Jake on the back, and said, 'Old fellow, your 'cuteness has brought us all out of a bad scrape.'

"In a few seconds the lantern of the train behind us was getting dim in the distance. We slackened speed and backed down to see 'what the matter was with Simpson,' as Jake said. There stood the old Ben Franklin puffing and snorting and pawing like a mad bull, the driving-wheels buzzing around on the greased track like all possessed, but not gaining an inch. We sanded the track and bore down upon the old machine. Jake was the first aboard, spoiling for a good chance at the engineer, Simpson. But no sign of an engineer, fireman or any other living being was to be found. The engine

had only a tender attached, and although there was still a full head of steam on, the fires were getting low. We made short work in pushing back to Lakeland. We reached the station, and got fairly upon the switch when the Greenport train, which we should meet there, came in, and were waiting as if nothing had happened, and as if we had not been fifteen miles out on the road to meet it a few minutes before.

"The telegraph-operator at Lakeland handed me a despatch which read as follows:

"TO CONDUCTOR C—: The Ben Franklin has broken loose and is coming up the road. Turn switch at Lakeland and run her off the track.

"BARTON, Supt.

"BROOKLYN, 10.5 P. M."

"You see, we did not have much time for turning switches at Lakeland," he continued, "so we did still better, and saved the old Ben—which was not responsible, after all—from a smash-up."

E. P. BUFFITT.

## VISUAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

MORE than a year has now elapsed since Professor Franz Boll of the Royal University of Rome announced that he had discovered in the eye a substance which he called the *retinal red*, and that this substance, like the photographer's chemicals, was sensitive to the action of light. The news spread through the scientific world with the swiftness of an electric flash, and was everywhere welcomed with gladness, as it seemed about to illuminate, with more than mid-day brightness, some of the hitherto hidden and secret ways of Nature. Hundreds of busy brains have been working at the subject ever since, and hecatombs of helpless victims have been sacrificed

on the altar of physiological research; but to-day, although the gleam still shines, it is too feeble to fully permeate the minute and tortuous passages in which Nature conceals her operations.

To get a glimpse of the retinal red requires some caution. If one goes to an abattoir and has the eyes of an animal about to be killed carefully banded, so as to exclude all light, for a couple of hours, and then, immediately after death, removes the eyes by the aid of a faint and distant candle or gas-flame, he may possibly find what he is seeking. It is necessary now to dexterously halve the eye, and with a delicate pair of forceps to daintily detach, from

the inside of the posterior moiety of the organ, the limp and fragile membrane known as the retina, and to place this on a white porcelain surface with the posterior side upward. Under these circumstances the retina is seen, by moderate light, to be of a pale purplish-red, which, even as we look, fades to a faint yellow, and then quickly bleaches to white.

To understand the full significance of this evanescent tint it is necessary to recall something of the minute anatomy of the eye. The reader is probably aware that the optic nerve enters the back of the visual organ, and at once radiates its fibres in all directions over the inside of the globe and in front of the retina. These fine fibres, the translucent axis-cylinders of the nerve, are first connected with a layer of ganglion-cells; behind these come layers of molecules and granules; then a layer of rods and cones placed vertically to the surface and closely packed together; and finally a layer of black pigment-cells, which separates the transparent portion of the retina from the vascular and fibrous coats of the organ. The rods and cones have long been believed to be the light-perceiving elements, and the retinal red, as we see it, is exclusively confined to this layer.

The red has been found in the eyes of most mammals. The frog, however, is the animal which has the misfortune to possess a retina wherein the color is most readily demonstrated after some hours' confinement in the dark. But here, too, the exposed membrane bleaches in broad daylight in a few seconds. In the living animal the bleaching process is much slower, as the red is constantly being regenerated. The foregoing facts naturally suggest the possibility of taking pictures in the eye, and probably the first successful experiment of this kind was made by Kühne of Heidelberg, who induced an accommodating frog to sit quietly and gaze, without blinking, at a gas-jet for a couple of hours. The retina of this frog, rapidly examined under the microscope, showed an optogram consisting of a bleached spot having the well-marked shape of the flame. Kühne

reports that he afterward obtained a number of optograms of windows and definitely-shaped apertures in shutters by securing rabbits in such positions as to have the objects properly focused on the retina for ten minutes before death. He subsequently found that the picture could be more readily taken immediately after the death of the animal, because then the renewal of the retinal red had almost ceased, but such parts of the membrane as were not acted on by light retained their color many hours. This recalls the old superstition that the last object seen before death leaves its picture in the eye, and has raised anew the hope that by examining the retina of a murdered man the portrait of his destroyer might be obtained.

To make a good optogram, however, is no easy matter. In some experiments upon recently-killed rabbits, made by the writer in conjunction with Doctor William F. Norris of this city, the pictures of the window, the object used as a test, were too faint to be seen. There are several difficulties in the way of obtaining an optogram which will probably always prevent a result sufficiently successful for medico-legal purposes. In the first place, the eye of the subject must have been kept in the dark for several hours before the taking of the picture, in order to allow time for the retinal red to accumulate. Again, even if the picture were formed, it would fade from natural causes in about twelve hours after death. Besides, there would probably be some regeneration of the color for a short time after death, which would tend to the obliteration of a negative. Finally, there is the difficulty of examining the optogram, which is only to be seen in the rod-and-cone layer on the back of the retina, fades quickly away when exposed to diffused light, and is often only to be made out with the microscope.

The source of renewal of the retinal red is, without doubt, in the pigment-layer behind the retina. If a piece of frog's retina which has been bleached is put back again in the eye, in its proper position in contact with the pigment-

cells, it fully regains its color after standing some hours in the dark. This renewal of tint, however, takes place to some extent if the piece of bleached retina is simply laid away on a piece of porcelain in a dark place. But the color is very faint as compared with that produced by the previous experiment, and evidently depends upon undecomposed retinal red still remaining in the rods. Kühne succeeded in dissolving out the red from the retina and pigment-cells by means of a solution of ox-gall. The result was a rosy liquid which bleached in daylight in less than a minute. The solution regained its color after standing some time in the dark.

It would be very interesting if the retinal red could be seen in the eye during life with the ophthalmoscope. But although the entire eye-ground, with the exception of the optic disk, when viewed in this way appears of a deep ruddy hue, it is doubtful if any part of the coloring can be assigned to the rod-and-cone layer. The blood circulating in the capillary vessels doubtless gives rise to most of the tint, but a large portion also is derived from the artificial light which is generally used for these examinations. We shall never forget the feeling of surprise with which we examined an eye for the first time by means of sunlight reflected from a white window-shutter. A sickly pallor overspread the usually rosy surface of the retina, and the optic papilla shone out in sepulchral whiteness. Coccius of Leipsic has studied the ophthalmoscopic appearance of the eye-ground in dying animals, and has found that the moment of death can be determined by the sudden whitening of the retina coincident with the entire failure of the circulation. We have examined the eyes of frogs during life with the ophthalmoscope, and failed to detect even a trace of rosy tinge. But the retina taken from the same eyes immediately after death showed the proper color in great purity.

Boll devised an experiment for the subjective demonstration of the retinal red. He says that if one wakes in the morning in a dark room, and then sud-

denly exposes the eyes for a moment to bright sunlight and shuts them again, the whole field of vision will appear of a lively red. This effect fades after a few moments, but the experiment may be repeated several times before the retinal color becomes too pale to be distinguished. We have not been able by means of the ophthalmoscope to detect any difference of tint between the two retinas of the same individual after one eye had been bound up so as to exclude all light for a couple of hours before examination, and the other had been left exposed to broad daylight.

From the facts concerning the retinal red, as thus far developed, it would seem not difficult to construct a physico-chemical theory of vision in which the rod-and-cone layer of the retina might be compared to a photographer's plate arranged for the production of an instantaneous picture; of which picture the rods and cones should take cognizance by means of the resultant changes in the retinal red. There are, however, some other facts to be considered before we can fully accept such a theory. If a living frog is exposed for fifteen minutes to direct sunlight, its retina is completely bleached, and the color does not begin to reappear for thirty minutes afterward. Yet this frog will catch flies with as much quickness and precision as ever. That the bleaching of the retina does not in any way impair vision has been ascertained in the case of other animals. Accurate microscopical examination shows that the retinal red is confined to the rods alone, and that the cones are devoid of color. The retina of the snake is composed entirely of cones, and contains no red. In the eye of man there is at the centre of the retina the so-called *yellow spot*, and in the middle of this a depression, the *fovea centralis*, where the perceptive elements are reduced to slender cones only. All accurate vision is confined to this locality. But there is no red here, and for two millimètres round the yellow spot the color is very weak. Evidently the theory of vision which looked so promising is rapidly slipping away from us. But that some physico-chem-



ical explanation will yet be found which shall harmonize all the facts is not improbable.

Even before the discovery of the retinal red, Hering of Vienna called attention to the phenomena attending the formation of what is known as the negative image of an object. If we look fixedly for a few seconds at a white object—for instance, the ground-glass globe surrounding a dimly-burning gas-flame—and then shut the eyes, a negative or dark image of the globe will be seen surrounded by a bright areola, which lasts for some time. Also, if we fix the eyes upon the line of separation between a white and a black surface, such as the edge of a sheet of writing-paper laid on black velvet, both colors at first appear more intense: soon, however, each partakes of the color of the other—the white near the line becomes shaded, the black near the line becomes whitish. From this Hering infers that the action of light is not limited to the retinal elements directly acted upon, and suggests that the retina may contain what he calls a *white-black* substance, the function of which is to be sensitive to white and black only. In the same way he infers the existence of a *yellow-blue* substance and a *red-green* substance, and considers that all the effects of light and shade and color are produced by the assimilation or dissimilation of these three materials. At first glance this theory looks a little cumbersome, but if we take into consideration some of the effects of monochromatic light upon the retinal red, we shall be disposed to think it at least hints at the truth. When a number of frogs' retinas are exposed in a line to the action of the solar spectrum, the bleaching commences at the spectroscopic line E, and is there most quickly completed. It thence progresses consecutively through green, blue, indigo, violet, yellow, orange and red. The bleaching action is weakest of all in ultra violet and ultra red. The colored rays, however, differ in their action one from another in the retinal red. Whilst the middle of the spectrum quickly bleaches the retina to a clear yellow, the violet end effects this

result very slowly. In the former case, however, the yellow turns to white with comparative slowness, while in the latter the yellowish tint, once produced, bleaches very quickly, so that traces of yellow may still be seen after long exposure to green when no color is left in the violet. It would seem from this as if a single substance, the retinal red, is all that is necessary for the perception of either monochromatic or white light. In this view the retinal red becomes the most perfect photo-chemical substance known. All the sensitive materials used by photographers are affected chiefly by the ultra violet rays, so that to get a sharp picture the camera must be slightly out of focus. But the retinal red is most sensitive to the rays at the middle of the spectrum, and is affected so differently by rays of different wave-lengths as to become a measure of them.

With reference to the apparent inconsistency of seeing without the retinal red—as before mentioned in the case of the frog with bleached retina, etc.—it seems probable that the color found in eyes which have been kept in the dark is only the surplus and unused photo-chemical material which in the intervals of active vision becomes stored up in the rods. When the sight is being actively used there is, as we have seen, no retinal red to be detected. Probably the only parts of the rods and cones actually capable of tasting light, so to speak, are the extreme tips, which are in contact with the pigment-cells, the generators of the retinal red. The rods, offering flat, circular, cylinder ends to be coated with the sensitive film, are only susceptible to comparatively large impressions, but the slender cones, with fine points just tipped with pigment, give us precision of detail, just as in making a drawing one can more accurately measure a distance with compasses than with the ends of the fingers. In the eccentric parts of the human retina the rods much outnumber the cones, so that we can get general impressions of objects without looking directly at them; but to obtain accurate definition of parts we must focus the



rays upon the delicate cone-tips of the fovea centralis. Behind this region of distinct vision the pigment-cells are more abundant than anywhere else in the retina. Why should this be if not to ensure an ample supply of retinal red?

Schmidt-Rimpler of Marburg reported nearly two years ago that the macula lutea in the human eye, if examined while the organ is "*ganz frisch*," is of a dark, brownish-red color, and that it only becomes yellow some time after death.

This observation does not seem to have been confirmed by anybody else, and for obvious reasons is a difficult one to make. All that the ophthalmoscope shows in the living eye at this point is a fineness of texture exceeding that of the rest of the membrane, with sometimes a slight deepening of the characteristic ruddy tint, and often a spot of bright reflex, which marks the position of the fovea centralis, and is probably due to the saucer-like shape of the latter.

H. S. SCHELL.

#### PARISIAN MANIACS AND MADHOUSES.

MANY of the visitors to the Salon of 1876 will recall the vast canvas whereon the young and aspiring artist Tony-Robert Fleury had attempted to fix the image of one of the great humanitarian revolutions of the nineteenth century. The scene represented the inner court of a madhouse, surrounded by cells where howled and struggled varied types and forms of frenzied insanity. A man, still young, grave, intelligent-looking and well dressed, with word and gesture is commanding the release of these unfortunate creatures. In the background two sturdy men are removing the chains from the limbs of a raving woman, while another female, who has been earlier set free, creeps up to her benefactor and stealthily kisses his hand. This picture, painful and repellent though most of its details might be, yet merited careful and sympathetic examination, both as a work of art and as the representation of the dawn of a new era in the treatment of the insane in France. And the principal personage merited all the immortality that a skilful pencil could bestow.

Doctor Philippe Pinel, the Howard of the madhouses of France, first became known to the public by his translation of

the works of the Italian physician Baglivi, who was the first to combat with any success the pernicious theory of "humors" which led the physicians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to purge and bleed their patients to exhaustion, under the idea that thereby they were extracting the injurious humors from the system. Less known as a translator, however, than as a reformer, it is owing to his efforts that the insane are no longer treated like wild beasts, but as invalids. He gave much time and thought to the subject of insanity considered as a disease, and in 1791 he published an important treatise on the subject. In 1792, through the influence of Couthon and of Cabanis, he obtained the appointment of chief physician to the Bicêtre.

At that time the Bicêtre was not only a prison, but a madhouse. The lunatics, like savage beasts, were kept in cells of six feet square, to which light and air were only admitted by means of an opening cut in the door. The beds were composed of planks fastened to the wall and covered with straw, which straw was changed once a month. In these dens the lunatics were chained to the wall, the most violent having fet-

ters on their hands and feet. The reports of the day make mention of the bitter cold that prevailed in these cells; yet, notwithstanding, the greater part of the wretched creatures were naked. Thus imprisoned, suffering, uncared-for; receiving neither medical aid nor intelligent care, they were all in a permanent state of frenzy, trying to kill themselves or the spectators, struggling against their bonds and making the air hideous with their shrieks and yells. It was over this pandemonium that the intelligent, humane Pinel was called to preside. A deep and sagacious observer, of persistent will, shy even to awkwardness, yet courageous even in the face of the Terror (he tried in vain to save Condorcet, and *did* save the lives of many of the proscribed by concealing them in the Bicêtre), he was of the stuff and mould whereof great reformers are fashioned. No sooner had he been installed in his new post than the condition of the poor creatures under his care absorbed his attention.

At that time over the department of maniacs there ruled a personage named Pussin, a rough but kindly individual, whose post as a simple superintendent had not conferred upon him the necessary authority for making any great reforms or radical changes. Nor had he, in fact, the intelligence necessary to the perception and removal of the abuses then prevalent. But his own common sense and his experience had impelled him to try to a certain extent the system that Pinel was about to inaugurate. The new chief took Pussin with him when he made his first tour of inspection. "When the maniacs become too furious, what method do you pursue?" asked Pinel.—"I unchain them," was the answer.—"And what happens then?"—"They become calm."

After studying the lunatics confided to his care with attention and interest, Pinel announced his intention of unchaining them all. The event was considered an important one—so important, indeed, that Couthon himself came to be present on the occasion. But hearing around him the shrieks of these miserable beings,

he remarked to Pinel, "If you set these wild beasts free, you yourself will be the greatest madman of the party."

Pinel, however, persisted in his intention. The first prisoner that was released was a man named Chevinge, a former soldier, who had inhabited his cell for over twelve years. His gigantic size and herculean strength made him the terror of all the keepers. More than once had he broken his chains and forced open the door of his cell, and on each occasion he had inflicted serious injuries upon those who had recaptured him. Pinel made a short address to him, released him, and then set him to taking off the chains of the other prisoners, telling him that he had confidence in him and would henceforth take him into his service. The released Hercules, whose malady had originally been produced by excess of drink, and who had probably been really sane for some years past, shed tears of joy and gratitude. He acquitted himself of his task with skill and alacrity. Not one of the wretched creatures thus set free manifested the slightest inclination to attack or injure their benefactor or each other. Asto Chevinge, Pinel made him his servant, as he had promised. Never was a master better served or more passionately loved. During the days of scarcity, when provisions were hard to obtain, Chevinge went every night to Paris to seek for food for his master. And when in later days Pinel married and became the father of a family, the *ci-devant* madman, at his own request, literally turned child's nurse and watched over the young Pinels with all the loving devotion he had formerly bestowed upon their father.

Yet this great reform, so happily inaugurated, made but slow progress. In 1819 a circular from the Ministry of the Interior signalizes with severity the wretched condition in which the insane are kept in the provinces. Hidden in subterranean cells where the straw was scarcely ever changed, the fate even of the harmless lunatics was hard: as to the violent ones, they were suffered to sleep on the bare ground and to remain without garments. Whips and clubs were

freely used as instruments of coercion, and in one place the keepers never entered the cells without being accompanied by several powerful bull-dogs. Even so late as 1843 an official inspector found in the lunatic asylum of a town in La Vendée fifteen men and twenty women chained naked in their cells. Nor were Pinel's efforts wholly without danger even in his own day. One of his patients having become singularly quiet and intelligent, the Revolutionary authorities interfered, and in spite of the physician's warning representations insisted upon setting him free as "a victim of the machinations of despotism." Hardly had he crossed the threshold than, excited by the tumult in the streets, the idea of freedom and the uproarious conduct of his liberators, he snatched a sabre from one of the soldiers sent to escort him from the prison, and succeeded in killing three of the bystanders before he could be seized and secured. A similar incident, though less tragic in its consequences, recently took place in one of the large public asylums of Paris. One of the patients was so quiet, so gentle, so thoroughly well-behaved, that he was permitted to enjoy a comparative degree of freedom, and was accustomed to wander at will about the grounds and the public rooms of the establishment, and came very often to visit the director in his apartments. One day a large mirror placed above the mantelpiece in the director's private drawing-room fell suddenly, but fortunately without injuring any one. On investigation it was proved that the gentle maniac in question had artfully detached it from its fastenings, and so supported it on the mantel-shelf that it would remain in its place till slightly jarred or shaken.

The public asylums of France are known by the name of "*petites maisons*," taken from the first separate establishment of the kind. But at the beginning of the present century the provision for receiving and caring for these unfortunate beings was notoriously insufficient, consisting merely of separate wards in the prisons and hospitals. It was not till 1833 that Dr. Fevru, then

medical director of the Bicêtre, obtained from the authorities a concession of the farm of Ste. Anne, situated just outside the walls of Paris, and formed there an asylum for the insane where the patients could be employed in household and outdoor work, to the manifest improvement both of their physical and mental condition. Still, Ste. Anne was but a branch or dependency of the Bicêtre and the Salpêtrière, each of which establishments had its ward for the insane. In 1860, Baron Haussmann conceived the noble and humane project of constructing ten lunatic asylums, each capable of accommodating six hundred patients. This grandiose project was never wholly realized, but three immense establishments of that nature—the Asylums Ste. Anne, Ville-Evryard and Vacluse—took from it their being. Yet even these have been found insufficient. In 1871 there were over three thousand lunatics under treatment in the public and private madhouses of Paris, yet the city records declared the number then under the public charge to amount to over seven thousand. The surplus of this sad population is distributed by treaty among similar public establishments in the provinces.

To procure the admission of a patient into one of these asylums a number of formalities are requisite. A medical certificate, a demand for the admission of the sufferer signed by his relatives or friends, and a *procès-verbal* drawn up by the commissaire de police of the quarter inhabited by the patient and setting forth whatever facts in the case are of public notoriety and the result of the interrogatory to which the patient had been subjected, are all indispensable documents. The patient is then conducted to a special infirmary, and is there examined by a physician delegated for that service by the authorities. Next he is taken to the asylum specified by the examining physician, where another examination takes place by the resident doctor. The state of the patient thus being satisfactorily ascertained, the entrance ticket is signed. But if the police arrest a maniac in a raving and

dangerous state, the commissaire of the quarter has a right to forward the captive direct to an insane asylum, the public safety demanding such promptitude.

The three great public asylums of Paris differ but little in their arrangements and regulations from those of similar establishments in our own country. Large, airy, well constructed and well adapted for the purposes to which they are applied, they are conducted with intelligence and superintended with admirable care and forethought. To find any trace of the old abuses one must visit the idiotic and epileptic wards which still exist in the hospitals of the Bicêtre and the Salpêtrière. There still are to be found dark, narrow cells, ill ventilated, unclean and ill arranged. And Bicêtre possesses a special quarter, sad even amid the sad surroundings that tell of the woes and the ills of humanity. This division is composed of twenty-four cells surrounding a central room and separated from it by iron gratings. In these cells are incarcerated those miserable creatures who have been condemned to death for revolting or terrible crimes, and after receiving sentence have been proved to have been insane. This dreary prison is called La Sûreté. In these dens, that resemble the cages of the Jardin des Plantes in form, in dimensions and in their iron bars, dwell the perpetrators of crimes almost beyond the imagination of humanity. Their keepers approach them through the central room or hall, ten men having been detailed for this service. Their food is passed to them through the bars, and the more docile and quiet amongst them are sometimes suffered to walk in a dismal little yard attached to their prison. Moreover, they are kept at work: they are taught to net, and sometimes they are employed in making those laurel wreaths in painted paper which are given in French schools as the rewards of good conduct or of studiousness. Strange link this between

the lowest form of crime and the innocence of childhood—the paper wreath leaving hands stained with blood to rest on the golden locks and white brow of some baby ignorant of the very name of wickedness! Those twenty-four cells shelter heads whose sickly brains have conceived and whose hands have executed more horrors than ever were imagined by the wildest of sensational romance-writers. One specimen—and that one of the least atrocious—will suffice. A man, still young, who is now incarcerated in La Sûreté, and who has become almost an idiot, was a few years ago condemned to death for having murdered a little girl three years of age. After committing the crime he tore the body to pieces and cut out the heart, which he afterward devoured.

The immoderate use of absinthe is said to have caused much of the insanity that now peoples the asylums of Paris. The horrors of the siege and the Commune, and the over-indulgence in wines and liquors during those dreadful months, drove many a poor creature raving mad. During the period extending from October, 1870, to May, 1871, the consumption of alcoholic drinks in Paris amounted to five times as much as it ordinarily is during an entire year. The reason of this is simple enough. Food was scarce in the beleaguered city, and liquor was plentiful. People lived for weeks on bread and wine. Fuel was not to be had, so draughts of brandy were resorted to for warmth. Such a regimen, acting on frames enfeebled by want, on minds exasperated by defeat and sorrow, on passions inflamed by scenes of carnage, might well drive a whole population distracted. Hence, I doubt not, came nine-tenths of the disorders and the horrors of the Commune. Paris during that terrible period was literally suffering from delirium tremens.

LUCY H. HOOPER.



## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## A FEW WORDS ON ART.

ONE of the great obstacles in the way of the rapid progress which American art now seems promising is the general want of comprehension of what art really is, and an ignorance of the proper standpoints from which to judge pictures and statues. We may be said to be in the Glacial Period. A large number of our people ignore art entirely—not deliberately and contemptuously, but through indifference: they are simply oblivious of what is so completely outside of their life and interests. When the subject is accidentally forced upon their attention an opinion is pronounced with the presumptuous dogmatism with which youth and inexperience generally take refuge from contradiction. But this usually passive ignorance is not so dangerous as the active incompetence of the so-called "cultured" ladies and gentlemen, the amateurs who praise pictures in proportion to the money-rating of the name signed in the corner. Such dilettanti are afraid to trust their own impressions, and would very hesitatingly acknowledge admiration of a masterpiece of Laurens or Marilhat—men whose reputations have not yet reached this frontier of art, although in Paris they outrank many of America's idols. It is for this class of patrons that such claptrap and humbug is invented as is used by one of our countrymen settled in Paris, whom I heard informing his awed listeners that he ensured the durability of his pictures by employing no other pigments than precious stones ground in oil—malachite and lapis-lazuli, a green and a blue which many a landscapist carries in his paint-box without discovering this way of applying them to fill his purse. Such a public accepts as infallible any work that sells. Unquestioningly they admire cast-iron clouds

which could only be held up in a real sky by yet-to-be-invented machinery more marvellous than the phonograph or telephone; draperies of painted tin

which would inevitably bruise or cut the hand that tried to grasp them or rearrange a fold; flesh-tints so obviously superposed on a figure-head of wood that in a railway collision the proximity of such a neighbor would be as dangerous as that of a Saratoga trunk. Fancying that merit in a picture is some mysterious quality veiled to all but the high priests of the temple, they hold in abeyance the whisperings of their native intelligence, and wilfully blind themselves to the defects staring out at them from the canvas.

I am not of those who consider fault-finding the special office of criticism. In my opinion, its task is to appreciate the great qualities of a work of talent—to discern the good even when obscured by the bad, giving each its due weight. The best critic of Shakespeare is not he who lays most stress on his occasional grammatical solecisms or faulty similes; nor of Raphael, who can see nothing in his famous *Madonna of the Chair* but that the Virgin's hand has been transformed by a graceful line of composition into an outgrowth of the Infant's back. The *Innocents Abroad*, by its intolerance of cant, has started a fashion of slashing art-criticism which scouts all tradition and guidance, denounces the old masters as "frauds," and confounds their chefs-d'œuvre with the early and unfinished works which, as illustrations of the history of art, find place in all public galleries. Saving themselves the trouble of thinking by echoing their apostle Mark Twain, persons who talk thus fancy they prove their independence of thought by their rejection of the verdict of centuries. Yet are they as servile imitators as the opposite school of over-credulous dilettanti of which they are the reaction.

Those who wish to cultivate a true interest in art should begin by fitting themselves to know good work when they see it, and to enjoy it understandingly. Some



of the ladies of the "New Century Club" have asked me to make out a list of books for a course of reading on this subject, and there has been talk of starting a reading-class in its rooms. The difficulty with this last plan is that it takes so long to get over any amount of ground. Perhaps the most effective way would be to agree to carefully study a certain book or part of a book, and then meet to discuss it and compare impressions. That is a detail, however, to be settled by the taste or convenience of the ladies desirous of working together. The most important thing of all is the *manner* of reading.

If you have Haydon's *Lectures* under way, do not calmly content yourself with his almost delirious exclamations of ecstasy over the glory and majesty of the Elgin Marbles. Do as the geologist or chemist would do—make the experiment for yourself. Go to the Academy of Fine Arts and study the Theseus and Ilissus while still warmed by the glow of Haydon's enthusiasm, and then ask yourself if you really feel their superiority over the other statues in the same collection. If you do, then by this examination you will also be able more thoroughly to appreciate Taine's *Philosophy of Art in Greece*. So when you are reading about the great painters, whether in histories of art like Lübke's, Viardot's or Eastlake's, or in more philosophical works like Taine's, get access to photographs, prints, etchings of their works—anything which puts you in face of the things themselves. What should we know of Dickens by simply reading his biography? *David Copperfield*, *Pickwick* or Little Nell opens wider the door of his heart and brain than a thousand critical analyses of his genius or the most minute details of personal appearance and dress. So Raphael will be to you an empty name, even though you can give the date of his first lesson in drawing and his last excess in dissipation, unless at the same time that you learn how and when he worked you make acquaintance with the result of his work. The grandeur of composition of the *School of Athens* must not be accepted on hearsay. You must see it for yourself.

But it is not enough to fit yourself to recognize a Correggio or Guercino or Carracci at sight, and discourse intelligently on its qualities. You must also study Nature, for he only can truly appreciate a picture who has received an analogous impression to that which the artist seeks to convey. Learn to *see* things when you look at them. How few know the real shape even of the simple things they are handling constantly—the knife or key in their pocket, for example! Almost all novices in drawing terminate the upper and lower eyelid at the same point at the outer extremity, and show even less observation of the fundamental construction of the body; of the relief of mountains and trees against the sky, distinct yet tender; of the entire transformation in the color of a landscape produced by looking toward the sun or turning one's back to it. Ruskin's works are valuable for awakening attention to the real forms of cloud, rock, trees, etc.; and the close and accurate study shown in the later volumes of his *Modern Painters* is marvellous. If we judged by the results only, it would be disheartening to think of the waste of time and power by the countless hosts of people studying art, for there is a smaller proportion who attain success in this than in any other branch of human effort. But the work itself is its reward. The world is new-created to the opened eyes. That is, if the student is not taught to see falsely by the incompetent teachers the public ignorance fosters, or rather have his head so stuffed with imaginary rules of drawing and conventional short-cuts to nowhere that the eye and brain cannot receive an unbiased impression. Bonnat, the acknowledged head of modern French art, says he would rather have a pupil who had never drawn a line, so difficult is it to eradicate false notions that artistic work can be done by arbitrary rules. As well give a recipe for concocting the *Iliad* or *Inferno*.

After all, you have only to realize that the same broad principles underlie this as the sister arts—unity, breadth of view and effect, but above all sincerity. Put

yourself in communion with the artist, let him establish his own tribunal of judgment in your mind, and if he is true to himself and his impression, rendering it without affectation or theatrical exaggeration—if his figures convey the instantaneous conviction that they could walk or move about as living beings ought to do—if you can breathe in his forest or open country—then yield him your approbation, whether he empties a gross of paint-tubes on his canvas like Manet, Rembrandt or Bonnat, or spreads his tints smoothly and neatly like Gérôme, Cabanel or Titian. Rough paint means nothing, smooth paint means nothing: the story they tell is what concerns us. Corot's dabs of paint are supposed to have the mysterious merit which won him his fame after he had passed the age of sixty; but the real secret of his power is, that the leaves and patches of sky which these splotches represent have the exact relief of Nature, so that the lungs instinctively fill with air as the eye plunges into the profundity and luminousness of his atmosphere.

E. T. S.

#### ON LEARNING FOREIGN TONGUES.

To "pick up a little French and German," to "study the languages" or to "make the children learn them," such are some of the good resolutions with which every steamer that leaves the United States for Europe goes freighted. The persons who only intend collecting those scraps of speech that are most easily assimilated have the best of it. Their gleanings are small, but any afflicting consciousness of this fact seems usually to be spared them; whereas of those who parcel out their allotted time with a view to accomplishing the greatest amount of work and deriving the utmost benefit, how few return home satisfied with the result of their efforts! On the question of work, to be sure, even such as are in earnest about acquiring a language are by no means agreed. There are some who cast aside grammars and dictionaries as stumbling-blocks: they are convinced that the only way to learn French is by ear, unconsciously, as a

child does. This sounds alluring, but the advocates of the system may never have reflected that even children are not supposed to be masters of a language until they have done a little studying; and if a mental effort has to be made first or last, why not first? Unless French is an exception to the rule that there is no royal road to knowledge, we shall probably speak it sooner by trying than by not trying; and it would be a pity indeed if with our mature intellect we could not learn more of its construction in a few months than a child does in as many years. On one point, certainly, the baby has the advantage of us. We might all pronounce like Parisians if we could really begin our career as infants. But though we "pick up words as pigeons peas," and utter them again in a fortuitous manner year in and year out, it unhappily does not follow that they will be uttered with a correct accent. It is not only the French of Stratford-atte-Bow that stands in the way: the ear has lost that delicacy of discernment it had when every sound was new. By a sufficient exercise of will it is possible to put aside preconceived notions, but persons who have done so, and who were neither deaf nor idiotic, have been known to declare that there was no perceptible difference between *lent* and *long* as spoken by a Frenchman, and that the Parisian pronunciation of *bonne* might be adequately rendered by the English word *bun*. There is reason to envy the children in that such aberrations of hearing are not included among infantine disorders: we ourselves no more escape them than they do the whooping-cough or the measles, and recovery is not always to be counted on: we may be destined to pass our life in convalescence. The most that can be said is, that with much effort nearly every one can obtain a tolerable accent, while a privileged few even get beyond that. It is a question of time in part, although it also depends upon the way the learner speaks his own language; for certain it is that anything which may be considered a personal peculiarity, as an habitually emphatic utterance or an unnecessarily distinct enun-

ciation in the native tongue, will prove a terrible hamper in wrestling with a foreign one.

If, then, it is agreed that we of a larger growth cannot learn after the manner of the little ones, what course is to be adopted? Let us stick to the grammar, albeit not too closely. That is to say, let us on no account study it with our teacher, and as sedulously avoid writing the two or three hundred exercises it contains: it is too slow work. They were meant for younger brains, that need to be held down hard in order to take an impression. If only we are so situated as to hear the language which is to be acquired spoken around us, all that is necessary is to read the grammar through with concentrated attention, which may be done six or eight times for once in the case of writing the exercises. The grammar, in fact, should properly conclude with *Da capo* instead of *Finitis*, even if we eventually narrow ourselves down to the hardest chapters. Beyond this, the whole duty of man who would learn the modern languages is comprised in the daily newspaper. That little printed sheet, with its leading article, review of a new book, *compte rendu* of a concert or a piece at the theatre, and its column of *faits divers*, contains the sum and substance of all conversation. If you could but get a copy of it successfully photographed in your memory, you would be prepared to talk on politics, literature, art—in short, all the topics of the day—each in the appropriate terms. When you can read that, to the foreigner, most difficult of prose, you can read anything, and nothing can be spoken in your presence that you will not understand. Only the newspaper must be studied faithfully, without skipping or skimming: any one can read after that fashion, and many who do so call *demandeur* "demand," and suppose that the French nation promenades instead of walking. To read a foreign language it must have ceased to appear a foolish way of expressing what might be better said in one's own, and the full force of every sentence must be obtained without any conscious translation; to which end the

sooner the partly English dictionary is dropped in favor of an entirely French or German one the better. During the lesson-hour the newspaper is invaluable. With it at hand you can do better than recite irregular verbs to your teacher or listen to the correction of sentences which it would never occur to the normal mind of man to employ. On the journal's fertile themes you make your first hobbling attempt to converse; you ask for the explanation of expressions that no dictionaries give; you take a lesson in pronunciation when the professor reads a passage from Gambetta's last speech, and do your best to imitate him, playing the orator in your turn. The hour is over before you think it fairly begun, and it has been a pleasure instead of a weariness.

Following this road in earnest, it will lead far, though earnestness is the chief thing no doubt. Our particular system may be a hobby: it is will that enables us to ride it successfully. This determination we all have at the outset. If it is not enough to carry us through, it is apt to be violent while it lasts; and it may well happen that during this period the hobby takes its turn and we are beridden. Our attempt to speak with tongues affords, like a cherished malady, an inexhaustible topic of conversation; and as sickness, while it pursues the wrong direction, is supposed to be peculiarly interesting, so the slower our progress and the fainter the hope of ever speaking as those to the manner born, the warmer is the fellow-feeling we look for from all our kind. We tell the whole story of our laborious days—the dictations we write, the anecdotes we repeat, the phrases we learn by heart—"And yet I don't get on!" is the sad refrain. "Do you think anybody *can* learn German?" What the patient listener most certainly thinks is, that nobody can get in a word edgewise. The children are also a never-failing theme. We talk by the hour about their schools—how the first one was not what was needed, and why the second did not answer any better, and wherefore it is hoped that the third will prove satisfactory. To a disinterested bystander there must often

appear something of madness in these methods. Hear the exulting mother relate that when Kitty last came from the convent "she had absolutely forgotten her English: she hesitated at every word she spoke." Nobody thinks of saying, "What a pity!" Nobody inquires anxiously how long this singular affection lasted. On the contrary, we strive to beam in sympathy, hiding the chagrin we feel at the thought of our own Tom and Mary still speaking their native tongue with desperate ease.

In this matter of sending our children to the convent we Protestants have all some scruples to overcome. It is the place where the desired end can be best obtained, for in other schools there are frequently more American and English than French children, and the language of the majority prevails: still, we look a good many times at our little blond-headed daughter before giving her over to the Sisters: we should not like her to become a Roman Catholic. Even if we are but slightly straitened by sectarian prejudices, if we think that among the Romanists are many spiritual and devoted Christians, we yet feel that we want no such saints in our family. Others feel more than this: a father may, in the heat of speech, pronounce for the terrible alternative of seeing the child in her coffin rather than have her embrace a form of faith that he holds for so erroneous; and nevertheless Kitty may go to the convent in the end, when everything else has been tried and that seems the only chance for her to learn thoroughly and quickly. If she does not come some day to bid us a long farewell because on our common pilgrimage we may no farther tread a common path, if she withstands the many seductions to her youthful imagination and keeps safely clear of what we ourselves have declared to be worse than death, we shall not pay too dearly for her progress, and may take great comfort in that above-mentioned hesitancy of utterance in her own language which is accepted as the gauge of fluency in the other. This theory of profit and loss is adopted by those also who proclaim with satisfac-

tion that their youngest boy, brought up by a French nurse, can speak no English. If this fact is expected to be of some great future advantage, the present benefit is not clear. Few at his tender age are talkative in any language before company: the parental French is usually more conspicuous than Baby's when he is to be induced to say "Bon jour." Poor little man! and why should you not say "How do?" Is it not to the full as important that you should learn your own native English as any other tongue while it could come to you without effort? This is the time—and probably the only time in your life—when you might be an accomplished linguist: you could lisp half a dozen languages, each without detriment to the others, if you only had the chance, if your opportunities were not neglected by those whose business it is to improve them. Ah! but there is some one more to be pitied than you. Poor mother! whose intercourse with her last-born is limited to "Venez ici!" or "Ne faites pas cela!" (for, to the surprise of any French person who should hear her, she does not even employ the familiar *thou*). She "speaks French," but how should she have learned in a foreign tongue those thousand little endearing terms that are a language in themselves between mother and child? She "understands French," but hardly so that she can enjoy her boy's pretty mangling of it: she loses the best part of the profound remarks he makes on men and things, being yet a stranger on this planet: the *bonne* alone gets the benefit of them, and Heaven grant the worthy woman knows how to appreciate her privileges! Or, rather, Heaven grant that the baby understands more English than they would have us believe—that, after all, the French is kept for particular occasions, and that in strict domestic privacy, at least, he hears in its sweetest, most caressing forms the language of his fathers! Dear native speech! if we seem at times to hold thee cheap it shall be only seeming. We count it great gain to know as a living language what before was but a dead one, and rejoice if through the newly-opened channel we reach kindred



souls from which we must otherwise have dwelt apart; but if we have thus acquired at the price of much labor the right of citizenship in other tongues, it is not to love the less that one in which we are free born. Surely, in that have been spoken the heartiest, friendliest words it has been our lot to hear, the best and the sincerest we have had the grace to utter. The very essence of home and country is in those familiar accents, and the language of our cradle shall be honored beyond all the rest.

G. H. P.

#### A BIT OF ROMANCE.

THE recent death in Paris of Mr. Cass, son of General Lewis Cass, has revealed a bit of sentimental romance not common in these later days. Mr. Cass resided in Paris several years, and resumed in that brilliant capital an acquaintance which had begun in the little frontier-town of Detroit more than forty years before. Miss Emily V. Mason (now well known as an authoress, traveller and educationist), when just blooming into womanhood, presided over the gubernatorial mansion at Detroit, the capital of the then Territory of Michigan, of which her brother was the governor. The family of General Cass, the most distinguished citizen of the North-west, and the family of Governor Mason were united by the closest ties of friendship, and of course the general's son and the governor's sister were thrown much together. Young Cass formed an ardent and, as it has proved, a lasting attachment for the dashing Kentucky girl. The death of Governor Mason obliged his sister to return to her father's house before the lover had declared himself.

Years passed: Miss Mason's father and mother died. Refusing the many wealthy homes that were offered her, she determined to be independent and to support herself by her own hands. A small market-farm was purchased in Fairfax county, Virginia. Here the daughter of General Mason, assisted by the children of a widowed sister, earned a laborious livelihood. Their home became a little Paradise, peace and plenty rewarded their exertions, and there was no hap-

pier home in Virginia than the cottage of Miss Emily Mason. The civil war broke out: this little Eden was made desolate; its trailing vines were destroyed; its innocent inmates were forced to fly. Miss Mason went to Richmond and devoted herself to the sick, wounded and dying soldiers. Confederates and Federals shared alike her gentle ministrations. At the close of the war she entered a new field of benevolence—the education of Southern orphans. Many young girls have been thus enabled to earn an honorable and respectable living.

For some years Miss Mason has been residing abroad, chiefly in Paris. Here she met once more Mr. Cass, the lover of her youth, now an old man. He had lived in France so long that he had acquired much of the tender gallantry of a Frenchman, and in asking his first love to be his last he begged her to honor him by consenting to be his widow. But Miss Mason had long resolved not to marry, and so informed her faithful admirer. He bowed to her decision and accepted the position of friend. Mr. Cass had told his confidential secretary to send for Miss Mason in case he died suddenly. One night he retired, and the next morning was found dead in his bed. A telegram was sent to Miss Mason, who was travelling in Spain, and she immediately returned to Paris. Mr. Cass's will was opened. To Miss Mason he bequeathed six thousand dollars, his watch and three diamond rings, making her joint-executor of the will, and requesting her as a last favor to convey his remains to Detroit, the place endeared to him by so many sweet and tender associations of early life, not the least of which was his love for her. Over his grave he directed that a modest monument should be erected, with a suitable inscription. Miss Mason will carry out the last request of her dying friend.

E. L. D.

#### THE ISLANDS OF THE SEA OF MARMORA.

THERE are few prettier excursions in the whole of Roumelia, picturesque as it is, than an afternoon jaunt by steamer from Constantinople to the little islets



of Maltepé, Halki and Prinkipos, collectively known as the Prince's Islands. This charming little archipelago, which, though not more than twelve miles from the capital itself, is as fresh and breezy as if lying in the middle of the Atlantic, has already become a favorite resort with the well-to-do population of hot, dusty, unwholesome Constantinople, to which it bears the same relation as Brighton to London, Peterhof to St. Petersburg, Petropolis to Rio de Janeiro, or Staten Island to New York. The point of embarkation, at the famous "Bridge of the Golden Horn," is a picture in itself, with the houses of Galata massed along the water's edge to the left, and the steep, narrow streets of Pera rising above them, terrace beyond terrace, while on the right the great ridge of Stamboul surges up against the rich blue of the southern sky, one vast concourse of tall, tapering minarets, round shining domes and white-walled palaces from base to summit.

And as the little steamer threads her way through the maze of shipping that fills the mouth of the harbor, and the scores of gilded *caïques* (small boats) that flit like fireflies upon the smooth surface, the endless windings of the Anatolian shore define themselves beyond the bright blue waters of the great bay, with Kadikoi and Scutari lying like patches of snow upon the green sunny hill-side; while nearer in the view rises the vast, white, many-windowed frontage of the famous barrack in which Florence Nightingale tended the heroes of Alma and Inkerman twenty-four years ago.

Nor are the motley groups on our deck unworthy of such a background—portly English merchants, with the fatness of many a good dinner on their jolly red visages; dapper Frenchmen in faultless toilettes, shooting killing glances at the ladies on the side-benches; big, yellow-moustached Germans, puffing vigorously at huge pipes; supple Dalmatians and keen-eyed, aquiline Jews; stalwart Turkish officers, with the stubborn courage of their race in every line of their broad, stolid, unyielding faces; lithe, handsome, knavish-looking Greeks, whose restless black eyes seem ever on the watch for

a stray piastre; tall, sombre Armenians, looking quite spectral in their high black caps and long, dark, shroud-like robes; gaunt, swarthy, red-capped kaffedjees (coffee-sellers) in white linen jackets, winding in and out of the throng with their little trays of tiny handleless cups filled with steaming Mocha innocent of sugar or milk.

The dainty Italian beauty of the three islands might inspire either poet or painter—more especially Prinkipos, with its trim little pier, its tiny white villas peeping through the dark foliage of the higher slopes, and the towers of St. George's monastery crowning the steep craggy ridge that forms the highest point of the islet. But one looks in vain for the heavy guns that should arm this splendid natural redoubt—a neglect all the more unpardonable since it was off this very island that Sir John Duckworth's squadron anchored in 1806, menacing Constantinople with an attack which was only averted by the skill and energy of the French envoy, Colonel Sebastiani. Had Turkey laid that bitter lesson to heart, it might have saved her her present humiliation. D. K.

#### THE CHARMS OF IMPROPER LANGUAGE.

NOT to speak of slang, which gives us a secret satisfaction now and then, there are no words so attractive as those which we are forbidden to indulge in. Pure Anglo-Saxon words, with a few of Greek and Latin derivation, are the only words which it is creditable to use, say the authorities, but why we are to be so restricted no one can see. If such laws had been made in former ages, our language would not possess its present history, scope and significance, and would not have become the great composite, receptive, metropolitan speech that it now is. Besides, we should never have had such a thing as blank verse. Not that that is much of a blessing: no doubt other nations are thankful they have it not. At the same time, while our authorities say we must adhere almost exclusively to Anglo-Saxon, they tell us to be particular to leave out the obsolete and the coarse words: Such words as "got," "budge," "folks,"

"bundle," "sweat" and "big" are not allowed in refined conversation.

We might give up the long, fine Latin and Greek-English words well enough; likewise the French words, though they really help to idealize life a little. But the obsolete words are too expressive, poetic, sweet, powerful and altogether alluring to be resigned without a murmur. Of course the obsolete words that have been revived and re-worn out, such as "wist," "doff" and "fain," are not worth much, but many others are still so potent it is a pity to leave them in disuse. Look at the word "eutheastic," having the energy of a god. Look at "grith," meaning agreement, a word fresh as a lichen. Look at "swink," to overwork ("The swinkt hedger at his supper sat," says Milton), and "swinker," a laborer—words that were cast out by the taste of modern scholars. Look at "swinge," to whip, a forcible word still used by New England farmers, who say, "That horse needs a good swingeing;" and "swingle," to beat with a flail. Look at "holme," an island in a river, and "haugh," a little low meadow, and "syke," a rill in low ground, and "swang," a low wet piece of land where the mower's scythe dips in the water by the grass-side with a bubbling swash of sound. Poets might be glad of such words. Peo-

ple fond of "weird" would like "swairth," the apparition of a person about to die. Obsolete words would be invaluable to editors who have worn out the language calling names. There are "skelder," a vagrant; "pickthank," a flatterer; "swad," a short, thick person (word used by Ben Jonson); "gloar," to turn the eyes in or out; "thangram," an odd, intricate thing; "scroyle," a mean fellow; and "chuff," a clownish man. "Blue Jeans is a chuff." How would that do? Or, "Ben Butler gloars over his wealth," or, "Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle is a thangram"? "Spilth," anything spilled, would be convenient in the kitchen, as, "Bridget, clean up that spilth."

The common people, not being trammelled by rules, speak vigorously by means of obsolete expressions. They say, with Dogberry, "Don't meddle nor make with thieves;" with Mrs. Ford, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, "Did you ever hear the like?" with Falstaff they call their clothes "slops;" with Wycherly they say "nincompoop" and "a confident piece;" and with the other old literati they say, "I reckon," and "admire at," and the "varsal world," and "teem it out," and "she traipses the street." To read half an hour in an old book is to be convinced of the charms of improper words. M. D.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Life of Lord Melbourne. By W. McCullagh Torrens, M. P.

Most people have heard of the Albany in London as a famous bachelor place of residence, where Macaulay, Bishop Wilberforce and other celebrities had their quarters. Toward the close of the last century that portion of this extensive edifice known as "The Mansion" was the residence of one of the gayest leaders of fashion of the day—Lady Melbourne. The duke of York, who was also duke of Albany, took a fancy to the Melbournes' house, whilst Lady Melbourne par-

ticularly liked his residence at Whitehall, looking on the Green Park; so they agreed on an exchange, and thus, after the duke had ceased to occupy his new abode and it was turned into chambers, it came to be called "The Albany."

In both her abodes Lady Melbourne (daughter of Sir Peniston Milbanke, and consequently cousin of Lady Noel-Byron) lived "in the swim" of all that London could afford. Her husband was a dullard, with wealth and political influence, and his wife's energy and ambition gained him first an

Irish, and then an English, peerage. Their eldest son died early, and thus the second, William, became in early manhood heir to the family honors. He was the especial favorite of his shrewd, ambitious mother, whose darling desire was to see him a star in that politico-fashionable world in which she lived, moved and had her being. But it has been truly said that indolence has spoilt half the greatness in the world, and William was long indolent politically, though as brilliant a success as she could desire socially. Soon after the death of his eldest brother, in 1805, he (then twenty-six) entered Parliament, but made no particular figure; and indeed at no time was he an orator, but he had good looks, good sense and good manners, which always commanded for him a favorable hearing. About this time he made the greatest blunder of his life by marrying Lady Caroline Ponsonby, the wayward and eccentric, though undoubtedly fascinating, daughter of Lord Besborough.

About this time Byron was the rage in London, and Lady Melbourne, who loved to see the lions of the day at Melbourne House, made him a constant guest. Lady Caroline wrote of him in her diary at first meeting, "Mad, bad, and dangerous to know," but the danger did not have the effect of preventing a further acquaintance, carried to a length which provoked much animadversion. Mr. Torrens gives us to understand that Byron's marriage was largely due to Lady Melbourne, who thought that her rich cousin Milbanke would be "just the thing" for the man who professed that he wanted "to marry and settle down at Newstead." Lady Caroline was, on this point at least, more sagacious. "Miss Milbanke," she remarked, "might be learned, pious and philosophical, but she was quite unsuited for Byron. A woman that went to church punctually, understood statistics and had a bad figure,—how could 'Conrad' find any real community of sentiment with such a being?" How, indeed?

Lady Caroline's vagaries at length became so intolerable that her husband resolved on separating from her; but he seems to have acted kindly, and she seems to have felt that he did so. She died in 1827, leaving one son, an invalid, physically and mentally, from his birth, who died in early manhood, after having through life been the object of his father's tenderest solicitude—a fine trait

in this essentially man-of-the-world's character.

It was not until 1827 that Melbourne filled any important post. He then went to Ireland as chief secretary, but remained too short a time to be of the use he evidently desired to be. In the same year he succeeded his father in the peerage. His next post was a very arduous one, the secretaryship of the Home Department in Lord Grey's Reform ministry. The country was aflame with excitement, and the Home Office had to bear a lion's share of the work. His *insouciant* temperament probably stood him in great stead at this time. "Can't you let it alone? can't you let it alone? It will do very well if you'll only let it alone," was a favorite expostulation with him. There is much to be said in its favor, but there were not a few at that momentous epoch who thought the application of this principle sadly ill-timed when they were hourly expecting riots and the Home Secretary could see no necessity for troops to protect their property. Tory declamation was of course tremendously bitter against him at this bitter period. His *insouciance*, moreover, however much it lightened his own responsibilities, afforded great and just annoyance to deputations and individuals, who conceived, though often unjustly, that the secretary was indifferent to matters of grave moment. But, on the whole, his reputation must have risen whilst holding this office, or he would not in July, 1834, have been selected to fill the place to which so very few attain—prime minister. This position he resigned in the following November, but resumed office in April, 1835, and held it until 1841. In a few weeks after the accession of the young queen in 1837 he had become Her Majesty's mentor to a degree which sent the Tory press into diurnal fits of furious animadversion. Theodore Hook's *John Bull* took the lead in a running commentary of abuse, often in such a vein as would not be endured in England to-day. Melbourne almost lived at Windsor, and there were gibes about his "deserted cook" and his disestablished establishment; and it was pointed out that whereas Mr. Pitt never dined with George III., unless it might have been on a flying visit to Weymouth, and Mr. Perceval never dined with George IV., here was Melbourne a daily guest of the sovereign and "bumping about" with her on horseback. Melbourne, however, did the

country excellent service by his lessons to the young queen in statecraft. In fact, to him it is largely due that she is to-day one of the profoundest politicians in the world, and can in turn instruct her ministers on many important points.

On leaving office in 1841, Melbourne lived a retired life, and seems to have felt himself lonely and "on the shelf;" but he had all along evidently had a strong vein of melancholy in him, and required society or work to divert him from brooding. Moreover, his domestic life had been, as we have shown, anything but sunny. He died in 1848 at his favorite seat, Brocket Hall, and his title passed to his brother, who dying childless, it became extinct, but the estates devolved on their only sister, Lady Palmerston, wife of the prime minister.

Lord Melbourne would never have been prime minister had he not been born in the purple. Though possessed of eminent ability and much force of character, he was essentially a man of pleasure and of society, and had been bred in an atmosphere of easy morals; so that when Mr. Norton brought a suit against him on the score of improper intimacy with his wife, there was a prevalent feeling that, so far as the male defendant's reputation went, the thing was likely enough.

Canoeing in Kanuckia; or, Haps and Mishaps Afloat and Ashore of the Statesman, the Editor, the Artist, and the Scribbler. Recorded by the Commodore and the Cook, C. L. Norton and John Habberton. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Voyage of the Paper Canoe: A Geographical Journey of 2500 miles from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico during the years 1874-75. By Nathaniel H. Bishop. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The Indian, the Eskimo and Mr. McGregor are, as is well known, the three forces which combined to produce the modern canoe. The first gave the beautiful lines of the outside, the second the water-tight interior necessary to perfection: the Englishman joined these advantages, and tested the result successfully on river, lake and sea. The superiority, for purposes of amusement, of the craft thus formed over all others is unquestionable. Its light draft, speed and seaworthiness enable its possessor to start in the mountains and finish his voyage on the salt water. Moreover, it allows the choice of so-

ciety or solitude to be decided as on land: a fleet of canoes may disperse, reunite, scatter again; whereas the unfortunates who embark together on a yacht are condemned to each other's company for the full term of their self-imposed exile.

All these advantages are set forth in *Canoeing in Kanuckia*, the record of a voyage undertaken by four congenial spirits in Canadian waters. All four were enthusiasts in regard to canoeing: indeed, much of the time was passed in debating the good or bad points of the "Red Lakers" and "Chrysalids" which formed the squadron; and the palm for speed and ability to descend rapids is given, not unjustly, to the former. An Appendix is added, which is serviceable to beginners in this most modern of the aquatic arts by telling them how and at what cost canoes are built, with a list of builders in the States and Canada, and warnings against rashly using a canoe before one has learned to swim.

The object of this quartette was, however, simply amusement, and its exploits are thrown into the shade by those of Mr. Bishop, who is the representative of hard-working canoeists, and follows in the footsteps of McGregor and Baden-Powell. He has even surpassed his leaders, since nothing less would satisfy him than to affront the perils of sea and river in a paper canoe. That paper is preferable to wood for boat-building is a theory that seemed to require demonstration, and Mr. Bishop, being quite convinced of its truth, was eager to make converts. His voyage is scarcely a strong argument, since he could not use his mast and sail, but was obliged to paddle from New York to the Gulf—a labor which in most men would develop more muscle than patience. But there was no lack of either in our author, who shows all the pluck and good temper that an explorer of unknown ways must needs possess, and whose ardor was not even damped by a ducking in Delaware Bay. It is a pity that such zeal could not be utilized by sending the bold traveller to hunt up the source of the Niger or Indus in his paper boat. The result would be a flood of minute particulars on the regions travelled through; for this young professor of canoeing has a true thirst for information, and has overloaded his book with facts of a kind which can only interest the readers of encyclopædias. The town of Sorel is supplied by "the American Waterhouse Machinery



with water pumped from the river at a cost of one ton of coal per day." "While holding a commission from the king of France, Jacques Cartier discovered the Gulf of St. Lawrence," etc. There is plenty of information as new and as interesting as this, and a good deal is said about the Delaware whipping-post. The names of the author's acquaintances and hosts help to fill out his pages and afford excuses for skipping. Let Mr. Bishop go to an unknown region, and there use the qualities of a practical traveler, with which he is so largely endowed: then let him get a literary friend to work up his notes, and the result may be a very readable book.

Constantinople. By Edmondo de Amicis.  
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This presentment of Stamboul is a sort of compound of those which have gone before—the gossiping, the philosophic, the sentimental and the humorous. The sprightly Italian offers an infusion of Mary Wortley Montagu and Ross Browne, with the graver observers more numerous but often less readable. Browne's "General View of Constantinople," wherein the city is obscured by a dog-fight that monopolizes the foreground, might have well illustrated one chapter of De Amicis, while the next chapter, in a diametrically opposite vein, would have demanded from the artist a sketch in unison with lofty reflection and poetic insight. The book would have been better, indeed, had it not combined so many separate styles of treatment and points of view. The medley is somewhat confusing, appropriate as endless and unblending variety may seem to be in the description of so anomalous and cosmopolitan a city. Perhaps bewilderment is a first, last and inevitable sensation with those who plunge personally, or are led by the pen of another, into the seething vortex of European, Asiatic and African life. Standing on the bridge of the Sultana Validé over the Golden Horn, one sees not only all humankind of today, but the ideas and customs of centuries past, march in review. Says our author: "The crowd passes in great waves, each one of which is of a hundred colors, and every group of persons represents a new type of people. Whatever can be imagined that is most extravagant in type, costume and social class may there be seen within the space of twenty paces and ten minutes of time." A

file of Turkish porters with heavy burdens, an American lady in a sedan-chair, a white-robed Bedouin, a conservative Turk in muslin turban and sky-blue gown, a Greek cavalier followed by a groom in embroidered vest, a dervise with conical hat, an ambassador's carriage, preceded by liveried footmen at full trot, a crowd of Persians with cylindrical rimless hats of Astrakhan wool, a Jew in a long yellow coat slit up at the sides, a gypsy-woman with infant pouched upon her shoulders, a Catholic priest with breviary, a big eunuch on horseback heralding a gayly-painted carriage filled with veiled women, a Sister of Charity, an African slave carrying a monkey, a professional story-teller of the *Arabian Nights* stripe clad in a necromancer's fantastic habit, an Albanian in white kilt and sash full of pistols, a Tartar in sheepskins, a Roman priest with the viaticum escorted by Ottoman soldiers, a countryman on an ass threading two strings of camels, the aide of a prince splendidly mounted, a Mohammedan lady on foot followed by her female slave, a Greek woman in red cap and flowing tresses, a Jewess in the costume of scriptural times, a negress in a gay Egyptian shawl,—all these are but part of the apparitions which jostled each other under the eye of our Italian, himself a stranger to our eye. No wonder that he alternately raved and laughed until he forgot exactly how to parcel out his meditations and his fun. We must be content to be puzzled like him, and not to be wiser than our guide.

The architectural is hardly less remarkable than the human *olla podrida*. Roman, Saracenic and Byzantine fronts, old and modern, appear in line. "There are points of France, strips of Italy, fragments of England, relics of Russia. Upon the immense façade of the city is represented in architecture and in colors the great struggle that is being fought out between the Christians that reconquer and the children of Islam that defend, with all their strength, the sacred soil."

The writer having made in Constantinople only the stay of a tourist, his conclusions, so far as based on direct observation, upon political, social and ethnic questions, have no especial value. He is, however, acute and well informed, and makes some vivid and incisive remarks upon the characteristics of the Greek, Armenian and Turkish races, and on the real depth of the reforms of which we have heard so much. The attempts at improvement which



have been made in the past half century "have not yet penetrated the first shell of the nation." The Turk will be a Turk to the last, and the distinctive traits which disqualify him for the march of modern civilization are rather hardened by the pressure, hostile or persuasive, brought to bear upon him by his European mentors and dominators. The Greeks, we are told, as we have often been before, are alert, ambitious and full of the promise of a future national life. Morally, the Armenians are pronounced superior to either, and to have a commercial and industrial turn that must make them useful in the regeneration of the East.

While we write the capital which has had but two lords in twenty centuries may be passing under a third. Whether that happen now or later, the city will always be rich in interest of every kind—more so, probably, hereafter than heretofore, for the incidents of Moslem rule have been those of barbarism, and the civilization which is about to succeed it will be far more many-sided and productive. The materials of every kind for covering the shores of the Bosphorus with wealth and culture beyond what has been yet seen are not far to seek. They are on the spot, in the seeds of commerce and industry, and in the men qualified to plant and rear them. Freed from the thralldom of religious fanaticism, the physical and intellectual vigor on all hands conceded to the native races will assert itself, and they will be aided by their Western and Northern neighbors, who have been so long enamored of, and are now quarrelling for the possession of, their beautiful domain.

### *Books Received.*

Current Discussion: A Collection from the Chief English Essays on Questions of the Time. Edited by Edward L. Burlingame. First Volume: International Politics. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Bible for Learners. By Dr. H. Oort and Dr. J. Hooykaas. First Volume: Introduction; the Generations before Moses; from Moses to David. Prepared by Dr. H. Oort. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Free Ships: The Restoration of the American Carrying Trade. By John Codman. (Economic Monographs No. VI.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Poke O'Moonshine. By Latham Cornell Strong. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Francatelli's Modern Cook Book: A Practical Guide to the Culinary Art in all its Branches. By Charles Elme Francatelli. From the ninth London edition. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Dispauperization: A Popular Treatise on Poor-Law Evils and their Remedies. By J. R. Pretyma, M. A. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

How She came into Her Kingdom: A Romance. By Mrs. Charlotte M. Clark (Chalk Level). Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

The Cadet Button: A Novel of American Army Life. By Frederick Whittaker. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Walks in London. By Augustus J. C. Hare. In Two Volumes. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

Landolin. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Annie B. Irish. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Kéramos, and other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

Memoir of William Francis Bartlett. By Francis W. Palfrey. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

Selections from the Life and Sermons of the Rev. Doctor John Tauler. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Punch, Brothers, Punch! and Other Sketches. By Mark Twain. New York: Slote, Woodman & Co.

Matter and Motion. By J. Clerk Maxwell, M. A., LL.D. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

Gasology: A Satire. By John Donkey. Philadelphia: John Donkey & Co., 14 O. Box 2697.

Between the Gates. By Benjamin F. Taylor. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

The Historical Student's Manual. By Alfred Waites. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Philochristus: Memoirs of a Disciple of the Lord. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Fantasy and Passion. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Gemini. (No-Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Seola. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

### *New Music Received.*

"The Chimes of Normandy:" Potpourri. Opera by Planquette. Arranged by Cramer. Philadelphia: Wm. H. Boner & Co.

Song of the Czar. From the Opera of "Czar and Zimmermann." By Aloys Hennes. Philadelphia: Wm. H. Boner & Co.

Words are Silver and Thoughts are Gold. Words and Music by D. H. (Ned) Straight. Philadelphia: Wm. H. Boner & Co.

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